THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 202, Number 2

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Norman Rockwell

Samuel Crowther—Joan Lowell—Christopher Morley—Brooke Hanlon Struthers Burt—Sir Cecil Spring-Rice—F. Scott Fitzgerald—Almet Jenks

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2. Combined results — long sought; **new**
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4. Delightful, lasting mouth-freshness; **new**

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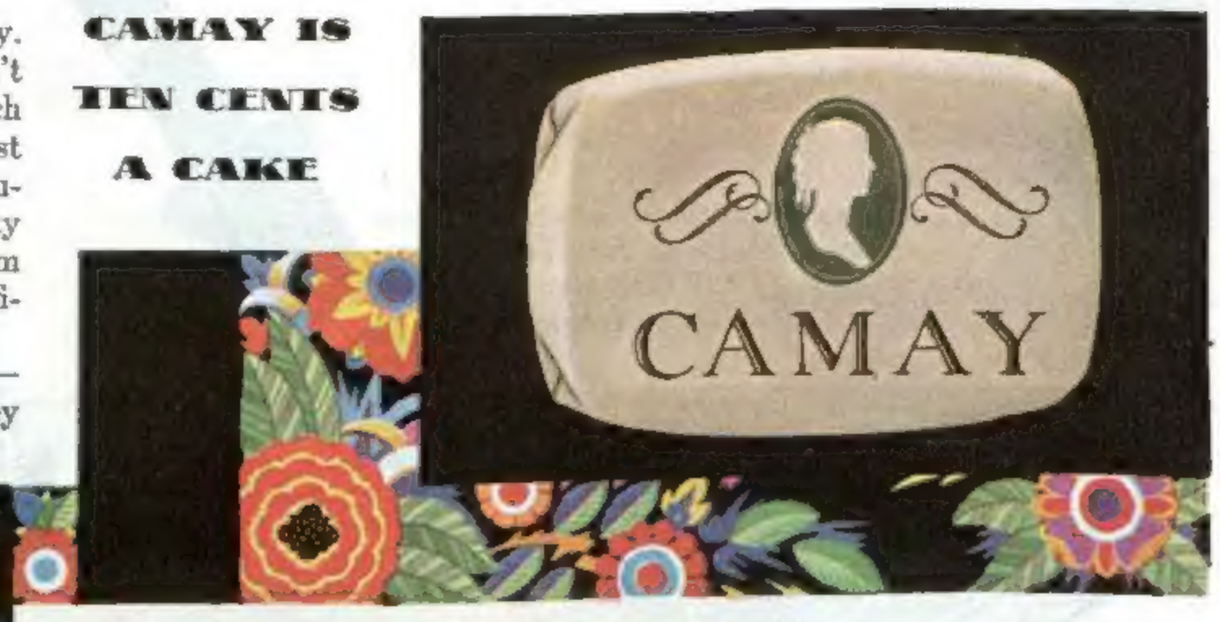
To Mrs. J. M. L. of Seattle who complained that I didn't name the 72 skin-specialists* who tested and approved Camay for delicate complexions

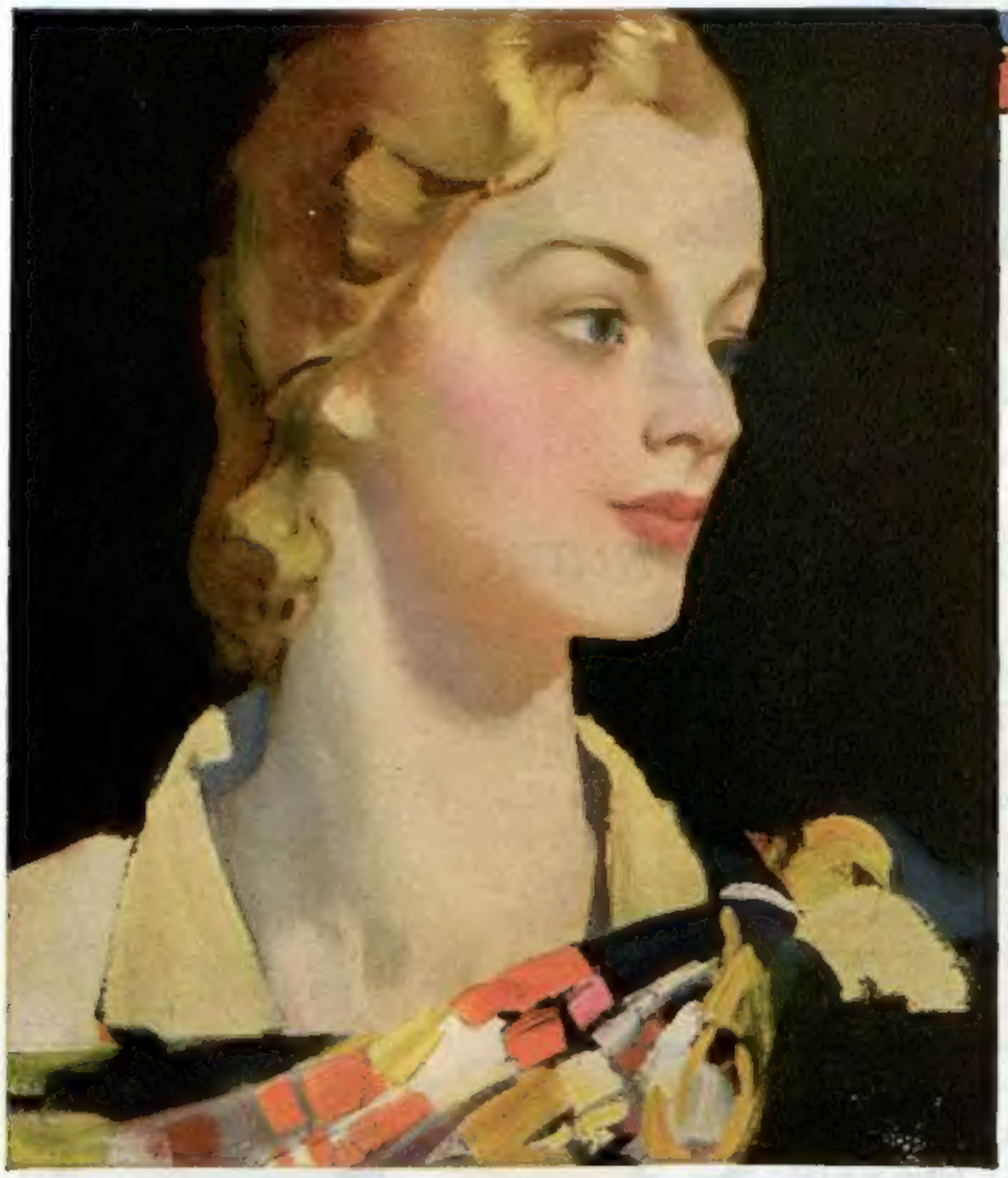
JUST the other day you wrote me that you read one of my Camay articles in your *Delineator*. You said you were interested when I told you that 72 of the most eminent skin-specialists in America had approved Camay. But you objected that I didn't tell you *who* they were and *what* they actually said about Camay.

So I'm going to tell you! I can't actually publish their names—each one of them is a physician of highest standing in his profession, and reputable physicians are not publicity seekers. They are *scientists*, to whom one goes for professional—and confidential—advice.

But I *can* tell you about them—enough to assure you that they

CAMAY IS TEN CENTS A CAKE





are *leading* men in their special province — dermatology, the study of the skin. Many of them head the departments of dermatology in our largest universities.

"My family joins me in approving Camay"

And I *can* tell you exactly what they said—as long as my space holds out! I'll start off with part of the comment from a Professor Emeritus of Dermatology in a great New England university.

"My family joins me in approving Camay Soap. It has a dainty, attractive scent, and its free lathering qualities make it an agreeable and satisfactory soap."

When the *family* of a great skin-specialist join their approval to his scientific endorsement of a soap, I think you can be pretty sure that this soap is about as fine as soap can be! Don't you agree?

Another authority, who is professor of dermatology in another great Eastern university and one of the foremost skin-specialists practicing in New York City, says: "I used Camay myself and sent a cake to a daughter whose skin has always been rather irritable. All the members of my family who have tried Camay like it very much indeed."

But here I am running into great length. I'll have to keep the other comments for later articles.

One more word. I'm neither exaggerating nor giving away secrets when I tell you that no other complexion soap in history has ever received credentials from the Nation's highest authorities on the care of the skin.

But, dear Mrs. L., I was sure that Camay was a wonderful soap, even before it received this scientific approval. And I made that discovery from a no less personal source than my own complexion.

When I heard that Procter & Gamble had made a new perfumed complexion soap, I wanted to try it.

And before I had been cleansing my face with Camay's soft, smooth lather more than a week or two, I became convinced that Camay, more than anything else I had ever found, was helping me keep my skin fresh and clear.

So, when these important medical men found out by *scientific tests and experiments* exactly what I had discovered in my own bathroom, I was naturally much pleased with myself!

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness is a booklet of advice from 72 of America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Edited by a former president of the American Medical Association. Mailed free if you write to Miss Helen Chase, Dept. YS-79, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

* **CERTIFICATION — "I have personally examined the signed comments from 72 eminent dermatologists of American who approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this page."**

J. Allen Pusey M. D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association; editor of The Archives of Dermatology and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois)

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

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HOW BIG IS TOO BIG?

By Samuel Crowther

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC.

WHEN the promoters of the Great Eastern projected, in the middle of the last century, a larger steamship than the world had held possible, they believed they knew what they were doing—that they had the data in hand to do a bigger job than had yet been done. For someone must always pioneer. They built a ship six hundred and eighty feet long. There are only twelve ships listed today as being longer than that, although some sixty-odd ships have a greater tonnage than did the Great Eastern. Structurally the big ship was very remarkable, considering the materials then at command. But it could not be managed. It was not seaworthy.

The greatest ships of today are larger by far than this ancient monster, but they are managed as easily as a yacht and are very seaworthy. The Great Eastern could not be managed because the best engineering skill could then command for it only 11,000 horse power, and that had to be exerted through both paddle wheels and propellers. The big ships of today have 50,000 horse power or more. The older designers did their work well. Their fault lay in building a thing beyond their capacity to manage; they built an immense float which looked like a ship, but which turned out not to be one; for a ship must be more than a thing which floats—it must be a controlled thing.

Just after the war a group of New York banking men built a financial Great Eastern. They had tremendous resources and lively imaginations, and they designed an immense holding corporation which bought no end of other corporations that had records of success in many and diverse lines. The promoters saw the opportunity to spread over the whole world almost at once. They had real money, and they paid it out and did not merely jockey credits as Herr Stinnes did in Germany while creating what he thought would be an industrial octopus.

The American corporation operating on money did not get much further than Herr Stinnes' enterprise operating on nothing in particular. Both groups forgot that, although the octopus has a lot of tentacles somewhat carelessly thrown together, they are all joined at a central point, and the octopus himself, in spite of his aimless look, knows what his tentacles are doing.

These greatly conceived corporations never knew what they were doing. Eventually they discovered that, in spite of all their plans, they were losing money; that they had merely succeeded in turning a group of established money-making units into money-losing units. They could not command the power to direct so great and so far-flung a series of enterprises. These concerns flopped just about as soon as they had convinced everyone that they were simply wonderful, and all the pieces have not yet been picked up.

At the beginning of this century we had a period of corporation consolidating through the medium of the holding company, which was an invention superseding the older and very cumbersome trust agreement. We still call big corporations "trusts," although they are not.

Out of all this consolidating came several conspicuous successes, such as the United States Steel Corporation, and several conspicuous failures which it is not necessary here to name. We have been for some time in another period of consolidation, although it is taking a different turn.

The public-utility companies are being joined together at a very rapid rate and for sound economic reasons. The advances in electrical engineering have made possible the generation of power in large units and its transmission over long distances. This has changed the whole public-utility set-up. The growth of business in general and the consequent desire of the public to get in on some of its profits have brought on a period of speculation as well as of investment—for the two go together—which has made it rather easy to market stocks.

It is the business of investment bankers to create and market securities, and when the public is eager to buy stocks it is a poor investment banker that has none to sell. The bankers try to create fashions just as do the milliners. A little while ago, buying foreign bonds was all the rage and it was quite surprising how much money foreign nations needed, once they found they could get it. The agents of American

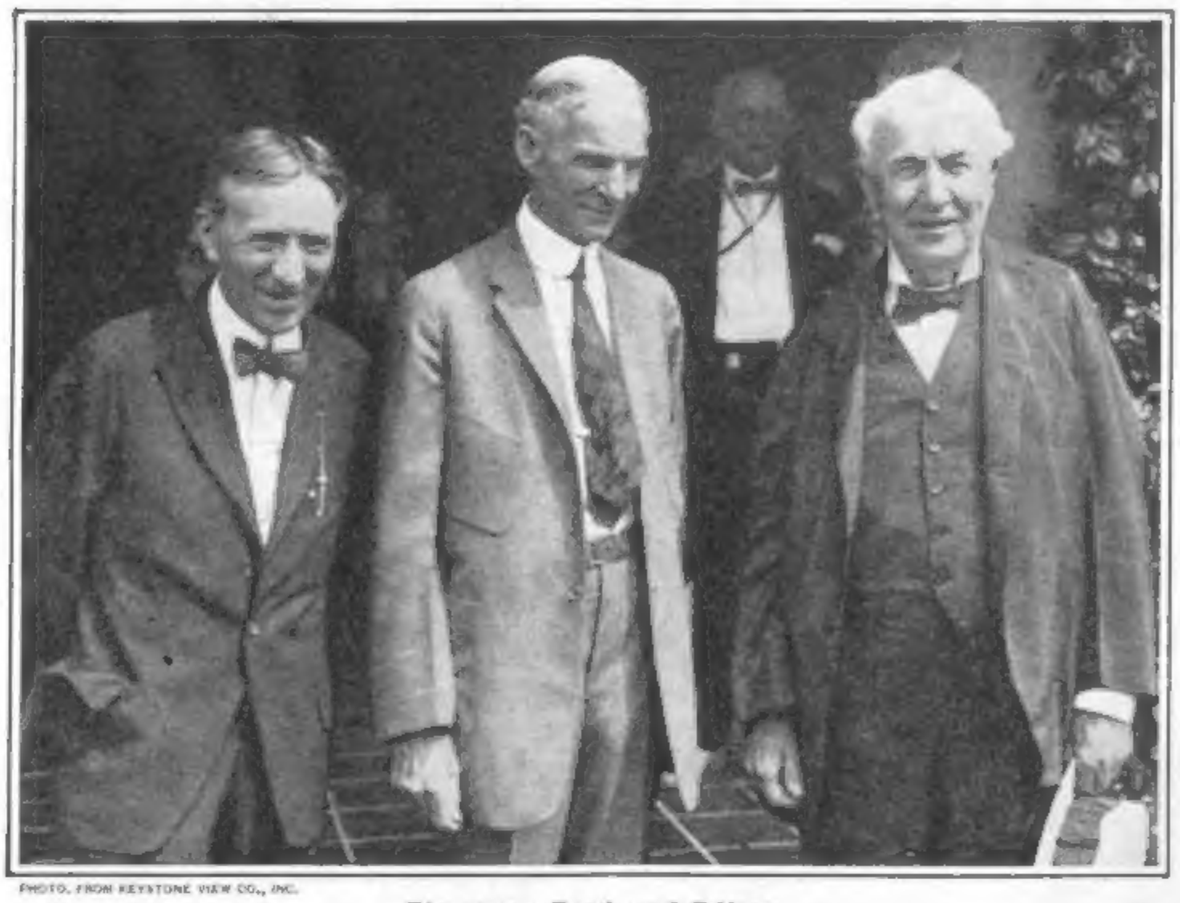
WIDE WORLD PHOTO.

The Junior Rockefeller in His Daytona Beach Home

At Top—Elbert H. Gary

At Right—Theodore N. Vail

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC.

Firestone, Ford and Edison

bankers swarmed the world over asking nations to borrow. The invitations were accepted with considerable alacrity, but by no means all of those who accepted got in. What the English call a queue of foreign borrowers formed at the corner of Broad and Wall streets, and even the hardiest explorers do not know where it ends.

Quickly the fashion changed to home mergers. Strong corporations bought up weaker ones, partly because the new companies seemed to fill gaps in cycles of near perfection and partly because there was money in these purchases for everyone concerned. When easy money is to be had, anyone can discover a good economic reason for taking it. Little chain-store systems were gathered together to form big chains. Other chain-store systems bought many independent stores. The investment trusts formed in countless numbers and became in the nature of busy bees flitting from flower to flower. The investment trust is a merger of securities without any of the responsibilities of actual property management. Sometimes it is only a collection of supermen who promise to outguess the stock market or anything else. And finally have come the big bank mergers to the end of creating financial department stores, at a time when the department store shows signs of giving way to other forms of merchandising. We are not fully merged and we never shall be. The fashion is already passing. Quite shortly some group of bankers will attempt something really colossal and it will fall flat. That will mark the end for the time being, and we shall turn to something else.

Two Plus Two

THIS present crop of mergers will yield its harvest of failures and successes, and out of it we may learn something of real importance, and that something will probably have to do with that subject concerning which we know least—management. It is a commonplace now to say that we are no longer afraid of size. The monster corporations that started as bogy men during the trust-busting period, and which were going to swallow us up unless halted, have not appeared. We now know that if they had appeared and started the big swallow they would long since have been dead of acute indigestion. We have many corporations much greater than any then imagined, but they are not swallowers.

We are beginning to learn that we need have no fear at all of size as such, but many observing men are beginning to look at big corporations with a keen eye to distinguishing size that is the result of strong, sturdy growth and size that is a kind of elephantiasis.

They want to know not only who are the good managers but also to discover some rough rule by which it can be determined in advance whether or not the thing is capable of being managed by anyone. And that discovering will be of high importance to all of us.

A study of thirty-five mergers made before 1903 uncovered the fact that in only thirteen cases did the average earnings for ten years exceed the combined earnings of the separate units for the same period before merging. That record is even worse than appears on the face, for a business merely to hold its own must increase at least 5 per cent a year, and usually, to maintain its relative position in its trade, it must increase more than that. If only one out of three great consolidations succeeds—and this list was made up from those launched in the most reputable manner and by, presumably, the most careful bankers—then the joining of a number of business units does not of itself mean success. Mere size actually means nothing at all. The size which comes from a steady growth is strength and power. It arises out of serving the public, and just as soon as that service ceases, the strength and the power begin to diminish. The size which comes about through the joining of a number of already developed units may also have strength and power—two men may be pushing instead of one. But again it may happen that the men may decide that, since there are two of them instead of only one on the job, neither need push hard, and so the two may exert less force than one could exert. In the mathematics of corporate consolidation, two plus two always add up to at least five on account of the inescapable efficiencies due to centralized management, and so forth and so forth. In practice it has been demonstrated that the chances are three to one that two plus two will add up to about three. The public dangers of great consolidations are not what they are commonly supposed to be. There is no danger at all that they will gobble the public; for if they did that, they would thereafter have nothing to eat. The real danger is that they will be so weak and unsteady on their feet that they will fall and hurt someone.

The assets of a corporation are only a burden unless they are in the hands of capable management. It is now beginning to be recognized that good managers are very rare indeed and that even the best management has its limits. It is the belief of more than a few experienced men that lately some corporations have been put together which are beyond the present power of any living man to manage.

The problem is not one of size. None of the new corporations is as large as some in existence which are notably well managed and most of which were mergers. The United States Steel Corporation, the American Telephone & Telegraph, the General Motors Corporation and the General Electric Company are all mergers. Each of them, it may be noted, was formed by a man around himself, and the real growth came after the merger. The Steel Corporation centered around the Carnegie Steel Company, which was already a very large concern with an excellent working organization, and it took Judge Gary many years to achieve a really unified company. Theodore N. Vail was already managing, in effect, many of the telephone companies which he eventually brought under centralized control. The principal reason for Charles A. Coffin forming the General Electric Company was to end a patent war, and in E. W. Rice, Jr., he had an industrial manager. General Motors almost fell by the wayside before it achieved a higher financial control. Other great corporations, such as the Ford Motor Company and the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., were formed by a man and grew as he grew.

Always a Man at the Helm

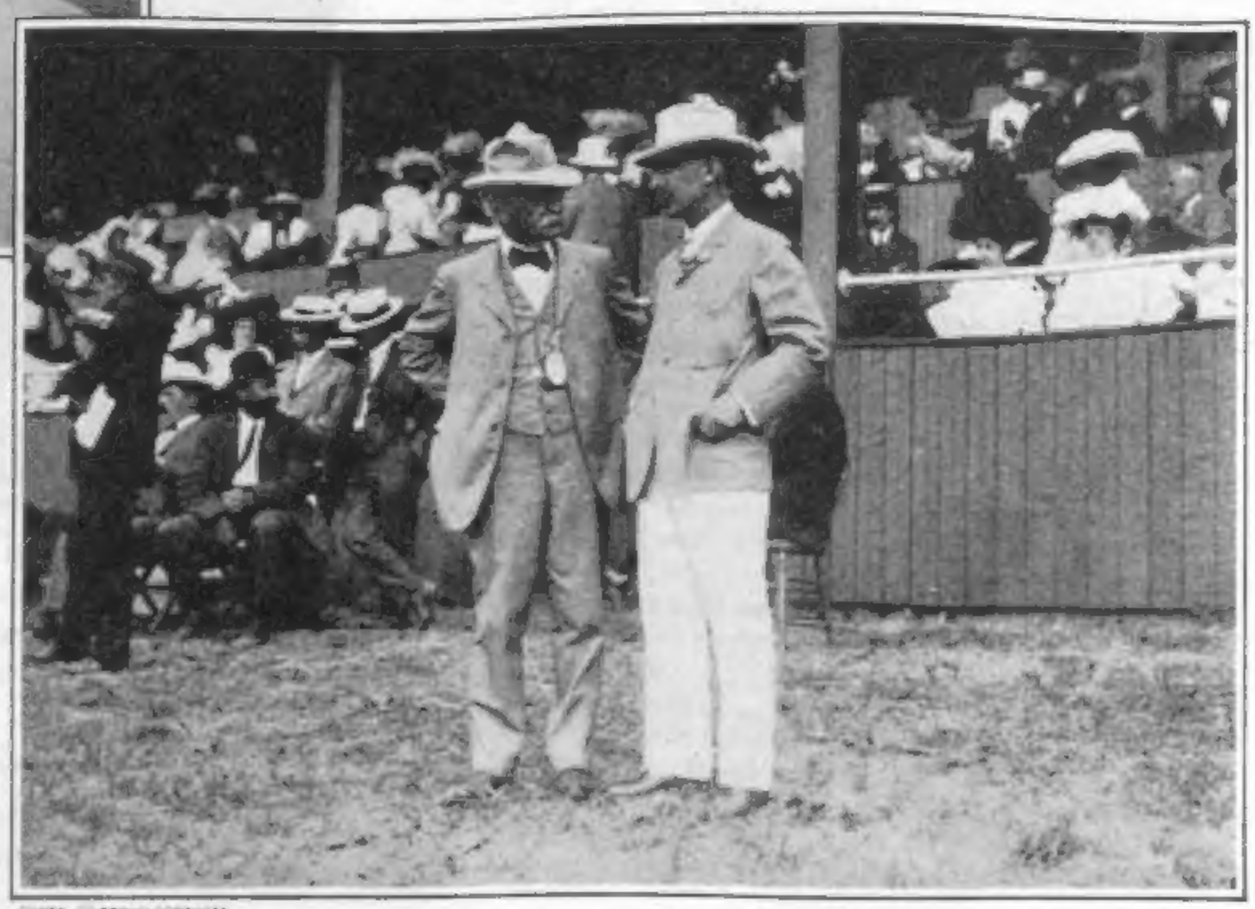
EACH of these corporations and every other successful business enterprise have one common characteristic—a predominant directing head who assumes the entire responsibility for success or for failure. A successful business never simply drifts. It has to be steered and it has to have power enough within itself to maintain a steerage way and be answerable to the helm. This is only another way of saying that the thing must be capable of guidance. It will be found that great corporations begin to fail the very moment that the directing hand falters or when the directing head fails to grasp what is actually going on. And the best managers know their strength as well as their limitations. One seldom finds a man with a record of large success taking on so many additional units that he cannot manage them. If he takes them on, it is only for a short time. He soon discovers his mistake.

At the present moment a large company in charge of a man who is such an astute manager that he makes everyone about him think that they and not he are running the works, has taken on a second company almost as large as his own, and is about to take on a third. This third company was built up by a man who made it his life; he stayed so close to his work that he ceased to know his wife and his children, and they all parted from him. This man was an exception to the rule that trying to do everything usually results in failure. But at his death from overwork, no one in the company knew how to manage it. Outsiders were brought in, but they failed, and now it is being sold

(Continued on Page 46)

PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

James B. Forgan, Chicago Banker



At Right—E. H. Harriman (Right) at the Tuxedo Horse Show About 1905

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SEA

By Joan Lowell

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following article, in view of the controversy over Miss Lowell's book, "The Cradle of the Deep," is of particular interest at this time.

BUT where did you go to school?" So many people have asked me, and I always watch them curiously as I reply, "Mostly to the University of the Sea."

One really nice chap, a successful banker, looked perfectly blank.

"Never heard of the university of the sea," he said. "What did you learn there?"

"What did you learn at your university?" I countered.

"I came out equipped for a certain job. I'm doing it."

"Well, I came out equipped to dream and to live. And I'm doing it," I replied.

He really tried not to be too superior. "May be all right for you, but it sounds darned impractical to me."

"But, after all, civilization has been built on the dreams of the impractical," I murmured. And he went away and left me flat.

The banker's attitude amused me, then set me to thinking of the school I loved, the place where I learned my early lessons in life. I found myself looking at young men and women of my own age, students and graduates of great shore universities, wondering what they had got out of schools that I didn't have; what I had gathered from raw life that was beyond them.

I saw them better mannered, better bred, better educated in a book sense, but somehow, in spite of all their obvious worldly advantages, in looking them over I was content. For I felt I had something few of them could ever get, something that the bigness of the sea and large experience of life in the raw had given me. Most of them seemed overgay, or overanxious, and all overcompetitive. Nearly all seemed consciously or unconsciously to be seeing themselves in reference to someone else. It was an ideal person to live up to or a rival to be passed.

"Why do they have to live up to somebody or pass somebody?" I wondered. And then I realized that, brought up in cities in comparative physical comfort, they really had nothing to measure themselves by but skyscrapers and people; and if they had no standard of comparison but little things like skyscrapers and people, no wonder they got all fussed up over nothing.

Whenever I meet a pompous self-satisfied individual I mentally prescribe a storm at sea to give him a proper perspective. How good a dose of the doldrums would be for a Subway-rush hog!

Where You Have Time to Dream

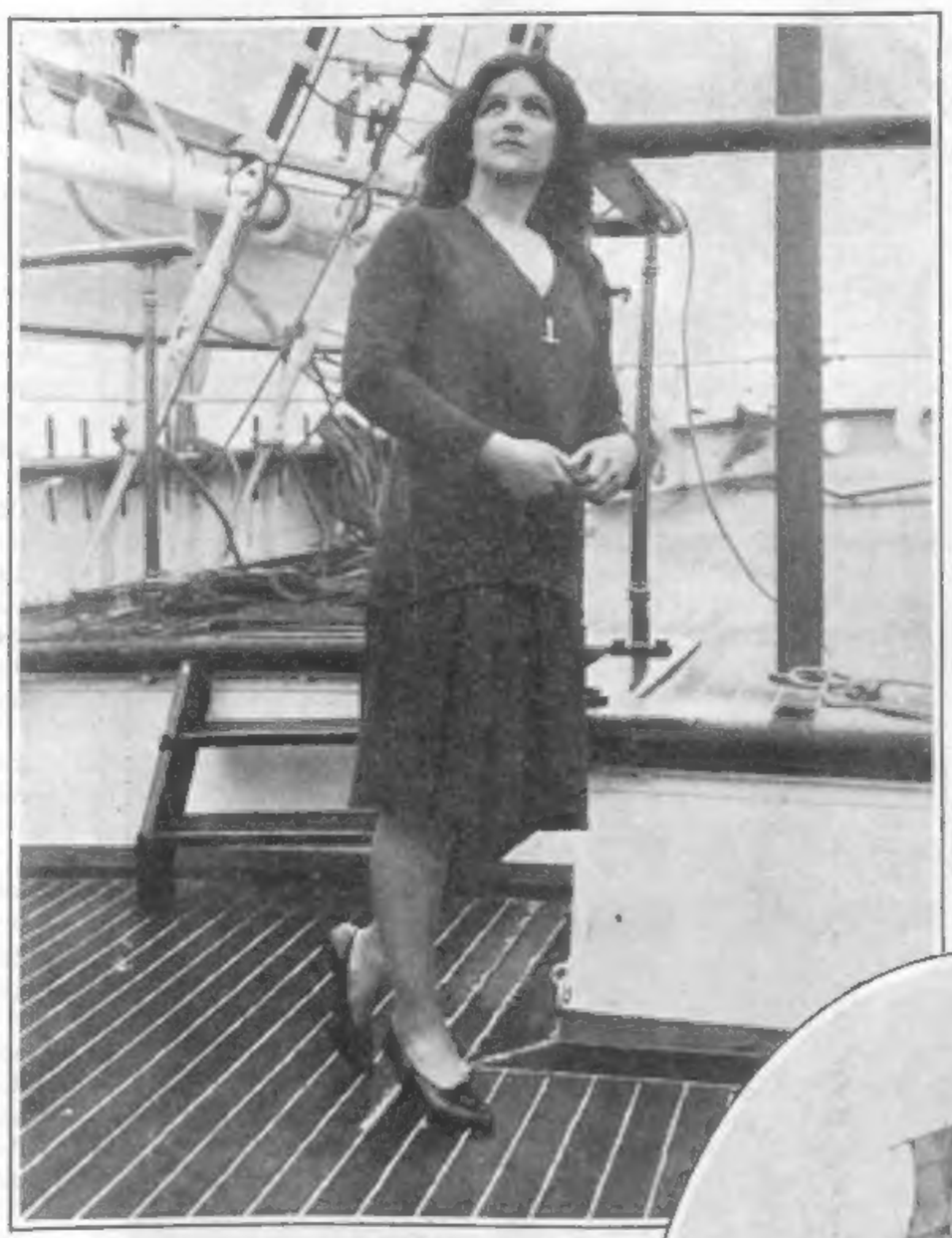
BUT the main difference between the men on land and the men of the sea is that so comparatively few of the men on land seem ever to have had time to think. I don't mean time to scheme or plot or trick one another at money-making; I mean time to meditate. And almost none seem to have had time to dream. To me that is the great gift of the sea—time to think and to dream.

For example, let me quote from the log book of the clipper ship Tusitala, twenty-six days out from Panama to Honolulu:

SATURDAY DECEMBER 6TH. The weather being overcast, we cannot fix our position exactly. We are maneuvering all the time, taking advantage of the smallest puff of wind; but most often, by the time we have trimmed the yards, the wind is gone or from another direction. It is very tedious and heartbreaking to see the time slip by like this and our commercial success getting smaller for every delay. At noon we were 6°55′ lat. N., 81°22′ lon. W. Time seems very long, drifting around here. It is hard to study or do anything at present, but walk up and down, look all around the horizon to see if the mirrorlike surface is not broken by a coming wind, or to see how much the headland we sighted day before yesterday has changed in bearing. I hope all these gloomy thoughts will blow away when the breeze gets here, sometime, and I will cease to have sympathy for Francisco Pizarro, of whom I am thinking daily.

Thus reads the page of the log book of a clipper-ship captain, bound from Panama to Honolulu. That hardy sailorman is like hundreds of other students in the university of the sea. A descendant of the Norsemen, he started to sea in that most grueling of all schools—before the mast in a Norwegian sailing ship bound from the North Sea around Cape Horn to San Francisco. Like my own father, he learned his facts from facing them two-fistedly when they came, and not from almanacs. No applied courses in science taught them the fury of the elements; rather, stinging winds, vicious seas and blinding lightning unfolded the mysteries of the sea to them. Hour after hour aloft on the foot ropes reefing in sail or lashed to the helm while giant waves swept over the decks were facts to be reckoned with, and not just thought about. Then, perhaps, after a storm, there followed baffling light winds or deadly calms, retarding the progress of their vessels. But the race must be won. No paltry excuse like unfavorable weather is accepted by rich shipowners from their captains. "A quick passage, a safe cargo, and a high freight rate," is the motto of the shipowner. It is not for a captain to explain that his men fall sick from fatigue, not for him to say that two men lost overboard in a hurricane left him short-handed when every man's strength was needed, not for him to call to the owner's attention the rotten sails and worn-out rigging.

No! The captain's task is to get to the port of destination and omit from his log book the thoughts of his men at sea, his own heartaches and trials, his own disappointments after a valiant battle to win a race against impossible odds.



Miss Lowell on the Square-Rigger "Seven Seas," Now in New York Harbor. In Oval—The "Oceana Vance," One of the Ships on Which She Lived for Several Years

Such is the unsung glory of men who go down to the sea in ships, such is the routine course for students in the university of the sea. What are the advantages? Well, for a reference library there is the great volume of Nature. There is no comfortable study hall, but long hours of meditation on wearisome watches. The examinations are battles with the elements; the tests, grueling demands upon character and courage in the face of disaster. And after the sailorman has passed the tests, what has he? Health, courage, imagination, born in the womb of the sea.

If you want to know what the sea gives, look at the eyes of a sailor. Even a young one, back from one cruise, carries in his eyes more knowledge and more dreams than the city-bred man of twice his age and experience. The dreams of the world are the progress of the world—and the sea gives birth and life to dreams.

Take as a comparison a girl raised in the city and me raised at sea. At sea I didn't talk about life, I hadn't time to, but I lived it full to the brim! Strange cities, weird islands, foreign people, high caste and low. I learned life in the raw, and therefore learned the truth. The land girl may argue that she, too, can travel in her dreams by going to the movies and seeing pictures of people of many lands; but does she know how they think and feel? Does she know what to them is the why of their existence? You can't learn life by looking at pictures of it.

Violins That Can't be Bought

SCRAPE acquaintances with old sailors. You'll find that beneath the grizzled weather-seamed exterior of these men there is a wealth of philosophy, poetry and vision. Their eyes, deep-set in leather-tough faces, see far beyond the horizons of life. Behind the mask of iron-set jaws are the tenderness and sympathy of a woman for the weaker things of the sea; and under the tough hide of their bodies smolders the desire for understanding. Do not be surprised, then, to find my sailor friend writing in his log book that he thirsts for knowledge. Why, perhaps you will say, isn't he thinking of his ship, his crew, the owner's pocketbook, when he brings his cargo safely to port? He is thinking of all that, but his dreams are his own. The active man physically has great opportunity for meditation. Unlike the tired business man on shore, who works for eight hours in the daytime and finds himself weary at night when his inner thoughts should be creative, the sailorman dreams out his dreams amidst great physical hardships.

Go down to the water front and seek out old sea captains; find out what their interests are, how they spend the hours at sea which are not taken up with charts and winds and currents and troubles with sailors. Are you surprised that one captain tells you, after you have drawn him out of his shell of modesty, that he is a violin maker? Well, he is. In his cabin are two violins made by his own hands on the long watches below at sea. But, you will argue, how can an uneducated sailorman, untrained in a violin maker's profession, turn out such a beautiful instrument? On his violin he has caught the whisper of the winds at night, the moaning of the sea over sunken shoals, the wail of the lone albatross far from its mate, and the plaintive cry of a Mother-carry-her-chicken bird beaten down by heavy rain and treacherous seas. Look at the captain's fingers—heavy, knotted and twisted from exposure and hard work. They are not the hands of a sensitive violin maker, but that doesn't matter. Hours of loneliness and thought have given him the secret of how to create. Offer to buy his violin, give him an exorbitant amount of money to obtain his precious instrument, and watch him refuse bluntly.

The university of the sea is not so much a mental educator as a great moral background. What the sea teaches you, you never forget. Let us go from the master to the

(Continued on Page 141)

MAJESTY

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

THE extraordinary thing is not that people in a lifetime turn out worse or better than we had prophesied; in America that is to be expected. The extraordinary thing is how people keep their levels, fulfill their promises, seem actually buoyed up by an inevitable destiny of their own.

One of my conceits is that no one has ever disappointed me since I turned eighteen and could tell a real quality from a gift for sleight of hand, and even many of the merely showy ones go on being blatantly and successfully showy to the end.

Emily Castleton was born in Harrisburg in a medium-sized house, moved to New York at sixteen to a big house, went to Miss Thatcher's school, moved to an enormous house, moved to a mansion at Tuxedo Park, moved abroad, where she did various fashionable things and was in all the papers. Back in her debutante year one of those French artists who are so dogmatic about American beauties, included her with eleven other public and semipublic celebrities as one of America's perfect types. At the time numerous young men agreed with him.

She was just faintly tall, with fine, rather large features, eyes with such an expanse of blue in them that you were really aware of it whenever you looked at her, and a good deal of thick blond hair like a chow's—arresting and bright. Her mother and father did not know much and Emily had to learn everything for herself, so she became involved in various situations and some of the first bloom wore off. However, there was bloom to spare. There were engagements and semi-engagements, short passionate attractions, and then a big affair at twenty-two that embittered her and sent her wandering the continents looking for happiness. She became artistic, as all wealthy unmarried girls do at that age, because artistic people seem to have some secret, some inner refuge, some escape. But most of her friends were married now, and her life was a great disappointment to her father; so, at twenty-four, with marriage in her head if not in her heart, Emily came home.

This was a low point in her career and Emily was aware of it. She had not done well. She was one of the most popular, most beautiful girls of her time, with charm, money and a sort of fame, but her generation was moving into new fields. At the first note of condescension from a former schoolmate, now a young society matron, she went to Newport and was won by William Brevoort Blair. Immediately she was again the incomparable Emily Castleton; the ghost of the French artist walked once more in the newspapers; the most-talked-of leisure-class event of October was her wedding day.

Splendor to mark society nuptials. . . . Harold Castleton sets out a series of five-thousand-dollar pavilions arranged like the interconnecting tents of a circus, in which the reception, the wedding supper and the ball will be held. . . . Nearly a thousand guests, many of them leaders in business, will mingle with those who dominate the social world. . . . The wedding gifts are estimated to be worth a quarter of a million dollars. . . .

An hour before the ceremony, which was to be solemnized at St. Bartholomew's, Emily sat before a dressing table and gazed at her face in the glass. She was a little tired of her face at that moment and the depressing thought suddenly assailed her that it would require more and more looking after in the next fifty years.

"I ought to be happy," she said aloud, "but every thought that comes into my head is sad."

Her cousin, Olive Mercy, sitting on the side of the bed, nodded. "All brides are sad."

"It's such a waste," Emily said.

Olive frowned impatiently.

"On the Contrary, I'm the Most Romantic Person I've Ever Met in My Life"

"Waste of what? Women are incomplete unless they're married and have children."

For a moment Emily didn't answer. Then she said slowly, "Yes, but whose children?"

For the first time in her life, Olive, who worshiped Emily, almost hated her. Not a girl in the wedding party but would have been glad of Brevoort Blair—Olive among the others.

"You're lucky," she said. "You're so lucky you don't even know it. You ought to be paddled for talking like that."

"I shall learn to love him," announced Emily facetiously. "Love will come with marriage. Now, isn't that a hell of a prospect?"

"Why so deliberately unromantic?"

"On the contrary, I'm the most romantic person I've ever met in my life. Do you know what I think when he puts his arms around me? I think that if I look up I'll see Truxton Kane's eyes."

"But why, then ——"

"Getting into his plane the other day I could only remember Captain Marchbanks and the little two-seater we flew over the Channel in, just breaking our hearts for each other and never saying a word about it because of his wife. I don't regret those men; I just regret the part of me that went into caring. There's only the sweepings to hand to Brevoort in a pink wastebasket. There should have been something more; I thought even when I was most carried away that I was saving something for the one. But apparently I wasn't." She broke off and then added: "And yet I wonder."

The situation was no less provoking to Olive for being comprehensible, and save for her position as a poor relation, she would have spoken her mind. Emily was well spoiled—that was obvious. Eight years of men had assured her they were not good enough for her and she had accepted the fact as probably true.

"You're a bit nervous." Olive tried to keep the annoyance out of her voice. "Why not lie down for an hour?"

"Yes," answered Emily absently.

Olive went out and downstairs. In the lower hall she ran into Brevoort Blair, attired in a nuptial cutaway even to the white carnation, and in a state of considerable agitation.

"Oh, excuse me," he blurted out. "I wanted to see Emily. It's about the rings—which ring, you know. I've got four rings and she never decided and I can't just hold them out in the church and have her take her pick."

"I happen to know she wants the plain platinum band. If you want to see her anyhow ——"

"Oh, thanks very much. I don't want to disturb her."

They were standing close together, and even at this moment when he was gone, definitely preëmpted, Olive couldn't help thinking how alike she and Brevoort were. Hair, coloring, features—they might have been brother and sister—and they shared the same shy serious temperaments, the same simple straightforwardness. All this flashed through her mind in an instant, with the added thought that the blond, tempestuous Emily, with her vitality and amplitude of scale, was, after all, better for him in every way; and then, beyond this, a perfect wave of tenderness, of pure physical pity and yearning swept over her and it seemed that she must step forward only half a foot to find his arms wide to receive her.

She stepped backward instead, relinquishing him as though she still touched him with the tip of her fingers and then drew the tips away. Perhaps some vibration of her emotion fought its way into his consciousness, for he said suddenly:

"We're going to be good friends, aren't we? Please don't think I'm taking Emily away. I know I can't own her—nobody could—and I don't want to."

Silently, as he talked, she said good-by to him, the only man she had ever wanted in her life.

She loved the absorbed hesitancy with which he found his coat and hat and felt hopefully for the knob on the wrong side of the door.

When he had gone she went into the drawing-room, gorgeous and portentous; with its painted bacchanals and massive chandeliers and the eighteenth-century portraits that might have been Emily's ancestors, but weren't, and by that very fact belonged the more to her. There she rested, as always, in Emily's shadow.

Through the door that led out to the small, priceless patch of grass on Sixtieth Street now inclosed by the pavilions, came her uncle, Mr. Harold Castleton. He had been sampling his own champagne.

"Olive so sweet and fair." He cried emotionally, "Olive, baby, she's done it. She was all right inside, like I knew all the time. The good ones come through, don't they—the real thoroughbreds? I began to think that the Lord and me, between us, had given her too much, that she'd never be satisfied, but now she's come down to earth just like a"—he searched unsuccessfully for a metaphor—"like a thoroughbred, and she'll find it not such a bad place after all." He came closer. "You've been crying, little Olive."

"Not much."

"It doesn't matter," he said magnanimously. "If I wasn't so happy I'd cry too."

Later, as she embarked with two other bridesmaids for the church, the solemn throbbing of a big wedding seemed to begin with the vibration of the car. At the door the organ took it up, and later it would palpitate in the cellos and base viols of the dance, to fade off finally with the sound of the car that bore bride and groom away.

The crowd was thick around the church, and ten feet out of it the air was heavy with perfume and faint clean humanity and the fabric smell of new clean clothes. Beyond the massed hats in the van of the church the two families sat in front rows on either side. The Blairs—they were assured a family resemblance by their expression of faint condescension, shared by their in-laws as well as by true Blairs—were represented by the Hamilton Blairs, senior and junior; Lady Mary Bowes Howard, née Blair; Mrs. Potter Blair; Mrs. Princess Potowki Parr Blair, née Inchbit; Miss Gloria Blair, Master Hamilton Blair III, and the kindred branches, rich and poor, of Smythe, Crenshaw, Diffendorfer and Hamn. Across the aisle the Castletons made a less impressive showing—Mr. Harold Castleton, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Castleton and children, Harold Castleton Junior, and, from Harrisburg, Mr. Carl Mercy, and two little old aunts named O'Keefe hidden off in a corner. Somewhat to their surprise the two aunts had been bundled off in a limousine and dressed from head to foot by a fashionable *couturière* that morning.

In the vestry, where the bridesmaids fluttered about like birds in their big floppy hats, there was a last lip rouging and adjustment of pins before the bride should arrive. They represented several stages of Emily's life—a schoolmate at Miss Thatcher's, a last unmarried friend of debutante year, a traveling companion of Europe, and the girl she had visited in Newport when she met Brevoort Blair.

"They've got Wakeman," this last one said, standing by the door listening to the music. "He played for my sister, but I shall never have Wakeman."

"Why not?"

"Why, he's playing the same thing over and over—At Dawning. He's played it half a dozen times."

At this moment another door opened and the solicitous head of a young man appeared around it. "Almost ready?" he demanded of the nearest bridesmaid. "Brevoort's having a quiet little fit. He just stands there wilting collar after collar ——"

"Be calm," answered the young lady. "The bride is always a few minutes late."

"A few minutes!" protested the best man. "I don't call it a few minutes. They're beginning to rustle and wriggle like a circus crowd out there, and the organist has been playing the same tune for half an hour. I'm going to get him to fill in with a little jazz."

"What time is it?" Olive asked.

"Quarter of five—ten minutes of five."

"Maybe there's been a traffic tie-up." Olive paused as Mr. Harold Castleton, followed by an anxious curate, shouldered his way in, demanding a phone.

And now there began a curious dribbling back from the front of the church, one by one, then two by two, until the vestry was crowded with relatives and confusion.

"What's happened?"

"What on earth's the matter?"

A chauffeur came in and reported excitedly. Harold Castleton swore and, his face blazing, fought his way roughly toward the door. There was an attempt to clear the vestry, and then, as if to balance the dribbling, a ripple of conversation commenced at the rear of the church and began to drift up toward the altar, growing louder and faster and more excited, mounting always, bringing people to their feet, rising to a sort of subdued roar. The announcement from the altar that the marriage had been postponed was scarcely heard, for by that time everyone knew that they were participating in a front-page scandal, that Brevoort Blair had been left waiting at the altar and Emily Castleton had run away.

In the Vestry the Bridesmaids Fluttered About Like Birds in Their Big Floppy Hats

II

THERE were a dozen reporters outside the Castleton house on Sixtieth Street when Olive arrived, but in her absorption she failed even to hear their questions; she wanted desperately to go and comfort a certain man whom she must not approach, and as a sort of substitute she sought her Uncle Harold. She entered through the interconnecting five-thousand-dollar pavilions, where caterers and servants still stood about in a respectful funeral half light, waiting for something to happen, amid trays of caviar and turkey's breast and pyramided wedding cake. Upstairs, Olive found her uncle sitting on a stool before Emily's dressing table. The articles of make-up spread before him, the repertoire of feminine preparation in evidence about, seemed to make his singularly inappropriate presence a symbol of the mad catastrophe.

"Oh, it's you." His voice was listless; he had aged perceptibly in two hours. Olive put her arm around his bowed shoulder.

"I'm horribly sorry, Uncle Harold."

Suddenly a stream of profanity broke from him, died away, and a single large tear welled slowly from one eye.

"I want to get my massage man," he muttered. "Tell McGregor." He drew a long broken sigh, like a child's breath after crying, and Olive saw that his sleeves were covered with a dust of pink powder from the dressing table, as if he had been leaning forward on it, weeping, in the reaction from his proud champagne.

"There was a telegram," he muttered. "It's somewhere." And he added slowly, "From now on you're my daughter."

"Oh, no, you mustn't say that!"

Unrolling the telegram, she read:

I CAN'T MAKE THE GRADE I WOULD FEEL LIKE A FOOL EITHER WAY BUT THIS WILL BE OVER SOONER SO DAMN SORRY FOR YOU EMILY

When Olive had summoned the masseur and posted a servant outside her uncle's door, she went to the library, where a confused secretary was trying to say nothing over an inquisitive and persistent telephone.

"I'm so upset, Miss Mercy," he cried in a despairing treble. "I do declare I'm so upset I have a frightful headache. I've thought for half an hour I heard dance music from down below."

Then it occurred to Olive that she, too, was becoming hysterical; in the breaks of the street traffic a melody was drifting up, distinct and clear:

Just pic—ture you—upon—my knee,
With tea—for two—and two—for tea,
With me—for you—and you—for me ——

She ran quickly downstairs and through the drawing-room, the tune growing louder in her ears. At the entrance of the first pavilion she stopped in stupefaction.

To the music of a small but undoubtedly professional orchestra a dozen young couples were moving about the canvas floor. At the bar in the corner stood additional young men, and half a dozen of the caterer's servants were busily shaking cocktails and opening champagne.

"Harold!" she called imperatively to one of the dancers. "Harold!"

A tall young man of eighteen handed his partner to another and came toward her.

"Hello, Olive. How did father take it?"

"Harold, what in the name of ——"

"Emily's crazy," he said consolingly. "I always told you Emily was crazy. Crazy as a loon. Always was."

"What's the idea of this?"

(Continued on Page 57)

A Blonde Can Think Maybe

By BROOKE HANLON

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

He Seized a Paper at Length and Plunged With It Toward the Window, Where He Stood With His Back to the Light and the Star-Eagle Before His Face, Leafing Furiously. There Was a Sudden Calm

ALONZO EDWARD HOCHWELDER sat at his desk in the office of the Deemersville Star-Eagle, gnawed at the ends of a reddish light mustache, and smoked cigarette after cigarette, stamping them out distractedly on a cracked and chipped saucer which stood in a litter of other things at his elbow and served him for an ash tray. At the end of an hour the saucer was full to overflowing, and Alonzo groaned, lowering his head into his hands and pushing his light hair on end.

"Och"—he stood up, his physique dwarfing the Star-Eagle office and its contents—"I can't make nothin' out of such dumb stuff." He tore the sheet of foolscap on which he had been laboring and threw it toward that littered area where the wastebasket stood. He walked to the window and stood looking out on the bleak early spring aspect of Deemersville's main street. "I didn't think there'd be so much of this here writin' business to it," he mused glumly, "or I wouldn't of bought his old paper off him." He thought for a moment, lines deepening on the fair and usually serene surface of his brow. "Dear Aunt Harriet," he uttered disgustedly. "Adwice to girls, yet! I'll go out and talk around some to adwertisers," he decided, and heaved a mighty sigh of relief.

But the empty chair and cleared desk in Miss Malvina Reichstetter's corner brought him up short. He couldn't leave; his assistant's broken limb had made him a prisoner here. The rumbling secondhand power press in the rear of the shop seemed to burst out in sudden triumphant clamor as he realized this. It settled then to a steady whir which might have been likened to hunger gnawing in the bowels of the little ramshackle building. The power press was hungry for Thursday's copy. Its hunger would grow in violence as the day progressed, and there was no Miss Malvina Reichstetter, erect, stiff-backed, efficient, to help prepare its weekly food. Alonzo groaned again, replaced his hat on the hook and took a final draft from his last cigarette. As he opened the door to throw it out, a girl, picking her way daintily toward him among the puddles of Ledder Street, raised her head and greeted him cheerily.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hochwelder." It was Miss Josephine Liebegott, the youthful correspondent from Enterprise. She shook glistening drops from her umbrella to the untidy floor of the Star-Eagle office. "It makes some wet out, don't it?" She smiled up in shy friendliness, and a dimple that might have adorned the face of a year-old baby flashed engagingly at the corner of her mouth.

"It's right wet," Alonzo agreed lugubriously. "You have brought down the ——"

"Yes!" A little laugh which was again like the crow of a baby escaped her. "The Enterprise items I have brought down. It gave lots of happenings by us this week already, too, Mr. Hochwelder. You would be surprised! Three pages I have made up for you."

He took the roll of yellow paper neatly tied with blue string and his gloom lifted a little.

"Babies!" His visitor sat down and smoothed her skirts, shaking her small head in satisfaction. "New babies by three families this week up our way, Mr. Hochwelder. It's the spring ——" She colored delicately, leaped to another subject. "Marriages! Och, my! And to each I have give the half of a page. Only one buryin', however." She shook her head, regretting with pursed lips the paucity of obituary material.

"Look here oncet." He frowned, reading from her copy. "'Herman Wagenorst is completing plans for the purchase of a Labor Light Tractor.' You should never ought to make mention of the adwertised name of a product," he chided.

"But it is a Labor Light, Mr. Hochwelder. Off the Labor Light people he bought it, as I have ——"

"Out it goes." He blue-penciled the line decisively. "Anyhow by us they don't adwertise at all," he explained.

"Och!" She raised her eyebrows, enlightened. She got up lingeringly to go. Her eyes fell then upon the cracked saucer ash tray, and she picked it up briskly and overturned the contents into the fire. She washed and polished the bit of china at the zinc basin in the corner, stealing glances at him, and returned it to its place. "Some pussy willow I have brought down," she said shyly. "If you like I could leave them here by you. It would make the office look maybe more cozylike than what it does."

He was standing at the single small window, gazing glumly out, and taking his silence for consent she retrieved a mason jar from the depths of Malvina's desk, washed it, arranged the spiky bouquet on his desk.

"Is—is Miss Malvina bad hurt?" she asked.

"A broken leg—only." He spoke ironically.

"It come into my head you would"—she twisted her small hands nervously now; her blue eyes crept up his broad back to his huge implacable shoulders and fell again—"you would maybe be takin' someone on to fill up her place. Up—up to the time she should come back, anyhow." Her voice was very low.

"Yes." He didn't turn. "I will maybe get somebody."

"It come into my head I—I maybe would do." Her hands moved more nervously.

"You!" He turned now and laughter stirred his face for the first time since Miss Malvina's accident. "You!"

"It would"—she turned scarlet and words twisted themselves pathetically on her lips—"it would more of happiness for me make than anything anywheres, Mr. Hochwelder. Believe me it would. So hard I would work you wouldn't know it that Miss Malvina was gone ——"

His laughter cut her short. It boomed, short and mirthless. His eyes picked her up, added her, subtracted her limitations, and dismissed her with another burst of unkind laughter. "Such a little thing as you are now," he said rudely. "What could you do?"

"Size don't make such a difference, Mr. Hochwelder," she said earnestly. "Believe me it don't. I am eighteen, going on nineteen already." She steadied the trembling of her soft strawberry lip with two front teeth which were childishly a little larger than their neighbors. "So hard I would try! My lunch even I could bring in a paper down from Enterprise and not go out from the office all day. The writing of things has such a appeal for me, Mr. Hochwelder. If empty paper is before me the words seem to fly right out from me and onto it. Always, always I am trying to make names fit right onto things like they are."

"That is all maybe true," he said gravely. "But fur this business"—amusement pinked his face again—"it takes brains to think also. Brains as such a young girl like you would not have, Miss Liebegott. Brains such as any girl with so much youth on her would not have, to keep books, to read proofs, to talk out smartlike to adwertisers, and whatever."

"All that I could do." She was losing! Her hands twisted more frantically. "Books I could keep. Proofs I could read off. I could even talk out smart to such adwertisers ——"

"No female with the youth you got on you could do it." His tone dismissed the subject once and for all. "Not anyhow one"—his eyes searched out the edges of her hat brim with disfavor—"with such light hair on her."

"Hair!" She gulped. "Hair don't make no difference, Mr. Hochwelder." This last was a small, thin cry. Her hand went dazedly to the pale yellow tendrils that the rain had treacherously sent curling up about her little felt. She fell silent, staring at him out of blue eyes darkened with defeat.

"But listen oncet." He eyed her with sudden hope. "Could you stay here and mind office fur the half of an hour or so? That you could do anyhow."

"Alonzo," She Whispered, Her Eyes on the Concrete Trail to Deemersville

"Yes," she consented dully, "that I could do."

He escaped into the open air and, swinging down Ledder Street, seemed to shake the Star-Eagle office and its contents from his shoulders. Miss Liebegott stood at the window gazing after him with blue eyes into which tears welled and were winked back, welled and were winked back, welled again.

When he'd turned the corner at Maple she came slowly back to the center of the office, rolled the sleeves of her linen blouse up to her dimpled white elbows and set to work. In a half hour the zinc washbasin and taps shone in the corner; the wastebasket stood erect, prim and empty; the papers on the desk of the editor and publisher had been placed in orderly piles and dust had been routed from the scene. The correspondent from Enterprise sat studying with knotted brow a sheaf of papers taken from a nail driven through a board on the editorial desk. As she read, her fingers strayed almost without volition toward a pencil, toward fresh paper. The pencil began to fly.

When Alonzo towered over her again she looked up with blinking eyes and cheeks in which the fires of creation were burning brightly. "Och!" She attempted to cover closely written sheets with a small and inadequate hand. "Such a start you gave me, Mr. Hochwelder." She crumpled the papers hastily.

"What's that there you got?" He eyed her with a suspicion of eagerness.

Her head went down and the color deepened in her cheek. "I saw on your desk these Aunt Harriet letters," she explained, "and I wrote off some answers fur to pass away the time."

"Read them off fur me onces." He simulated indifference.

She smoothed the paper and began timidly.

"*Dear Aunt Harriet:* I have often read in the Star-Eagle your advice to others on the subject of love and such tender passions, and though I am not much of a judge of it and kindred subjects still it seems to me that you have a grasp on it in your writings and it may be that should I speak out my problem ——"

"I have read that letter a couple of times a'ready," Alonzo interrupted, lacing his fingers. He neglected to say that it was one over which he had smoked half a package of cigarettes fruitlessly. "What answer did you wrote out fur him?"

"This here one." She read slowly and earnestly, giving each word its due:

"*Dear Lester:* Since the girl is of a type such as you describe would it not be a good idea to make some sincere and humble apologies out before her? She is evidently such a girl as you would be proud to take home and show off before your mother even and one with whom you would not want to part the tender cord of friendship which might some day strengthen to become the golden chain of love. Your apology or whatever might take on the form of a box of candy with a little note, and if you should make the sentiments of the note as sweet or sweeter even than the bon bons or whatever it would maybe make the little flower of forgiveness to blossom in her heart."

She looked up. "I wrote it off in such a hurry," she said deprecatingly.

"H'm." He ran his fingers through his hair. "Why couldn't I of thought of that there?"

"Then to this one here, where asks should she"—Josephine paused delicately—"should she kiss her fiancé before they are married even on account of he wants to still I said:

"*Dear Gladys:* You would not want to make cheap in the eyes of one where will be nearest and dearest to you that great gift of your love which to him you will soon give over. However, Aunt Harriet thinks that since to him you are already promised a good-night kiss might be exchanged with each other when you part, for such tokens of true affection serve often only to strengthen up the bonds of love.

"Don't you think so, Mr. Hochwelder?"

"Och," he said gruffly, "I don't think about it neither here nor there. Are there more yet?"

"Six more. I ——"

He reached for the papers. "Since you have went to the trouble of writing them out we might as well use them this week," he said.

"Och!" Josephine flushed with pride and delight. "Would you?"

"Yes." He stacked the papers with the Enterprise items. "Such dumb stuff," he explained with dignity, "I of course could not bother with. Miss Malvina done it always."

"H'mph," Was His Only Comment on Her Activities, as He Watched Her With a Suspicious Eye

Josephine had taken her shabby little black coat from its nail now and had drawn it about her. She'd pulled her felt hat down over the offending curls and taken her umbrella from the bucket in the corner. All this she'd done slowly, with gathering unhappiness, and when she stood at last ready for the street her eyes clung for a last moment to Miss Malvina's empty desk.

"I"— she tore them away with a wrench which sent a dark cloud racing over her eyes—"I got to go now. Good-by, Mr. Hochwelder." She turned at the door and the dimple wavered uncertainly.

"Wait. Wait a minute onces." His words came from between lips which struggled stubbornly against them. "You could maybe come in for a week or two or until Miss Malvina comes back," he exploded angrily.

"Och, Mr. Hochwelder!"

"From the half hour after eight in the morning until the half hour after five I could give you ten dollars a week," he growled.

"Och, Mr. Hochwelder!" It was softer this time. Her hands were clasped in a gesture of unbelief.

"There is some dumb stuff by this office I can't higgle up my head over at all," he said sulkily. "Where thinking is to come in you will not of course be of any good. You can maybe, however, write off some things fur me when I have told you how."

"Tomorrow even I could come?"

"Yes," he said shortly.

"Good-by, Mr. Hochwelder." She lingered. She looked about the tidied office and her hands moved to rearrange the pussy willows in their jar. She moved softly to the corner and turned off the tap which was dripping there; her hands fluttered about papers on Miss Malvina's desk. Her hands fluttered again, almost they moved to smooth the strands of light hair which were standing askew on his head. "Good-by, Mr. Hochwelder," she repeated softly.

He grunted.

"The first mistake," he informed her coldly next morning, "and you go out."

"Could you maybe smooth down your hair a little?" Toward the middle of the morning he gave the springing light curls a glance of such acute distaste that Josephine hurried to the zinc basin and with the aid of cold water and a pocket comb reduced her offending hair to a damp and darkened cap on her head. "It come to me the adwertisers and such might lose confidence in a paper where had such a blonde on its staff," he said gloomily.

"It wonders me where you took such a prejudice onto light hair." Josephine bent her head over a sandwich. She had had a hard morning and she considered with grateful eyes the lunch her mother had packed into a little basket. No unkind words from her new employer could quite dim her happiness, no critical glances from him could dash the buoyancy of her spirits this morning. She was here now, here where for five long months she had longed to be, had despaired of ever being.

"Och!" she murmured ecstatically, biting into her second Lebanon-bologna sandwich. Her hair was drying now and that natural aureole was springing up again. The sun, coming in at the newly shined window, caught ripened wheat lights in it and warmed the cream loveliness it framed to a dangerous sweetness, but Alonzo, who had been reared on a farm and nourished if not surfeited with ripened wheat and cream, had no eyes for the object the sun was seeking out in his office. It might have been Miss Malvina to whom he painstakingly and haltingly dictated letters, from whose fingers he received damp and inky proofs.

"H'mph," was his only comment on her activities, as he watched her with a suspicious eye.

Josephine had clipped poems for the poets' corner; she'd struggled with obituaries, with weddings; she'd written a column of fashion notes with the aid of a leaflet put out by Vanité patterns and had got the personal mentions of the entire countryside in line. She had even managed, by dint of much pencil biting, to evolve an article on fertilizers from Alonzo's laboriously penciled notes.

"That's enough, maybe," he told her grudgingly at the end of the third day. "At the half after five I said I would leave you go."

Fatigue smudges were under her eyes and ink smudges on her chin as she reached for her coat. She gave him a look which was a little like the one she had given

(Continued on Page 116)

WAR LETTERS OF SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

[The letters which follow are drawn from the voluminous diplomatic correspondence of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice during the years of the World War, when he was British Ambassador to the United States. Only those letters which are of presumable interest to American readers have been selected for publication in these columns. The first is addressed to Sir Edward Grey, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs from 1905 to 1916.—THE EDITORS.]

TO SIR EDWARD GREY

SEPTEMBER 8, 1914.

THE Secretary of State was delighted with the news that you were ready to sign his peace treaty. He believes sincerely that his plan would be of the greatest use in case some incident occurred which stirred up national animosity. The governments on each side would be able to say that there was a means ready to hand for examining questions of fact, and that the case being therefore *sub judice*, international discussion was out of the question. At the present moment he is using your consent as a means of inducing the French to give their consent, too, which they are not much inclined to do, their faith in treaties being somewhat at a discount. . . .

A very curious incident has occurred. About a week ago intimations began to appear in the press, especially that part which was under German influence, to the effect that the time had come for this country to intervene to bring about peace.

On the fifth—that is, after the publication of your treaty*—a wireless message was sent to the German Embassy in which a sentence occurred about not wishing territorial extension. It was supposed to come from Berlin. The same day Oscar Straus, who is a great admirer of yours and who is now engaged in rather an anti-German propaganda, received an invitation from Speyer—brother to the Privy Counsellor, and the chief adviser of the German Ambassador here—to meet Bernstorff at dinner. B. spoke with enthusiasm of peace, and when Straus asked him whether he spoke with the authority of his government, he made an evasive answer, but hinted that his government would not, he was sure, object to entertaining the idea of the peaceful intervention of the United States. Straus offered to go to Washington and see Bryan and the two ambassadors there—the Russian is away in the north. He saw Bryan, and Bryan spoke to Jusserand and me. Bryan insisted that we should give any proposal of the sort a favourable reception to this extent—namely, that we should not refuse to say what we were fighting for and on what terms we would make peace. Of course, I said that the Allies would give a friendly hearing to any proposal made by the United States, but that what we desired was some security against a repetition of what we had suffered and that what we were fighting for was not only peace but security. I could not help adding that it had unfortunately been proved that the most formal and sacred of treaties afforded no guaranty. Straus came to see Jusserand and me, and we spoke in this sense. In the meanwhile, Bryan had telegraphed to Bernstorff to come to Washington. The next day he came and Bryan saw him. I have received no word from Bryan. But Straus came again, and he told me that Bernstorff had insisted most earnestly that the initiative in all this had come from him Straus—and not from the Ambassador. I asked Straus if he thought that there was nothing in it. He said he was quite convinced that B. had received some instructions. Bryan had meanwhile telegraphed to Berlin to ask Gerard to find out what were the views of the German Government. So far nothing has happened.

You will notice that the movement in the newspapers came before the announcement of your treaty, although perhaps not before the Germans had wind of it. You will judge whether the wish for peace is real and based on economical stress and the desire to take fortune at the top of the tide. I always heard that the bankers and business men were prepared for a month's war, but not for more. And no doubt Speyer and German bankers here are anxious for peace. But as regards our position here, it is important to bear in mind that probably the peace negotiations will take place in this country and American popular opinion will be a useful factor. Now, nothing would tend to win over the public here so much as the belief that we had refused a fair offer for peace which the Germans had made us, or had refused to listen to a peaceful suggestion of the United States Government. I have consulted some of our friends here and they have advised a course of action. It is that we should at once declare that the Allies are anxious for peace with guaranties of permanency.

The feeling of nearly everyone with whom I speak is very friendly, but then the friends I have here are those who would naturally be friendly. Still, there seems no doubt at all that the mass of the people dislike the Germans more than they dislike us. In 1870 the feeling was overwhelmingly German, so there has been a great change. I think that there is a widespread belief—to quote you—that Prussian militarism is the question at issue, and that if it triumphs in Europe, America will have to defend itself. The President said in the most solemn way that if that cause succeeds in the present struggle the United States would have to give up its present ideals and devote all its energies to defense, which would mean the end of its present system of government. He is a great student of Wordsworth, and when I alluded to the sonnets at the time of the great war—especially "It is not to be thought of that the flood," and "We must be free or die, who speak the tongue," and so on—he said he knew them by heart, and had them in his mind all the time. I said, "You and Grey are fed on the same food and I think you understand." There were tears in his eyes, and I am sure we can, at the right moment, depend on an understanding heart here.

After that impression it is well to give an important communication which Spring-Rice was to transmit to the President. The extreme delicacy of his approach is notable.

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL.
BRITISH EMBASSY,
WASHINGTON,
19 SEPTEMBER, 1914.

Dear Mr. President: I venture to inclose for your information the paraphrase of a telegram which I received from Sir E. Grey in answer to a telegram of mine reporting an accusation circulated in the press to the effect that England was opposed to peace and demanding exorbitant terms.

I inclose this telegram not, of course, with any idea of influencing your policy but merely as the statement of a point of view which I am sure you will be interested to know.

I have, etc.,
CECIL SPRING-RICE.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

TELEGRAM FROM SIR EDWARD GREY

SEPTEMBER 18, 1914.

I have received your telegram of yesterday reporting the German Ambassador's statement as circulated in the press that Germany was ready to make peace on moderate terms, but that England was opposed to peace.

My view is as follows:

Germany planned this war, and chose her own time for forcing it on Europe. No one was in the same state of military preparation as Germany was when war began.

What we require for our future security is that we may be able to live free from a menace of this kind.

A series of able writers, instructors of Germany, from Treitschke downwards, has openly taught under the sanction of the government that the main object of German policy must be to crush Great Britain and to destroy the British Empire. We want to be sure that this idea no longer inspires German policy.

A cruel wrong has been done to Belgium; wanton destruction has been inflicted on her and her resistance has been punished by wholesale acts of cruelty and vandalism. Is Germany prepared to make reparation for these acts?

If Germany really desires the mediation of the United States, these facts must be considered in drawing up the conditions of peace. But we have no indication that Germany is prepared to consider them. Up to the present moment we have neither stated nor heard any condition of peace. There is no evidence whatever that the suggestions which appear to emanate from the German Ambassador are authorized by his government, or really meant.

Then follows, on the heel of these peace rumors, Spring-Rice's account of an episode already detailed in Colonel House's papers.

PRIVATE AND SECRET

SEPTEMBER 22, 1914.

My Dear Grey: On the 19th I received a letter from Colonel House in which he urged me to come at once to New York. I started that night, and he met me at the station and took me to his house. He told me that he wished very much to communicate with you on the subject of the war and American mediation, and that the President had consulted him on the subject. He was extremely sympathetic and showed that he fully understood and admired our policy. He warned me that although for the present American sympathy was strongly with the Allies, this attitude might be modified by two eventualities. The first was if it could be asserted with any show of reason that Germany was willing to make peace, but that the Allies were determined on war at all hazards. The other was that the real object of the Allies should prove to be not the restoration of the balance of Europe but its destruction by the entire elimination of Germany.

* The treaty which bound the Allies not to make or consider terms of peace except with the consent of all.

I said, of course, that we were glad of American sympathy, but did not ask for it. The struggle was one which we must endure to the end, and the only satisfactory end for us would be a peace that was durable peace and not merely an armed truce; he would himself remember the attitude of his own Government as to the War of the Rebellion. Then Lincoln took the view that the war should not have been begun at all, unless the people of the North were prepared to fight it through to the end—that is, until the object for which they fought was accomplished. He said he understood, but he wished to say a few words for your information. He had, as you know, been sent by the President to Berlin* in order to make certain proposals as to disarmament. The Emperor had greeted him in a friendly way, although it was very apparent that his entourage and the Empress and her son were bitterly opposed to his mission, and evidently afraid lest the Emperor should be led away. He was convinced that if the military party in Berlin receive a check the Emperor would be able to reassert his power and exercise his influence for peace. Mr. House had corresponded with the Emperor; in fact, was still in correspondence with him. He thought that it would be a pity not to keep a door open for negotiations, even if they had no practical result. But he thought that the President's intervention was really the best hope for the eventual restoration of peace, and he did not wish the President to lose touch with the warring powers. He went on to say that he had met Bernstorff at Speyer's and that B. had shared House's views. House then suggested that I should meet him. B. had no objection. I said that our treaty bound us not to negotiate without the knowledge of the Allies, and that I could not see B. alone. He then said, could not a message be sent to you? I said I would be very pleased to send one, as I knew you had spoken with him very freely. I then told him of your telegram to me saying what you thought of Bernstorff's statement about our attitude, and what our attitude really was. He at once said that the two *sine qua non* conditions which you had mentioned† would at once win the sympathy of the whole world. It would, he thought, be not a bad thing for the President tentatively to sound the Powers as to their attitude with regard to these conditions, with a view to clearing up the situation. I again reminded him of the treaty and said that no terms could be even discussed which had not met with the acceptance of the three belligerent Allies, and that what you had mentioned were just the conditions which would, in your opinion, appeal at once to the British people as indispensable; they were not in any way the enunciation of a policy. I said, also, that it had been proved again and again that Germany's main object was to break the solidarity of the Allies, and that this was a possible explanation of B.'s willingness to speak with me.

House said he fully understood, but he thought it a good thing for us and the Allies that we should not adopt a *non possumus* attitude as to negotiations and that it could be only to our advantage that Germany should be forced to show her hand. The reason why it was desirable to begin conversations now, or rather not to stop them, was that if we waited, either Germany or Russia would gain a great preponderance, and this would so much alter the situation in every way as to make terms of peace which might be possible now wholly out of the question. It would certainly much alter the attitude of the President and the American people.

I resumed our conversation in the telegram which I sent you on the night of the 21st on my return here.

It is, as you will remember, in the form of a telegram* from him to you of which he approved the terms. In this message he says that the President might be disposed to take a certain line of action for certain reasons. I presume he has told the President, who may or may not have instructed Page.

The line I have taken and propose to continue taking is that negotiations are impossible without the consent and agreement of all the Allies, but that we have no objection whatever to the President keeping in touch with the warring powers, because the time will almost surely come when the one Great Power which is neutral will have to use its good offices, and also because we have a perfect confidence in the rectitude of the President, his perfect fairness and his understanding of our point of view.

I am very glad to see Churchill's speech reported today, which puts an end to the rumours that have been spread—supported, as usual, by forgeries—that we are fighting for the destruction of the German people and the division of their territory.

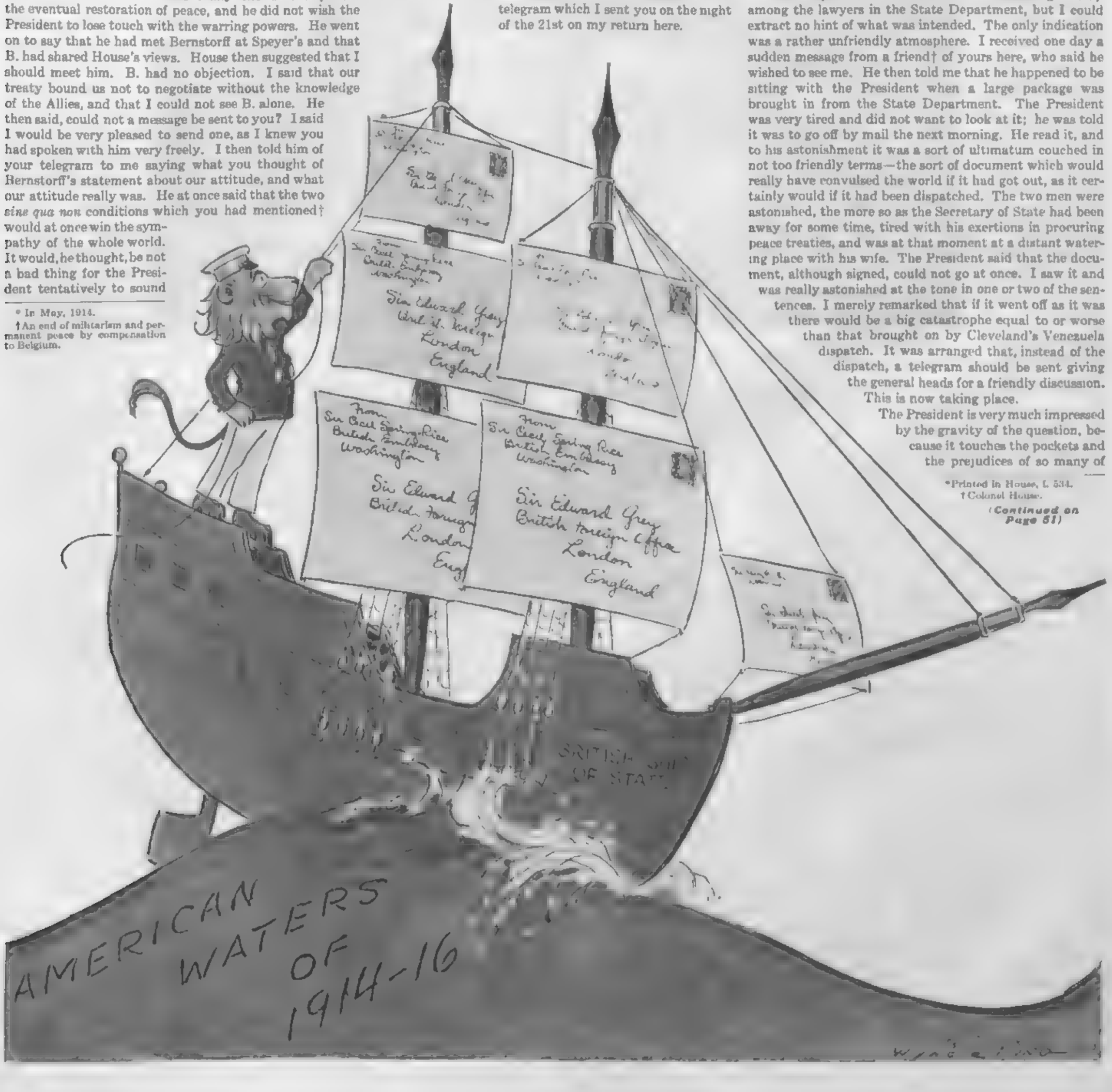
In the meanwhile Germany has absolutely denied that B. was authorized to make peace proposals; so that game is played out.

To Sir Edward Grey. October 1, 1914.

I had suspected for some time that something was up among the lawyers in the State Department, but I could extract no hint of what was intended. The only indication was a rather unfriendly atmosphere. I received one day a sudden message from a friend† of yours here, who said he wished to see me. He then told me that he happened to be sitting with the President when a large package was brought in from the State Department. The President was very tired and did not want to look at it; he was told it was to go off by mail the next morning. He read it, and to his astonishment it was a sort of ultimatum couched in not too friendly terms—the sort of document which would really have convulsed the world if it had got out, as it certainly would if it had been dispatched. The two men were astonished, the more so as the Secretary of State had been away for some time, tired with his exertions in procuring peace treaties, and was at that moment at a distant watering place with his wife. The President said that the document, although signed, could not go at once. I saw it and was really astonished at the tone in one or two of the sentences. I merely remarked that if it went off as it was there would be a big catastrophe equal to or worse than that brought on by Cleveland's Venezuela dispatch. It was arranged that, instead of the dispatch, a telegram should be sent giving the general heads for a friendly discussion. This is now taking place.

The President is very much impressed by the gravity of the question, because it touches the pockets and the prejudices of so many of

(Continued on Page 51)



* In May, 1914.

† An end of militarism and permanent peace by compensation to Belgium.

* Printed in House, I. 334.

† Colonel House.

SMALL FRY

By ALMET JENKS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

He Opened the Case and Took Out a Book Handsomely Bound in Red, Shining Leather. "My Clients," He Said Simply, and, Leaning Forward, Offered it to Lloyd

LLOYD FORSTER had recently resigned his job in a bank to become a banker. The term "resigned" in his case is not a euphemism, but "banker," perhaps, is open to question. As a short item in one of the morning papers put it—sandwiched between the mention of a new bond issue and the rumor of another merger—he had resigned his position in the Merchants Trust Company of New York to become associated with the firm of Stafford, Niles and Abbott. Stafford, Niles and Abbott was a fairly new, very active stock-brokerage house; although in their decorous advertisements and noncommittal monthly pamphlets they preferred to describe themselves as Investment Bankers. The paragraph announcing Lloyd's translation gave his middle initial as N instead of M, and Forster was spelt Foster. This was a pin prick. If Lloyd thought about it at all, it was to reflect that once he had figured prominently in this same paper through two brief autumn seasons, but on another page; and that he who had been called—sufficiently often to excuse the memory—one of the greatest halfbacks of his day had gone the way of oblivion in less than four years.

His engagement to Joan Henderson, on the other hand—or rather her engagement to him—announced a month ago, in December, had come first on the society page, and Joan's picture had appeared in a morning and an evening paper. Joan was also the daughter of Mrs. Lathrop Henderson and the late Lathrop Henderson; and the excellent social position and considerable fortune which Mr. Henderson had acquired by inheritance, he had, through an inactive life, successfully maintained. Lloyd's part in the account of the engagement was negligible. Apparently, the notices suggested, he was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Forster, of Madison, New Jersey. His college and the year of his graduation were given—that was all. That was all the information he himself had chosen to give, but in cold type, as Joan pointed out, the thing certainly looked suspicious. She said she was afraid her mother missed the patrician touch, so she and Lloyd invented a lineage in which the name Forster derived from Forester and the line run direct from Glawyd of the Forest, who had commanded a battalion of bowmen under Henry II of England.

Mrs. Henderson had smiled when Joan, one evening in Lloyd's presence, remarked that Lloyd's second cousin had marked the Forsters to ground, or rather to the forest; for beyond Glawyd the veil was not lifted. Mrs. Henderson knew the value of three generations of good stock from Olaf Henderson, a thrifty Swede, and she knew that when people openly identified themselves with the Middle Ages they probably lacked something in this. But when Joan went on to say that Lloyd was also descended from Eliphalet Forster and, more recently, the late Grosvenor K. Forster, Mrs. Henderson's face betrayed a slight interest. She said nothing, but her silence suggested that these facts might properly have been made public; although she had no idea who, if ever, Eliphalet and Grosvenor K. were.

It was shortly afterward that Lloyd made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Minton, and the result of that meeting and what happened thereafter may be traced, not too remotely, to Joan's account of the mythical Glawyd, to Mrs. Henderson's pregnant silence and to the careless treatment afforded Lloyd by the public press.

Lloyd was taking a week's holiday before starting with Stafford, Niles and Abbott. Joan and he, with George and Lucy Hammond and Bob and Mary Farrell, were leaving on Friday for Thornton, a small village about two hundred miles north of New York City, with the idea of finding some snow and the sports of winter.

On Wednesday evening—Wednesday had been his last day with the Merchants—as he was dressing for dinner in the small apartment hotel where he lived, his telephone rang.

A woman's voice came over the wire. . . . It was Mr. Charles Minton's secretary speaking. Mr. Minton would like to make an appointment with Mr. Forster within the next day or two. What was it Mr. Minton wanted? Lloyd asked. "It's Mr. Charles P. Minton, Mr. Forster," the voice said mystically. Mr. Minton was anxious to have a few moments with Mr. Forster—say, on Friday? Lloyd said he was leaving New York on Friday to be gone for a week.

Tomorrow then—yes, tomorrow would be possible for Mr. Minton; he was in Boston that night, but would be in New York tomorrow morning. He was leaving for Chicago on Friday ——

"Just what is it about?" Lloyd asked more tractably, a little impressed by the widely separated scenes of Mr. Minton's activities.

"It's a matter of personal business, Mr. Forster. I'm afraid I couldn't go into it over the telephone."

"I've got all the insurance I want," Lloyd said. "Of every kind," he added firmly.

"Insurance!"—a pleasant deprecatory laugh. Mr. Forster did not understand; it was Mr. Charles P. Minton, of Minton and Blakeslee. "I think it was through Mr. Robert Stafford . . ." The voice paused. Robert Stafford was the senior partner of Stafford, Niles and Abbott. "Shall we say tomorrow at eleven, then? At your hotel, if you prefer."

Lloyd said tomorrow at eleven would be all right. Yes, the hotel would be best. Tomorrow his desk at the Merchants would be occupied by another.

He was slightly mystified. He looked up the names in the telephone book; there was no Charles Minton, and no Minton and Blakeslee.

II

PROMPTLY at eleven the next morning Mr. Minton knocked on the door of Lloyd's sitting room. Lloyd saw a stout, well-preserved, pink-faced gentleman with penetrating blue eyes.

He saw, too, with a sudden sinking feeling, that Mr. Minton was carrying a diminutive suitcase. Attaché cases, they were called, Lloyd thought. They were a step up from a brief case. They might hold anything—sample shirtings, Balzac unexpurgated, an elaborate arrangement of alcoholic drinks—anything but diplomatic papers; just as a brief case contained all things except a brief.

Mr. Minton grasped Lloyd's hand, looked sternly for a long moment into Lloyd's eyes. Then, quickly, he relieved himself of his hat and overcoat, and, attaché case in hand, strolled to the window.

"Splendid view you get from here," he said easily. He stood for a moment, contemplating the view. The air was heavy with portent.

"If you're interested in riveting, yes," Lloyd said.

"Ha-ha! Very good!" Mr. Minton conceded. It was not good enough, Lloyd thought. Almost instantly the smile vanished from the other's face.

"Mr. Forster," he said, "I'm not going to take very much of your time." He moved to a small chair, turned it round and planted it firmly in front of Lloyd.

"Sit down, won't you?" Lloyd said politely. "That's not very comfortable; take this one." He indicated a large armchair.

"I really prefer this, thank you," Mr. Minton said. He sat down, putting the attaché case on the floor beside him. He placed a hand on each knee and leaned slightly forward, pressing his lips together, waiting. Lloyd sank passively into the armchair.

"I'm not going to take very much of your time," Mr. Minton repeated, "because I know you're a busy man ——"

"Yes," Lloyd said, "I ——"

"—— but I think you'll agree, when I'm through, that the few minutes you give me will not have been wasted." Mr. Minton paused for an instant and then went on in a compelling voice: "You have resigned your position with the Merchants Trust Company to become associated with the firm of Stafford, Niles and Abbott; and," he added slowly, "your name is Lloyd M.—not N.—Forster, and Forster is spelt F-o-r-s-t-e-r."

"A detective," Lloyd thought. He felt slightly nervous. Evidently Mr. Minton had read that short item in the paper.

"You are about to enter the field of investment banking." Mr. Minton flavored this knightly phrase with a slight touch of awe. He paused; and Lloyd had a fleeting picture of himself, clad in armor, mounted on a large white

horse, trotting into a stadium filled with investment bankers, all more heavily armed and better mounted than he, waiting for him, lances at ready.

"The investment banking field is a large one." Mr. Minton's tone was faintly forbidding. "A genius for finance, hard work, industry these, in our day, are not enough. They, and all the other virtues combined, may produce"—he paused ominously—"nothing. Our very complex civilization, the vastness of the field which you have chosen, the bitter, unceasing competition which will oppose you—all, all tend inevitably to obscurity." As he uttered these dismal words he looked straight at Lloyd and paused again, as if to allow the cheerless vision to form in Lloyd's mind.

Lloyd crossed one leg over the other, affecting an air of nonchalance and presenting to Mr. Minton a slight frown of impatience. As a matter of fact, the effect of the other's words was disturbing; this was pretty gloomy stuff.

"How many, many young men," Mr. Minton continued in low, vibrant tones, "full of bright promise, eager, able ——" He broke off and suddenly, slapping his knee, said sharply, "*You never hear of them!*" After a moment he repeated, significantly, "You never hear of them."

Lloyd felt drugged. A pervading torpor stole through him. Mr. Minton's glance never wavered; he had an irritating way of looking straight at you for too long a time.

"Then there are the few"—the voice was suddenly cheery—"about whom you do hear, all the time. 'Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So,'" he quoted, "'are leaving on Tuesday for Palm Beach.'" He paused. "'Last night Mr. and Mrs. This-an'-That gave a small dinner for the Earl and Earl—the Earl and—well, for Lord and Lady Thingamubob.' Here, a picture: 'Mr. So-and-So on the links at Pinehurst.' Another: 'Mr. What's-his-Name out for a morning canter at White Sulphur,' and so on." He raised his hand as if to silence Lloyd, who had made no sound. "'Ah!' you say, 'society news—what of it?'" He leaned forward and said slowly, impressively, "This of it: All that may be—I don't say always is—bought and paid for."

He sat back, smiling a little, with the air of one who has successfully performed a trick.

Then, stirring suddenly, he went on quickly, incisively: "Bought and paid for. 'Why?' you ask. Vanity? Because they want to see their names in the papers? With some, yes, simple vanity. But not Mr. So-and-So of Brown and Whatnot; not Mr. This-an'-That of Smith, Jones & Co.; not Mr.—Mr."—his stock, for the moment, seemed exhausted—"not Mr. John Robinson," he began again, "of John Robinson, Tom, Dick and Harry. No. With them, Mr. Forster, it is business—hard, cold business. They must keep in the public eye constantly. The public must never forget them—not for a moment. It's their only way—their only real way of advertising—advertising that counts for anything. For example, if you hear that Mr. What's-his-Name has gone to Palm Beach for a month or two, the indication is that things are going pretty well with him; that What's-his-Name's-firm must have called the right turn pretty often. And if you've got some money to invest or are looking for some underwriting or have a really big deal to put over, who are you going to? Not X, Y & Co. -not by a long shot. Let's see." Mr. Minton frowned judicially. "How about Brown and So Forth? That interview you saw in the paper with Mr. Brown on his return from abroad about conditions in Europe—that was good, sound common sense.

"Now, I don't mean to say, Mr. Forster, that any man can come along and—and arrange for that kind of publicity. Naturally, you've got to have something to start with. What I mean is that Mr. Samuel J. Glintz, the big mining man from Nevada, couldn't come to New York and get that kind of publicity by any means. He could get lots of another kind"—Mr. Minton allowed himself a fleeting, contemptuous smile, and then said, spacing his words carefully—"but that's not the kind we're interested in."

"I ——" Lloyd began.

"And it's the same, but many times more so," Mr. Minton said quickly, leaning forward again, "of the younger men. You've got to go out after your public, start building now. You've got friends, of course—a large circle of friends. Naturally. But they're not going to help much. They're not going to make you a partner in Stafford, Niles and Abbott in a year, or even ten years. Friends can't do that, much as they'd like to. It's the great big public you've got to go after, Mr. Forster, and I'm showing you the easiest, surest way of doing it.

"Now I'm going to get pretty personal, Mr. Forster. Take your own case, for example. You were the greatest quarterback of your time ——"

"Halfback," Lloyd said—"that is," he added, reddening, "I played halfback."

"Halfback," Mr. Minton corrected himself sternly. "The greatest halfback of your time ——"

"Hardly that."

Mr. Minton held up his hand.

"You didn't come from New York," he continued, "you had no connections here. Right?"

Lloyd admitted these charges.

"After you graduated from college," Mr. Minton said, "you came to New York and went to work for the Merchants Trust Company. You have been there for four years. You did well. Your work, your character, your ability became known beyond the confines of the Merchants, and the result was you received a flattering offer from Stafford, Niles and Abbott. Now that's pretty generally known, of course, among the younger men downtown, to some of the customers of Stafford, Niles and Abbott, to a few others perhaps. But the public, Mr. Forster, the great, vast public who are going to gather round and push you on and on, higher and higher—what do they know? A few lines in one of the papers—with your name all wrong!

"It's a crucial time for you, Mr. Forster," Mr. Minton said, as one might say "There's a chance, if we operate." Lloyd moved uneasily in his chair.

"You've got to get in the white light and stay there!" Mr. Minton said violently. He was silent for a moment. Then he went on, his voice suddenly confident: "And more than your record with the Merchants, more than your new association with Stafford, Niles and Abbott, you've got something substantial to build on." He paused impressively.

Lloyd looked at him blankly. What was he talking about? "Oh, football," Lloyd said, dismissing it.

"What?" Mr. Minton asked, and then added quickly: "Oh, football, yes, of course. And I mean, too—if you will forgive my referring to it—your engagement to Miss Joan Henderson, the daughter of Mrs. Lathrop Henderson. That was news, Mr. Forster.

"For example," he went on, "you will be going on a wedding trip—Europe, the South, West, perhaps." He waved his hand, evincing a proper academic interest in the locale. "Very well. All you do, Mr. Forster, is to keep me advised—a postal card is enough—where you are, where you're going next, any little adventures that may befall you. Pictures—I can always use pictures. For instance, my secretary tells me you are leaving New York tomorrow to be gone a week. A business trip?" He smiled engagingly.

"No," Lloyd said.

(Continued on Page 85)

"That's Nice!" Joan Exclaimed. "Where Do You Suppose They Got That?"

HOBOKEN NIGHTS

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SINCE last autumn about 225,000 visitors have spent an evening in Hoboken, the New Jersey seaport which has the same harbor as New York. They came to see two long-forgotten old theaters. Most of them dined in Hoboken, and on the most modest calculus they spent more than a million dollars in that startled old town. It is a lot of people, and a lot of money, especially when you consider that a year ago not one of those visitors would ever have dreamed of spending an evening just there.

Nothing is more interesting than to look back and consider what brought about some queer shift in mass impulse; to try to identify the one small granule in the scale pan that altered the whole equilibrium. All this chanced to happen where it did because a former employe of Cleon Throckmorton, brilliant dreamer of stage settings, was acting in an old stock theater in Hoboken. The opening of the Holland Tunnel suggested to him to drive through and see her work. He fell in love with the Rialto, that pagan old playhouse. Acting on impulse rather than good sense, we leased it for six weeks of experiment. We gathered a company of ambitious young actors and became producers on our own hook. We invented a number of battle cries: Shakspere Played Across the River Too! Hoboken, She's Uninhibited! She Troupes to Conquer! Elixir of Escapade! Odyssey of the Oddities! Our Riparian Rhineland! Not a Fad but a Fixture! Seidel Over to Hoboken! People made fun of these naïve ejaculations, but they worked.

Eunice Howard as Amina in the Recent Revival of "The Black Crook"

A Pleasant Time Was Had

HOBOKEN'S curious destiny, apparently, was to be one of those abused towns that millions pass through without stopping. A gangplank for ocean liners, a aluiceway for New Jersey commuters hustling between the Lackawanna Terminal and tube or ferry, even the great port of embarkation of the A. E. F.—but how many of these multitudes had either chance or wish to pause and study the town for its own merits? As a proletarian purlieu of a great metropolis it had also to contend with the reputation of being a joke. Why is it, as Throckmorton often asks, that this happens mostly to towns that have a K in the middle of their names? Kokomo, Oshkosh, Brooklyn, Yonkers, Back Bay, Hackensack. Somehow, in all the enormous miracle of Greatest New York, it never occurred to anyone that Hoboken was the one place you can really see New York from. It is always sound strategy to capitalize your disadvantages. Our little group of zealots, loving Hoboken for precisely what she was, rechristened her the Seacoast of Bohemia. It was the first step in helping her to be proud of herself. She thinks of herself now as New York's nearest neighbor. To tell something of how this happened, let's go back to our opening night.

It was a warm evening on Hudson Street -Labor Day, September 3, 1928, to be exact – and one of the minor problems of the management was, what should one wear to make a speech before the curtain? It had been agreed, after debate, that the man in the box office should wear his dinner coat for moral effect. But—particularly on a day of Demos—it was not thought seemly to alarm the cheerful patrons of the Old Rialto Theater with any undue display of boiled linen. The spokesman compromised on a pair of white flannel trousers. Even so, as he spied anxiously through the peephole in the curtain—where the old canvas is stained by the moist brows of generations of troupers who have peered out and sized up the house -he feared he had been too dressy. The front rows were mostly occupied by Hoboken youths in shirt sleeves or sweaters. There was a sprinkling of the solid burghers of the town, and a few personal friends from Manhattan who had come over, rather pityingly, to see what it was all about. The spokesman squeezed through the narrow gap between the curtain and the proscenium arch, and went out to make his first attempt at one of those Monday evening ballyhoos which are so important in stock. For if you are putting on a different show every week, the chances are that the set will hardly be ready by 8:30 on the opening night. The understanding was that he should continue talking as long as he heard any hammering behind the curtain. I remember that on the Monday of The Squall—our fourth production—the spokesman had to palaver impromptu for half an hour while they were putting the final touches on the scene. The curtain rose at nine o'clock, but in that anxious half hour of improvisation the speaker had invented an excellent legend that this set was accurately reproduced from the plans of an old Spanish farmhouse—"in the mountains of Granada"—that had been inhabited by Christopher Columbus before he discovered America. This was pure—or sheer—invention, but it got over and even made a good paragraph in the papers.

That first evening's house, when we raised the curtain on The Barker—Throck had made the sets out of an old suit of yacht canvas he hooked from City Island—was a friendly little house. You needn't suppose I've forgotten the take. It was $211, at a price scale of seventy-five and fifty cents. After the show we invited everybody on the stage for refreshments. We had dancing on the sawdusted boards, and stunts by local talent. One of the boys on the house staff gave a lively rendition of The Face on the Barroom Floor. One of the audience volunteered to sing Dress Me Up Fair for the Ball, Marie. There was a barrel of beer, and pretzels. So, humbly indeed, began our Hoboken Adventure. Certainly we had no premonition that opera hats, ermine capes, even foreign cars, would later be seen in front of two queer old theaters on Hudson Street.

A Tender Scene From "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, Nor Widow"; on Display Since December 10th at The Old Rialto Theater in Hoboken

"It is, it is My Husband!" Cried Eliza, in "After Dark" at The Old Rialto, Hoboken

A Surprise for the Serious Thinkers

AS I WRITE we approach what we had supposed would be the end of our first season—forty weeks. Our revival of After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, Nor Widow, Dion Boucicault's underworld melodrama of the 1860's, which we hoped might possibly carry on for three weeks, has run six months. Our production of the famous old Black Crook, at the Lyric, two blocks away, is finishing its third month. No one can prophesy in the theater business, especially with hot weather just upon us, but certainly one, perhaps even both, of these productions will run through the summer—something unbelievable, inconceivable, six months ago. At any rate, we've bought electric fans and promulgated the ingenious doctrine that the audience's rapturous hissing of the villain keeps the air in circulation and acts as a novel cooling system.

One creates one's own romance from the materials at hand. There will never be pleasanter or more comic episodes to look back upon than those early days at the Old Rialto. Almost unique among "groups of serious thinkers," our escapade had about it no flavor of Little Theater or Drama League, no intention of uplift, of either shocking or improving public taste. Our subconscious notion was that the theater had been improved entirely too much; that its essential ingredient of harmless fun had almost been forgotten. Of course, one has to have a manifesto of some sort, not to disappoint the high-minded; so we printed a

small blue pamphlet stating: "This is not a highbrow theater, nor an arty theater, nor a clinic for the exploration of the obscure woes of the nervous system." At the same time we were perfectly ready—and are still—to explore the obscurest woes possible if we can find some fun in doing so. The manifesting pamphlet, the cost of which was covered by the advertisement on the back cover, we decided to sell for five cents at the box office, but in a spirit of levity we uttered an advertisement that edition collectors, if they confessed themselves, would have to pay a dollar for it. To our great pleasure nearly a hundred such—one as far away as China—admitted their weakness and sent in the suggested dollar. Thus were a couple of actors kept alive for a week. And even this was no hijackery, for I learn that certain dealers in incunabula have sold the item as high as $2.50.

Peaceful Afternoons in the Box Office

SO, SINCE we grew up and had to become businesslike, there is a queer nostalgia in thinking about those peaceful afternoons in the Rialto's tiny box office. Warm summer weather lingered late in the autumn of 1928; even copious offers of free tickets could hardly induce friends in New York to try the unheard-of idea of spending the evening in Hoboken. We had to contend with the widespread illusion that Hoboken was a long way off. When we cried vehemently that it was only twenty minutes by Hudson Tubes from Thirty-third Street to the very door of the theater, Manhattan simply didn't believe us. For so many years New York theatergoers had been drilled to accept the legend of the Great White Way, to believe that there was something divinely appointed in all legitimate theaters being huddled together in one narrow strip, bedeviled by impossible traffic. Even groups of artist producers, beginning elsewhere, always, if successful, gravitated to Broadway in the end. We knew that if once we could overcome that typical New York sheepishness, people would come fast enough. But how overcome it and how keep ourselves alive in the meantime?

So, I repeat, the little box office was very peaceful. One telephone was plenty. How painfully full of tickets the rack always was as we anxiously scanned it about 6:30 in the evening. There was plenty of leisure for the box-office man—we all took an occasional turn at the job—to sit on the high stool, smoke a pipe and read the scripts of plays while waiting for customers to appear at the window. Occasionally a thrifty Hoboken *Hausfrau* would insist, before paying her money, on being taken inside the theater to see exactly where her seat would be and whether it would fit her. How discouragingly many of those customers came provided with the paper slips which were issued to stores showing our window cards. By presenting these they got front seats in the balcony for only twenty-five cents cash. When the rack looked too gruesomely full we used to send a large block of seats with our compliments to the local telephone company, or the public library, or the Elks' Club; or would try to lure a few pilgrims from Jersey City.

Indeed, there were evenings when we gave tickets gladly to whoever would take them. To the waiters in various Hoboken hotels we gave passes in lieu of tips. The scrub woman's closet, behind the balcony, where mops and brooms were kept, had just room for a kitchen table and a typewriter. Two people could sit there if they were careful of their legs. This became our business office. Here we scrawled on the wall a certain figure which an old-time employe had told us was the house record for take. It was a pretty high figure, too, as it dated from the régime of burlicue, when two performances were given a day, seven days a week. We wondered if we would ever reach it. Lunches or dinners at the Hofbrau and Meyers and the Continental were quiet enough in those days. There was no need to reserve an alcove in advance. We used to sit over our schnitzel and seidels, arguing what play we would put on the week after next. Meanwhile the deficit varied from $500 to $1000 a week. I remember that when the Theatre Magazine asked me—in October—to write a piece about the enterprise for its Christmas issue, I wondered uncomfortably, as I typed the article, whether we would still be in existence when the magazine appeared.

Our ambitions were modest enough. There is no need to be too circumstantial in regard to figures, but we reckoned originally that if we could take in $3000 a week we could offer a type of production very unusual in stock and still keep alive. That figure was too low for plays involving large casts and several changes of scene, but theoretically, at any rate, we considered it our dead line. I often speculate on the subsequent sentiments of an agreeable gentleman who served for a few autumn weeks as our house manager. We could offer him only a small salary, but we needed help badly and in a moment of rashness we offered him, as encouragement, a percentage on all weekly gross receipts above $2500. He worked hard and ably, but presently he said he could see no prospect of his percentage ever amounting to anything; he had a family to support; in brief he felt it wiser to resign. I think it was the very next week that we put on After Dark, whose later career is well known. Our imprudently offered bonus, had he stayed to claim it, would by now have amounted to a sum we could ill afford to pay.

Ladies of the Ensemble in the Original Production of "The Black Crook." They Liked Them High, Wide and Handsome in Those Days

No Modern Waists are Slim Enough to Wear the Costumes of the Ballet Girls in the Original "Black Crook" Company

Ballet Girls, New Style, in the Hoboken Company of "The Black Crook"

Watchfully Waiting for the Pay Roll

WE KNEW, of course, that to attract any considerable number of customers from New York we should have to put on something possessing some element of novelty, and from the start we had certain old-time melodramas in mind for revival; but it seemed wise to begin by trying to establish ourselves with the local patronage by regular stock-company attractions, varying these occasionally with a tryout of a new play. I confess frankly that one of my own settled ambitions in the whole campaign was to get a chance to give Where the Blue Begins a tryout in play form. This dramatization had been, during five years, several times on the verge of a production, but always something intervened. We actually had it in rehearsal, the sets built and the opening date scheduled, when the rocketing success of After Dark postponed all other plans. We had several other plays of various kinds under consideration and had done a good deal of preparatory work on them. But the public by now has so definitely associated Hoboken with melodrama that some think it may be more difficult to get a hearing for other things we want to do. As to that, the event alone can tell. So far we have, though reluctantly, disregarded almost every kind of advice.

The most benevolent counsel anyone could have given us, along about our tenth or twelfth week, would simply have been to quit. It was not until the seventeenth week that any single week paid its own expenses. Except that we had queer prickings in thumbs and toes, and an absolute sureness that sooner or later we would hit upon the thing that would put us over, we might well have done so. There was one Friday when two of us waited soberly on Forty-fifth Street, desperately scanning the passing traffic for a certain big limousine in which a generous but tardy patron of art was to roll by. Our ability to meet the next day's pay roll depended on whether he arrived and handed us a check he had promised. He was fifteen minutes late, he was twenty minutes late, he was half an hour late. We left the pavement and stood in the street, more closely

(Continued on Page 109)

The Braggarts' Conference

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

Quickly and Without Warning the Tragic World Opened its Fire Upon Them

EIGHT men were seated drinking cocktails around a table set a little way back from the bar in the wickedest, most expensive and most exclusive club in London.

You could buy any form of drug you fancied from that innocent-looking, pink-cheeked barman behind the counter. You could obtain addresses on a card which would enable you to visit the most depraved haunts in the East or West End of London. You could engage a private room upstairs and rob your dearest friend, or anyone else whose skill you fancied was inferior to your own, of thousands, and you could knock him on the head with less fear of disagreeable consequences than anywhere else in the metropolis.

But you could not cross the portals after eight o'clock without having donned evening clothes, nor could you remain a member for one day after January first in any year without your subscription of forty guineas having been paid.

Major Eustace Grant, D.S.O., who was chairman of the committee and a very autocratic ruler of the place, tapped lightly with his forefinger upon the table and held the newspaper which he had been studying a little closer to him.

"This should interest us," he remarked to those gathered round the table. "The paragraph is entitled: 'Change at Scotland Yard.' It proceeds as follows

"We understand that in consequence of the great dissatisfaction recently expressed in the columns of our leading newspapers, in the Houses of Parliament, and throughout the country, drastic changes in the personnel and management at Scotland Yard are contemplated by the authorities. Among others who are relinquishing their posts, we learn that the resignation of Detective Inspector Dickins, on account of ill-health, was last week accepted by the chief commissioner."

Grant's nearest neighbor—a man named Passiter, a long, evil-looking person, who had the reputation of being the best-dressed and the worst-moraled man in London—smiled reflectively.

"Their shrewdest man, I thought," he remarked.

Grant tapped a cigarette upon the table. He was one of those people whose features are good-looking enough in repose, but whose smile is disfiguring. He smiled now.

"Dickins was the man who sent Martha Dring home, although he found the Rosenthal jewels on her," he reminded them. "I should think that's what they gave him the sack for."

"I wonder why he did it," Mat Sarson, a thin, wizen-faced little man who had once been a jockey, speculated. "It isn't like a Scotland Yard bull to part with anyone he's once got his hands on."

Costigan, chief of the gangsters, who had been invited up to have a cocktail, grinned.

"We must have been a sight, coming up the square when he left," he declared. "He'd never have got away with her. Here she is. You can ask her for yourself. Good-by, all! My dinner's waiting."

He took his leave as the girl swung in through an unexpected door. She was dressed in black, her dark hair parted in the middle and brushed smoothly away from her forehead, her face unrelieved by any touch of color. Her shoes were rubber shod and she moved noiselessly. There was something a little ghostly about her appearance.

"Working tonight, Miss Dring?" Passiter asked her.

She nodded carelessly. "I am taking Jo's place if I'm wanted." She yawned. "He ran his car into a brick wall last night. No one's any use at a get-away if they can't see in the dark. . . . Charles, a dry Martini."

She sat down at the table and lit a cigarette.

"I've often meant to ask you," Grant remarked, "but you haven't been round much lately. Why do you suppose Dickins didn't take you in from his house that night in Pembroke Square?"

She held out her hand for her cocktail and sipped it thoughtfully.

"I was never quite sure myself," she admitted. "I think he sensed that the gang were close up."

Passiter pushed the newspaper toward her.

"He's got the chuck anyhow," he announced. "It may have been over your job."

She read the paragraph and thrust the paper away without comment. The door facing them was suddenly opened, and Angus Flood, a neat, debonair-looking man, the manager and proprietor of the club, ushered in a visitor. The seven men at the round table were interested, for the circumstance was unusual. The visitor was a man of apparently youthful middle age, clean shaven, with very little hair, which was parted in the middle. His bearing, although assured, was unobtrusive, and his features lacked the hardness of most of the casual visitors to Flood's Club. His dinner clothes were well cut, but slightly unusual in design. His collar was of the sort generally affected by artists, and his black tie long and drooping. Angus Flood, with his hand upon his companion's arm, brought him across to the table where the seven men were seated.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "I have to introduce to you a very distinguished visitor—one who hopes to become a member of the club."

There was a brief silence while they looked him over. He endured their scrutiny with good-humored composure, and he seemed fully to return their interest. Grant leaned forward toward him, but he did not at once invite him to sit down.

"You must excuse us, sir," he said, "if we display some diffidence in the matter of visitors who are not, as a matter of fact, eligible to enter the club even when introduced by our host. We are a club of peculiar people with peculiar aims in life, and we want no strangers among us. Many distinguished men throughout Europe have endeavored to take up a membership here out of curiosity. We do not welcome such."

"I am not of that order," the stranger assured them. "Mr. Flood should perhaps have mentioned my name. I am well enough known to him."

"I kept it as a pleasant surprise," Angus Flood intervened. "Gentlemen all," he went on, pointing them out in turn, "Major Eustace Grant, our president; Mr. Passiter, our vice president; Mr. Lane, Mr. Sarson, Mr. Rubens, Mr. Frisby, Doctor Bradman, and, in a place by herself as our only lady member, Miss Martha Dring. This is Mr. Nicholas Conklin from the other side of the water, better known to you perhaps as the world-famed Nick of New York."

The little company were frankly stupefied. The newcomer was without doubt a young man of unusual personality, but there was nothing in his physique or bearing to suggest one of the most bloodthirsty murderers and most dangerous criminals of the age. They stared at him almost incredulously. Then gradually they began to realize the strength of the thin, fiercely straight mouth, the immovable jaw, the steely eyes which were already clashing

a response to their challenge from behind his horn-rimmed spectacles. No one, perhaps, in the room, seemed more nonplused than the pale-faced but muscular-looking waiter who had been handing Martha Dring her cocktail. He seemed scarcely to be able to remove his eyes from the newcomer and his lips murmured his name in awed syllables:

"Nick of New York—Nick Conklin!"

"You must pardon our surprise," Eustace Grant observed suavely. "We understood that that admirable force, the police of this country—who mean well, although their energies are so frequently misdirected—had intervened to prevent your projected visit, and that you were, in fact, in Paris."

"Does it take you as long as that to say anything every time you speak?" the stranger asked, a little irritably. "The police tried to stop me, all right, but I have a clean bill of health and I go where I please. Do I sit down with you, or don't I?"

Passiter, the wickedest-looking of the assembled company of sinners, with his narrow face, his low forehead, overhung jaw and vicious mouth, intervened.

"Let me speak a word," he begged. "If you once sit down, you are a member of the club and one of us. Nick of New York is welcome."

"Fair talk," the newcomer admitted. "Here you are—passport, papers—sheaves of them."

"They lied at Southampton and Cherbourg," Grant murmured. "Not that you have any object in lying to us, though," he added meditatively.

"Wait," the stranger enjoined.

He stepped back into the middle of the room and looked intently at the amazing tapestried decoration of futurist design which hung upon the four walls. For a moment he seemed to be measuring the distance with his eye. Then he came back to the table and miracles happened. One or two of them declared that they caught the occasional flash of steel under his coat; others fancied that they had a glimpse of his white fingers. Anyhow, he stood with immovable face and body before his inquisitors. In little more than as many seconds there were four sharp reports like the faint explosion of a boy's popgun, four rather more formidable stabs of flame, four black spots in the middle of each of the bodies of the four men depicted on the tapestry.

"Did I miss one?" the performer asked, drawing a case from his pocket and lighting a cigarette.

There was a tense but brief silence. The barman, who had disappeared precipitately, lifted his head from behind his counter; Angus Flood, who had been crouching with a stool held in front of him, looked out over its top. The men at the round table, with one accord, hastened to the walls. There was the same little black hole in the center of each of the bodies of the four painted figures in the tapestry, penetrating at least two inches into the paneled walls—a small black aperture, deadly and sinister. They returned to the table.

"Nine dry Martinis," Eustace Grant ordered from the waiter, who was standing by his side still dazed. "Mr. Conklin, I trust that you will join us for cocktails and dinner. For once we find that report has not lied or exaggerated. We always understood that you were the finest gunman in your country. I have never seen such shooting in my life."

Dinner was served a little later at the round table of the restaurant underneath the musicians' gallery which was always reserved for Eustace Grant and his friends. As a rule, they were moderate drinkers, especially the nights when there was work to be done, but on this occasion the champagne was drunk in magnums, and afterward heavy demands were made upon the Napoleon brandy and the special cigars. The conversation turned toward individual exploits. Mr. Nicholas Conklin, who had the air of having drunk a great deal of wine, was inclined to be boastful

"You chaps are all right," he declared, leaning back in his place of honor at the much-envied round table. "I'd like to know something, though. What's the slickest single-handed job you—any of you ever did?"

Alcoholic loquacity had its limit at Flood's Club. There was a slightly uneasy silence. Everyone looked around at the sprinkling of guests occupying the adjacent tables. George, the special waiter for their own table, with a napkin tucked under his arm, was listening intently, but no one else seemed interested.

"Say, this joint is all right, isn't it?" Nick of New York asked querulously. "I've always understood that you chaps ran it and could do what you liked with it. I'll give you a start anyway."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and produced and laid upon the table an exquisite platinum watch, rather too large for elegance, but marvelously thin. He touched a spring and the back flew open.

"Read that," he invited with a complacent gesture

They all leaned forward and passed it from hand to hand. The inscription was cut into the metal and was sufficiently distinct:

PRESENTED TO ——
BY
A FEW OF HIS OLD CLASSMATES
A SLIGHT TOKEN OF THEIR DEEP
ADMIRATION AND RESPECT

There was a list of names on each side which the world that knew anything of Wall Street or of American sport read over with respect.

"How did you come by this?" Passiter inquired.

Nick of New York laughed softly. "How did I come by it?" he repeated. "How do we any of us come by our trophies? I took it from ——'s pocket."

"I thought —— was always surrounded by detectives," Martha Dring murmured

"So he is. So he was," was the boastful acknowledgment. "There was one with him when I took it. I did

(Continued on Page 122)

"They are Better Than the Report," He Declared. "Even When They are Cut, Boys, There's Fifteen Thousand Pounds' Worth Here"

THE LEASED OF THESE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IT WAS a very large night for Birmingham's Darktown in general and Semore Mashby in particular. The attenuated little money lender stood on the curb and stared across the street at a huge electric sign which marked the high spot of his financial and social careers. The sign was new and it flashed amazingly against the blackness of an early winter night. It caused the soul of the misanthropic Mr. Mashby to swell in his diminutive bosom. For the hundredth time he spelled out the magic lettering:

MASHBY THEATER
PRESENTING
THE BIRMINGHAM
COLORED RESIDENCE PLAYERS, INC.
IN
ALL THE LATEST BROADWAY SUCESES

OPENING ATTRACTION
THE WORKING GIRL'S REVENGE
FEATURING
MISS CASABA HYSON

TONIGHT & EVERY NIGHT AT 8.30
MATINEE SATURDAY

Mr. Mashby experienced a thrill which was both artistic and financial. The Mashby Theater! Named right after him, and all because of a business acumen which had prompted him to capitalize rumor.

He thought back over the immediate past and chuckled to himself. First hint that a colored stock company was to be brought to Birmingham had come to him several weeks previously at a meeting of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, where Keefe Gaines, the genial undertaker, had confided to several friends his ambition to take a flyer in the theatrical game. Semore did little talking, but a great deal of thinking. Also, he investigated. The result of those investigations was a most excellent investment.

He learned, first of all, that the plans of Mr. Keefe Gaines and his more or less affluent associates had progressed even farther than he suspected. All that was holding up the deal at that particular moment was a certain Miss Casaba Hyson, who was reputed to be one of the most personable and efficient colored actresses then available.

Semore made a mental survey of Birmingham. He realized that a theatrical troupe was helpless without a theater, and he knew that there was only one possible home for a company such as Keefe Gaines was organizing. Furthermore, Semore heard rumors that Florian Slappey was to be connected in some way with the new enterprise. Whereupon he invited Florian to dinner at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, plied him with hot Brunswick stew, many helpings of luscious pork, three slices of pineapple pie and two cups of coffee. At the end of the evening Mr. Mashby knew positively that the company planned to lease the old Matthews Theater on Sixth Avenue just as soon as contracts should have been signed with the famous Casaba Hyson.

The following morning Mr. Mashby departed for Montgomery, and less than an hour after the train reached the state capital he was in conference with the colored gentleman who owned the white-elephant house, which had been launched as a home for motion pictures, with results permanently disastrous.

The interview was long and bitter, in as much as the proprietor knew Mr. Mashby by reputation and realized that the meanest and wealthiest colored citizen in Birmingham was not engaged in the business of doing charity. But when Semore returned to Birmingham he held in his pocket a lease on the Matthews Theater at two hundred dollars a month for one year, with privilege of renewal for a second twelve months.

Simultaneously with his return The Birmingham Colored Residence Players, Inc., received the signed contract of Miss Casaba Hyson, which bound them to pay to that comely damsel the sum of seventy-five dollars a week for a term of forty weeks. Messrs. Gaines and Slappey thereupon went to Montgomery and conferred with the owner of the Matthews Theater, only to discover that the shrewd Mr. Mashby had beaten them to it by a matter of forty-eight hours.

Consternation hit them right under the belt buckle. They knew Semore all too well and were sadly familiar with his creed of making every dollar produce a mate. It had never occurred to them that there would be the slightest trouble in leasing the old theater, which had been vacant for nearly two years, after almost bankrupting its owner, and so they returned to Birmingham wondering how Semore had guessed.

At least, Keefe Gaines wondered, but Florian Slappey immersed himself in bitterness. His mind drifted back to that Lucullan feast at Bud Peaglar's place. He scourged himself for a fool. That night, at least, the brain of which he was so proud had been fast asleep. He saw through it all now: Semore was digging for information, and getting it. Not for worlds would he have confessed his inglorious part in this first wallop, but a hatred of years swelled now to truly magnificent proportions, and he swore dire and dreadful revenge against the little man whose financial wizardry made him the most feared and hated colored citizen of the Alabama metropolis.

Thereafter things happened fast. The company and director already had been engaged. The theater must be had. There were many conferences, as the result of which Semore subleased his theater to The Birmingham Colored Residence Players, Inc., at three hundred dollars a month for one year, and without privilege of renewal. Furthermore, he stipulated that so long as they used the theater under the terms of that contract, it must bear his name.

They growled. They raved. They swore mighty oaths; but in the end they capitulated, and tonight Mr. Mashby prepared to attend the opening performance at the theater

Semore Couldn't Understand. Once or Twice He Tried to Speak With Her, But She Was Surrounded by Admirers

which bore his name. It was really almost too good to be true, and he rubbed the palms of his skinny hands together and reflected upon his own importance.

As a matter of fact, since the actual arrival of the company in Birmingham, Mr. Mashby had appeared to go somewhat crazy. It was apparent, long before the opening, that the Colored Residence Players were slated for an amazing artistic and financial success. The colored populace was intrigued by the novelty of the thing—great plays by great players, and all colored. During the two weeks of preliminary rehearsals the socially élite took the strangers to their bosoms and bestowed upon them honorary memberships in all of the best lodges and social clubs.

Then Semore Mashby heard further rumors and verified them. They caused him to marvel. These rumors concerned Miss Casaba Hyson. He learned that she was actually under contract at seventy-five dollars a week, and that the local organization considered itself extremely fortunate to secure her professional services at that figure.

Semore took the thought home with him that night. He sat in his frigid and lonesome room, staring out at the gaunt silhouette of Red Mountain and speculating upon any woman who could command a salary of seventy-five dollars a week.

Now Mr. Mashby was not a misogynist, even though he had passed through forty-three hectic years without donning the matrimonial yoke. Ever since boyhood he had entertained a keen interest in women, but thus far that interest had remained either impersonal or unsuccessful. He knew better than to believe that two could live as cheaply as one. He knew, in fact, that even one normal person could not live so cheaply as he did; and so, though he yearned for a wife, he despised the thought of the terrific expense which would be entailed.

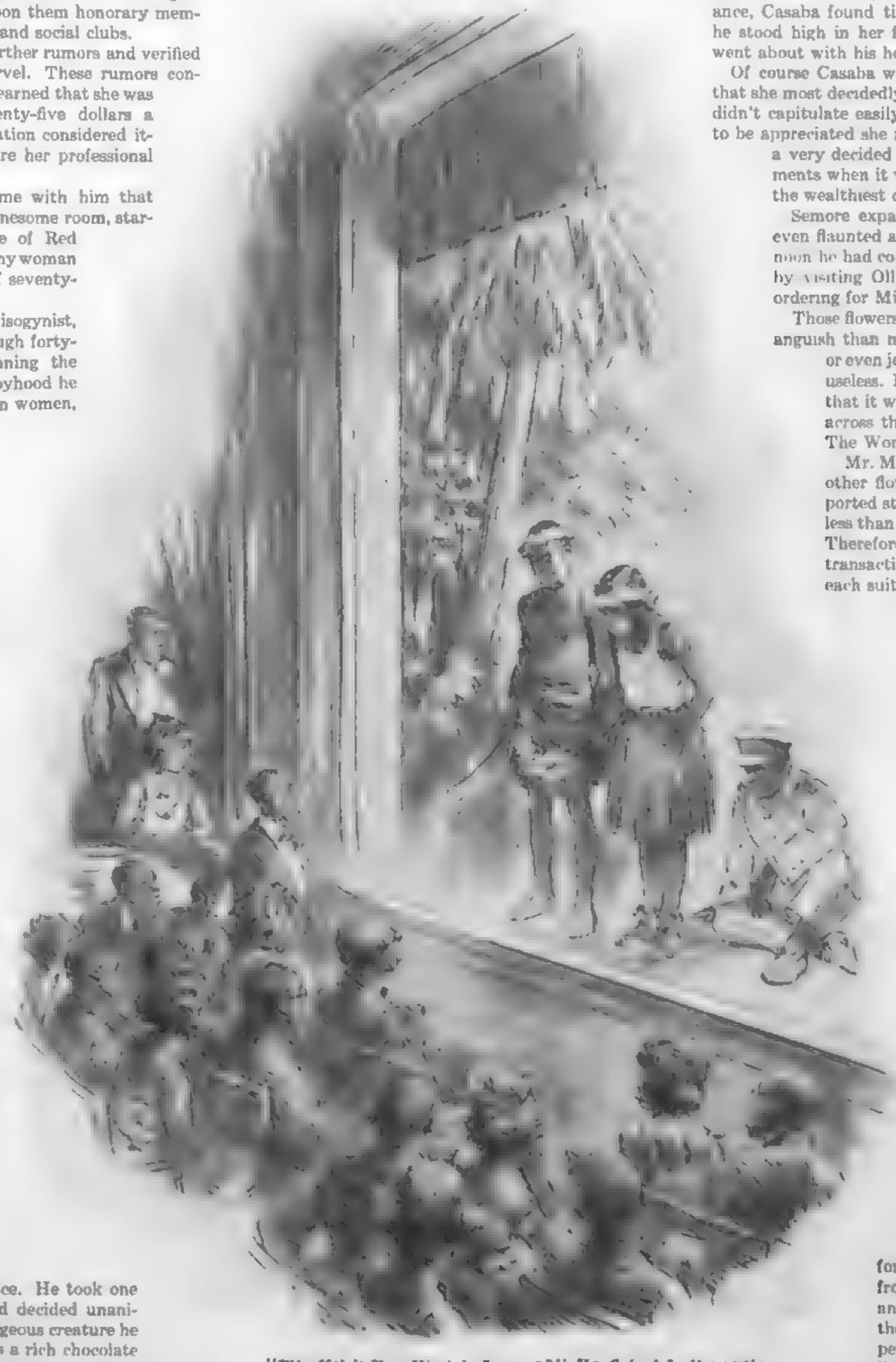
But a woman like Casaba! There was something worth considering. Each seventh day she could deposit in the family account three-quarters of one hundred dollars. Semore even visualized himself being generous to such a wife; he figured that he could, without hurting himself too much, permit her to spend twenty-five dollars of her weekly earnings on personal luxuries. Or twenty, anyway. At first.

Even before Miss Hyson reached Birmingham, Semore was completely sold on the proposition. Naturally, he understood that she must be somewhat of a fright personally; but as between pulchritude and earning power, there was no shadow of doubt in Mr. Mashby's mind. He dressed himself in a shiny and greenish dinner jacket the night of Casaba's local debut at a formal dance of The Over the River Burying Society, and there he received the happiest shock of his earthly existence. He took one look at the visiting celebrity and decided unanimously that she was the most gorgeous creature he had ever set eyes upon. She was a rich chocolate brown and of exquisite proportions. Instantly Semore's cold-blooded business interest became distinctly personal. There were even wild moments when he fancied that he might marry this radiant creature if she had not a cent in the world.

But her very charms made his own task more difficult. Casaba became instantly the social lioness of Birmingham. Every eligible swain prostrated himself at her feet and let her understand clearly that any time she desired a journey to the altar she need only make her pick. And chief among these pop-eyed suitors was Mr. Florian Slappey.

Florian was unlike Semore, however. Matrimony had no place in his cosmic scheme. But he was excessively jealous of his reputation as a social leader and felt that it behooved him to appropriate Miss Hyson, even though he was fully determined to turn her loose before she should construe his intentions as being at all serious. He sought merely a little pleasant and innocent diversion, and the greatest of all feathers for his cap. Therefore he became more bitter than ever when, following that first dance, Mr. Mashby appeared at the next function in a new dinner jacket and with a gardenia in his buttonhole.

Once again Mr. Slappey made a tactical blunder. He cut in on Casaba when Semore was dancing with her and proceeded to express his true opinion of that emaciated gentleman.



"Whaffo' Is You Hissin', Semore?" He Asked Indignantly

"He ain't no good, Miss Casaba," declared Florian passionately. "He ain't got a thing in the world but money."

Casaba's glorious eyes lighted with interest.

"Says which, Mistuh Slappey?"

"He ain't got nothin' only money. He don't care 'bout nothin' but money an' ——"

"He's rich, you mean?"

"That's the one thing he ain't nothin' else but." Mr. Slappey performed a few intricate steps which Casaba followed with ease. "Only he never spends none of it."

"Maybe," suggested Casaba, "he ain't never had the right gal to teach him how."

"Hmph! She'd have to be a hypotist—an' even then it wouldn't work."

"How rich is he, Mistuh Slappey?"

"Semore? Golla! Nobody knows, but all the money he ain't got, somebody owes him. He's like this feller Smider—ev'ything he touches turns to gold. Why, the ve'y theater you is gwine pufform in is hisn an' is gwine be called by his name. But he ain't no good."

"Oh, Mistuh Slappey," ejaculated Casaba rapturously, "I think Mistuh Mashby must be just grand!"

And with the passing of the days it became apparent that her original opinion did not alter materially. Even in the midst of hectic preparations for the opening performance, Casaba found time to let Semore understand that he stood high in her favor, with the result that Semore went about with his head in the clouds.

Of course Casaba was no fool. It might even be said that she most decidedly was familiar with her onions. She didn't capitulate easily. Not Casaba! She realized that to be appreciated she must be courted. Besides, she had a very decided temperament, and there were moments when it was difficult to be cordial—even to the wealthiest colored man in Birmingham.

Semore expanded. He bought a top hat. He even flaunted a stick. And no later than this afternoon he had committed the ultimate extravagance by visiting Ollie Waters, the colored florist, and ordering for Miss Hyson a large basket of flowers.

Those flowers had cost Semore even more mental anguish than money. Food he could understand, or even jewelry, but flowers seemed so utterly useless. However, kind friends had explained that it was the proper thing to send flowers across the footlights after the second act of The Working Girl's Revenge.

Mr. Mashby inquired of the florist whether other flowers had been ordered for the imported star and was amazed to learn that no less than a dozen persons had preceded him. Therefore, since this was primarily a business transaction, Semore inspected the price which each suitor had paid, and doubled the best, which meant that his floral offering cost twenty-five dollars.

Standing now across the street from the Mashby Theater, he closed his eyes and rapturously envisioned Casaba's delight when this magnificent tribute should be presented to her. He had some vague idea that she would be completely overcome and deliver a footlight speech of thanks direct to him. That this wanton squandering of wealth would cause her surrender, Semore had no doubt. If there was any gal which wouldn't make ma'iage with a feller what spent twenty-five dollars fo' flowers ——

He had whispered instructions to Ollie Waters: "Leave the price tag on, Brother Waters."

"But there ain't no price tag on flowers, Mistuh Mashby."

"Well, you can put one on, cain't you?"

Semore had stared his fill. Now there remained nothing for him to do but visit his home, change from shiny alpaca to new dinner jacket and then return to his first-row seat at the Mashby Theater for the opening performance. He turned away, and collided with a slender and elegant young man, who grimaced with distaste.

"Cain't you look where at you is goin'?" questioned Florian Slappey angrily.

"Not when there's nothin' in my path," returned Mr. Mashby with bitter sarcasm.

"Who says I ain't nothin'?"

"Even yo' best friend wouldn't say you was much."

"I ain't no crook!" snapped Mr. Slappey. "I don't go gittin'. inflammation fum my friends an' then double-crossin' 'em by leasin' a theater in advance."

"No? If you had mo' sense like I got, Florian, you woul'n't always be broke."

"Fumadiddles! You an' yo' mouf! Out of my way, skinny man, befo' I grind you into dust."

(Continued on Page 55)

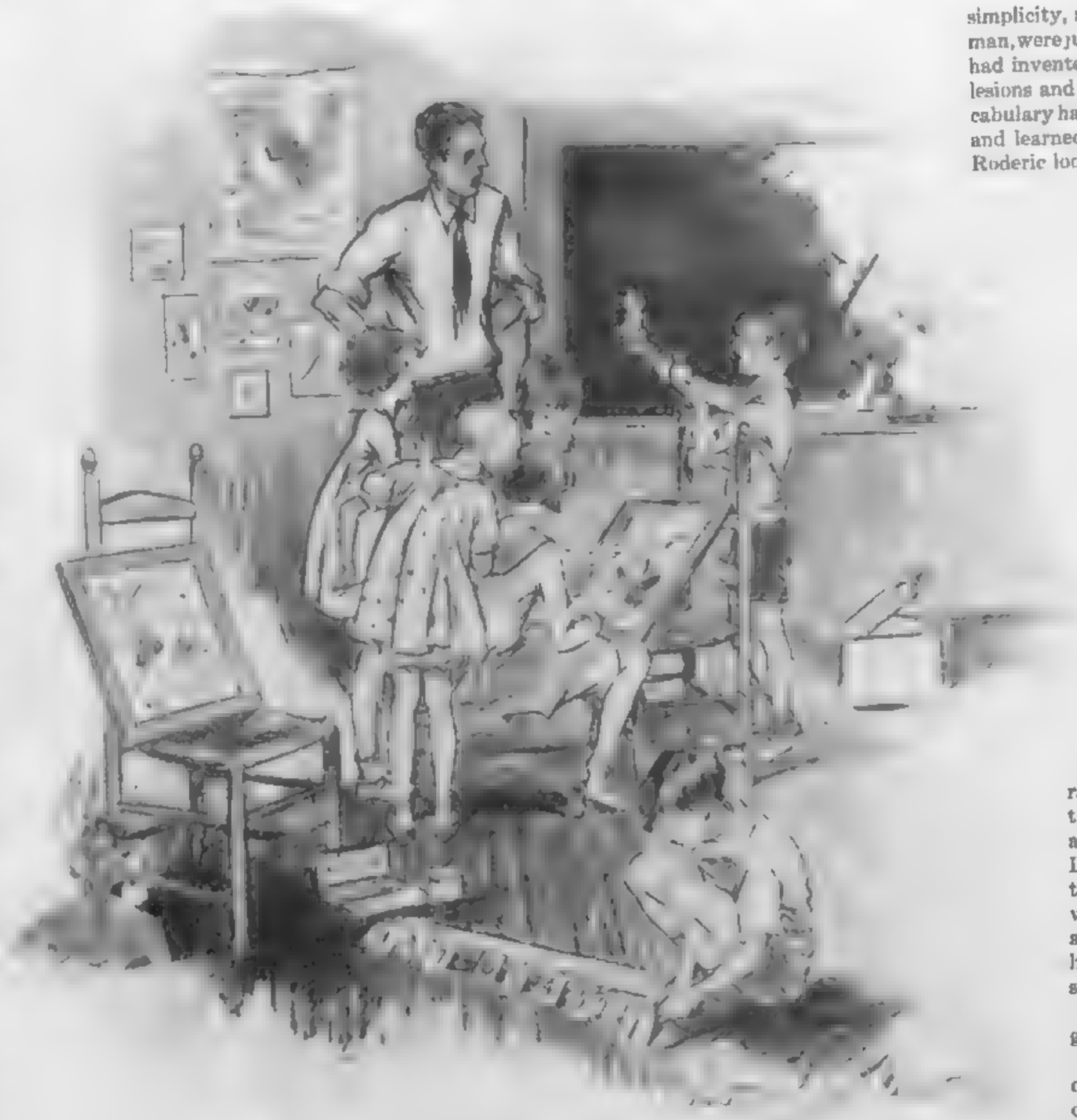
BACK FROM UTOPIA

By Gilbert Seldes

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

RODERIC never got to the Front again, but his experience of the war profoundly affected the few remaining years he spent as a radical. He went to a Southern camp in a mixed company, most of them men who had been called before and gained postponement on one pretext or another. Except for the grease and bits of food floating in the boilers set out for washing dishes, he found the actuality of Army life comparatively pleasant, and as soon as he was made company clerk he managed to slip in ahead of the waiting lines, so that his food had not been pawed over and the rinsing water was still clean. The sense of physical well-being exhilarated him and there came, after the first few days, an extraordinary feeling of freedom.

He knew he was a cog in a machine, but at the end of six weeks he was drinking Bourbon with an officer in the latter's quarters, had put through an intrigue which resulted in the busting of a top sergeant, had been offered a chance to go to officers' training school, and felt very much as if the Army were his oyster. He had been appointed interpreter to an anti-aircraft machine-gun battalion, mastered the silly intricacies of Army paper work, was excused from all drill and most formations and, after he had managed to get a furlough for a little Italian boy in the company, often lay in bed while the grateful private brought him his breakfast. It was all grossly unmilitary and wrong, but Roderic liked it.



Presently He Became Accustomed to Being Ignored or Called "Rod" by Children of Four and Five, and Took Some Pride in Their Work

He hated many of the men. The first evening at depot brigade a newspaper clipping was passed from hand to hand—it said that four out of every ten in the last draft had been sent home. Some of the men sat smoking on the steps of the barracks exaggerating their alibis; the simple ones catalogued their physical defects, the crafty ones explained how indispensable they were at home—not to their families, but to the Government. Many of them came from the shipyards at Hog Island, some were stevedores, some claimed to know the most intricate secrets of casting naval guns; one pretended to be half-witted. Apart from them sat a silent farm boy, member of an obscure cult which forbade him to wear a uniform; the others called him "German" and made behind his back the unpleasant noise known as the raspberry. On his bunk, a little later, Roderic had set out the cards for solitaire when one of the razzers approached and asked, "Well, what do they say?"

"Who?"

"The cards?"

"Oh! About what?"

"Hell, feller, you know. What's the chances of getting back home?"

Roderic said they were good. The next day he was held up for an X-ray examination and wore blue denim while the others were already in khaki; he felt their envy and resentment, and yet, at the same time, he envied them. They were incorporated and he was an outsider.

When he was finally passed and joined a squad, he was surprised to find how much better his companions seemed. It was September of 1918 and the two chances were about even: Either they would be rushed to France with hardly any training or they would never get there at all. With that feeling the men seemed to grow in dignity as well as in courage.

Roderic's happiness ebbed when the influenza epidemic broke out. The strangeness wore off and he grew tired of the boasting of the man who could steal anything he could put under his arm, "from a newspaper to a Ford car." The long discussions as to whether the Number Eight car turned at Greene Avenue or at Cromwell, the furious debates on the merits of one state or another, and the endless dirty conversations, drove Roderic into a fury of hatred.

He worked for these men none the less. He straightened out allowance and insurance tangles, got back some nine hundred dollars for men in the company, changed entries on the furlough records when men overstayed leave, and persuaded his lieutenant to give nothing more serious than company discipline to three men who had been A. W. O. L. On the last day, when the company filed out to entrain for Camp Meade, where they would be discharged, they cheered the officers, the mess sergeant, the top kick, and the supply sergeant. Roderic, standing at the head of the company street, hating with an immortal hatred every one of the hundred and seventy men for whom he had worked, wondered if he could forgive them everything in return for a cheer. His question was left unanswered. The last man of the company turned beyond company headquarters. No one had waved a hand in recognition.

If he had been brought up a little conservative, and had the same experience, he would have turned radical; he had to find a scapegoat for his own disappointment, for his foolishness in ever having believed in humanity. But as he had lived so long in hostility to accepted ideas, Roderic could not turn conservative now. All he could do was look for some other form of radical belief, for a new explanation of life, and a new promise. The one thing he was sure of was that the old radicalism had been false.

He felt, now, that he knew humanity and the others did not. What did Socialists mean by nationalizing the sources of wealth and the great instruments of production? What did anarchists mean by freedom? What had the Wilsonian idealists made the world safe for, except these same greedy bodies and dwarfed minds? The apostles of joy and simplicity, and those who glorified the natural man, were just as ignorant; the psychologists who had invented neuroses and psychopathological lesions and all the other tricks of their new vocabulary had apparently never met healthy men and learned how corrupt their minds could be. Roderic looked back on his months in training camp as on a long fever and he knew that he should never have caught it if he hadn't already been infected with the strange disease of loving humanity without caring for human beings.

He was afraid to meet his father, but after a week or so of living at home, he found that Francis Temple, in his office and his study, had gone through an experience parallel to Roderic's in the camp.

"The reason Lenin is right," said the elder Temple, "is that he is beginning as near to the foundation as possible. He is like Moses. You know, Roderic, why Moses led the Israelites through forty years of wandering to cross a desert he could have managed in forty weeks? Because he wanted to kill off two generations of slaves and to bring a new race into Canaan. A race born in the wilderness and living there by its wits—free people without any memory of the fleshpots of Egypt. Lenin is too intelligent to believe that the proletariat itself is particularly virtuous; but in Russia the workers and the peasants are very close, they haven't been spoiled by education and society."

"Do you really think that Lenin is a great man?" Roderic asked his father.

"He's the only great man brought out by the war. A little doctrinaire on the surface, but a great leader. The crime of the war may be expiated if Lenin saves Russia. The crime of the peace will be not having him at the conference."

"Perhaps there's a chance in Russia," Roderic admitted. "There's no chance here."

"For a revolution? My dear boy!"

Roderic waved his hand airily. "I wouldn't walk across the street to see the best revolution in the world," he said, smiling. "For fifty years every man of intelligence has claimed to believe in the theory of evolution and at the same time in the practice of revolution. It's silly."

"Sometimes nature can use an earthquake, too."

"The sooner the better. Meanwhile, I suppose you could find something for me to do at the factory."

"I'm laying off men. It wouldn't be fair to take you on. Roderic, don't give up everything now. We've all been smashed by the war and think life isn't worth living. If you had any tendency to be a drunkard, I'd advise you to do that for six months or a year. But you haven't. And you've lost your beliefs."

"My disbeliefs," Roderic amended. "That hurts even more."

"I have too. That is——" A light shone in Mr. Temple's eye as he looked anxiously at his son. "I'm older than you, by a bit. If I'm ready to start over again, why shouldn't you be?"

Roderic groaned. "What do you want me to do? Produce a few great people? If there's a decent-looking girl left in Templeton after this pretty war, I'll marry her."

"Start with other people's children. There's a school up near Philadelphia that needs a teacher."

"Meaning me?"

"It's a new kind of school. Partly on Ferrer's principles—pure and applied anarchism, I suppose you'd call it—partly going back to first principles."

"What on earth could I teach them?"

"Nothing. We don't believe in teaching. You're there to take part in their education; you know more than they, and when they ask you questions, you don't answer, but you put them in the way of finding out for themselves."

"I could never keep kids in order."

"No one wants you to. The children discipline themselves. They ——"

"Do they?"

"You might at least go and look them over."

Roderic went with an odd feeling that life had turned a corner for him. As he meditated, it occurred to him that he was a little late in getting on to himself—the corner had been turned in the Army. There, for the first time, he had met life without any preparation, had faced a few facts, all of them disagreeable, without the benefit of theory. He saw that all his life until then had been apprehended through a veil, as if he had been trying to get the feel of a fabric with heavy gloves on his hands. He wasn't sure whether this was the result of too much radicalism or of too much thinking of all sorts, but he was convinced that he had discovered an essential weakness in his whole experience—that it wasn't whole. It all began on the side of doctrine, and in the Army he had had to begin on the side of life.

He did not change in the slightest his opinion of the men he had met in camp, but in place of his old depression he now felt uplifted. Contact with reality had given him a new strength, and he was anxious to try himself in some new approach to life.

The New Free School to which Roderic came was not exactly organized—since its founders thought organization was the beginning of death—but more or less a going concern. Thirty children from New York, Philadelphia and the farms surrounding the school constituted the nucleus of the new generation. A practical farmer had charge of supplies. He disbelieved in fertilizer and believed firmly that potato bugs, Japanese beetles and the European corn borer had as much right to live as any vegetables and fruits meant for men. Happily for the school, his two assistants were not practical in his sense; they belonged to the odd race of men who believed that the universal experience of mankind might be as good a guide to farming as almost any theory. The head farmer's wife had charge of the kitchen—a robust and utterly sensible woman who went through pitched battles once a week for her right to put salt in the food.

The basic principle of the school was the one Downes had announced at Stratford—that little children, coming straight from heaven—in which the heads of the school violently disbelieved—were not only pure in heart but superior in mentality. A few years of forcing them to study alphabets and reading and arithmetic would corrupt them; whereas if they followed their own inclinations, and simply evolved, they would go into the world in all their strength and cleanliness, as fighters for the ideal.

What Roderic had seen in the Army of the results of common-school education—the famous little red schoolhouse—was none too satisfactory. Perhaps the Free Schoolers were right—human beings were born good and noble, and society spoiled them. He was ready to help at least a handful of children resist the brutalizing influence of ordinary American schooling.

There was no escape from one melancholy fact: The old rapture of experiment was gone. The thing that happened to some people after the Lawrence strike now happened to hundreds of thousands of radicals—the tone changed. There was less confidence and more bitterness. The school, to its founders, to the elder Temple who supported it, and to its new teacher, was a desperate expedient, an endeavor to find some refuge from the overwhelming arrogance of the victorious selfish world. Henceforth radicalism was not so much for a new ideal as against an old one. The war had created Bolshevism; the peace had taken the heart out of liberalism and embittered those whom it might have won over. In the New Free School, Roderic saw the first painful steps to be taken to create a new radicalism, far better informed, far freer spiritually, than his own had been.

The principal of the school went further. "There are at least ten schools like this in the country," he said. "Let us say thirty pupils to each school—that's three hundred every ten years—six hundred a generation. In the next generation these six hundred will each be able to establish a school and save twenty thousand. After that the process is more rapid. Within our lifetime we will see two million children immune to the infection of society, two million artists each ready to fight for the new order."

"Will they all turn out artists?" Roderic asked, thinking about himself.

"In the broad sense, of course."

The young artists were not sent to school. At some appropriate hour of the morning their parents gave them whatever help was absolutely necessary and then turned to their own tasks. The children who could walk saw others on the road to school and followed; if they didn't, their parents pointedly ignored them; a sort of social pressure was exerted, and eventually the children went off. The tots were carried over and placed in a sunny room fitted with Montessori paraphernalia. The others picked up drawing paper and crayons, or clay for modeling, or maps—the school was suspicious of books and used only such as were indispensable. For as long as they chose, the children drew or modeled or did carpentry; when their interest dropped, they went on to something else or left the building entirely. Roderic had to fight down impulses to discipline; he wanted to call the children back, to exert his authority, to make them stick to their work. Presently he became accustomed to being ignored or called "Rod" by children of four and five, and took some pride in their work.

As long as he did not reproach the children, he could ask them why they painted red rivers and blue trees or modeled cows with faces of men and women, and whether the poem beginning, "Trees are crass" was meant to be "Trees are grass." But he was not permitted to tell them that anything they did was wrong. The children themselves used to form groups of critics, looking over an artist's shoulder and saying cruelly "That's a funny bird." This was naïve and natural; it was one innocence making sport of another. The danger came only when knowledge and experience tried to force themselves on the ignorant.

Roderic's hardest time came when visitors passed through the school grounds and the boys ran to the window to shout "That lady's fat" loud enough for the strangers to hear. He felt that his own training had been free enough, yet he retained a feeling for courtesy which he was forbidden to pass on to the children. They had to learn by experience that if they made rude remarks others would be offended or rude in turn.

"But it takes so long," Roderic protested to Mr. Derwent. "What's the advantage of letting them be little savages until they're fifteen if they've got to stop anyhow?"

Mr. Derwent pulled at his beard. "We're not so sure they've got to stop," he answered. "Our idea is to escape from civilization."

"Into what?"

"It hardly matters. Could anything be worse than civilization as it is?"

"I suppose not. But ——"

"We've got to start over again. Perhaps a few generations of savages will turn the trick."

Roderic was a little surprised at the end of the year when the Free School took pride in the high marks made by the three eldest pupils taking the regular grammar-school examinations set by the county. The girl and the two boys were three years below the average age for entering high school; in their two years at the Free School they had covered four years of grammar-school work and in addition had learned many things not in the ordinary curriculum. But it seemed to Roderic that the Free School ought not to compete with ordinary education and ought to take no pride in success there. The same thing occurred in the art exhibit held in New York. The untrained, impulsive Free School children turned out infantile pictures which looked like the work of African negroes or like the work of French imitators of African negroes or like covers of American magazines, rather badly drawn. And to the outside world the directors of the Free School were equally proud of childish awkwardness which expressed the soul, and of pretty, conventional pieces which only proved that the average art school took too long to teach its rules.

This mixture of impulses went through the entire school and baffled Roderic considerably. The idea was to let little primitives develop as they chose, and some of them chose to develop into fairly conservative boys and girls. The school, which despised the conventional, ought to have been ashamed of them, to treat them like black sheep; instead they were held up as examples of the school's superior methods whenever bourgeois criticism had to be met. It seemed to Roderick that the ordinary school turned out ordinary pupils with less friction and waste motion. In the second year he felt this so keenly that he spoke of it to one of the other teachers. To his surprise, she brought the subject up at one of the general meetings of the school—at which the children, naturally, were

Another Escape From the Pressure of the Machine Age Was Through the Cult of the Tough

(Continued on Page 133)

LONE TREE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Not So Bad, Though; Nice Sunny Room, a Nice Nurse"

IV

AT SEVEN-THIRTY Ginger Doyle was relieved by Nurse Ellis, still in the springtime of her beauty, though heavy-eyed and inclined to be morose. She deposited a tablet on the tip of her tongue and swallowed water in a feverish manner. She then confided to Doyle that she expected to die on her feet within an hour. But she wanted no flowers or any display. Just a simple ceremony with a few close friends in.

Doyle wasn't cast down by this information. "You had your fun; now pay for it."

"You said it, darling. But I'm still having it. I can hear that orchestra right now. 'Fair young nurse ends all.'" She grimaced in despair.

Ben Carcross surprisingly awoke to a world he had thought himself about to leave. A woman was fussing around his bed; not the pleasant one of the night before; a darker, shorter one that looked sort of cross at him. She took his pulse and came with the glass thing to put in his mouth. He was tired of that. The other girl had worked the same thing on him. He tried to fight off the tube, but she was firm.

"Take it and like it," she ordered. He became docile. "And if you dare to chew that glass I'll tell teacher on you, so help me Hannah!" He could only glare at her. "Now, Chester! Be nice and mother will bring you a bunch of pansies."

"Pashies," he bitterly managed.

"That's right—strike a defenseless girl!"

"Didn't'"

"Well, you wanted to."

This was so close to the truth that he merely closed his lips more tightly about the glass. He was hurting. And that coffee-eyed little frisk—a scamper she was—didn't seem to care. "You're just a trouble sign," he informed her after the tube had been removed.

"I've been told different."

"I'm going to get out of here."

"You wouldn't fool me, would you?"

"If I had my pants you'd see me splitting the wind for home."

"I wouldn't; I wouldn't look." She giggled at this happy retort. The old hick was making her feel better.

"Now, listen, I don't have to stay here another day, do I?"

"No fooling!"

"And all night again?"

"I hope to tell you, brother." He peered up at her with anguished and reproachful eyes. "Now quit pouting and I'll give you a nice bath."

"Yes, you will——"

"And change your sheets." This was outrageous, shameful, but the hardened woman proceeded to make good her threat. He groaned when she touched his side.

"Don't think I'm doing this for fun," she told him. He hated the bath more and more as it progressed; this girl was certainly a sopper.

"You ought to marry some good man and get out of this trade," he painfully advised her.

"Yeah!" She was scouring his back now. "Two or three of 'em told me that lately, but they seemed to have underfed wives somewhere already."

"Well, you needn't be so rough; that side hurts like sin."

"Listen, my dear. See this pin?" She raised a dripping hand to indicate the small enameled pin on her shoulder. There was a red cross at its center. "I slaved three years for that—slaved in the mines—and don't think I didn't learn over and over how to give a bath to someone like you." She added a final indignity; combing his hair in a strange way, sweeping it straight back from his forehead instead of parting it. "You know you could have a perfectly adorable wave if you'd do it like that."

She was sure a light-minded pullet. Then all at once he knew he was about to die. This wasn't the familiar pain in his side. This was one vast intolerable pain seeming to be made of a thousand lesser pains all through his middle. They were tearing him apart.

"Ouch! For Criminy's sake!" he gasped between two spasms. But the nurse beamed upon him with enraging cheerfulness.

"Now don't take on; it's only gas."

"You——" he ominously began, but broke off manfully. "Only gas! I wish you had it."

"Naughty, naughty!" she chided, and lightly caroled "She's the sweetheart of six other guys" as she passed between the bed and the bathroom.

It was at this writhing moment for the patient that the large and cheerful Doctor Madden briskly entered.

"Ah, good morning! And how are we this morning?" The patient glared at this offensively vital intruder. Where did he get that "we" stuff?

"Here's your nice doctor man," said the nurse.

His nice doctor! So this was the man who had slashed away right and left. He grunted a greeting. Miss Ellis was cheerful. "We're fine, doctor. Perfectly fine. A few little gas pains."

There it was again, too much of it. The patient exploded. "We're having gas pains? 'We,' hell! You people talk like Lindbergh. I want you to know I'm having these gas pains—just me—and they ain't little. They're big gas pains."

"He's been awfully trying," explained the nurse in low, sweet tones.

"Nothing to be alarmed about in the least, I assure you," put in the cheerful doctor. "Just the usual thing. We always expect them. Now let's have a little look at you."

Ben didn't believe him. After he'd died there like a dog they might wish they'd acted different. That little look the doctor was having hurt him in a new place, but seemed to gratify the too easily pleased doctor; he learned that he

must be flat on his back there for two weeks; perhaps longer. He was bluntly assured that he had been lucky to pull through at all.

"It was simply touch and go with you," the large man said.

That sounded pretty silly. "I bet Doc Snell would have fixed me in jig time," he stubbornly countered.

"Perhaps," pleasantly admitted the doctor and finished his examination without further comment. Ben was pleased to note that a mention of Doc Snell's name had shut him up. He went to wash his hands while the nurse gathered bits of gauze, a basin, and the forceps he had used He came from the bathroom, wiping his huge hands on a towel that he dropped where he stood. The cuss was used to being waited on, Ben thought. He went to the dresser for a final glance at the chart.

"Mind you, I don't promise anything, but three weeks ought to see you stepping." He came to take the pulse.

Ben's former suspicions were now confirmed, for this so-called doctor merely held his wrist awhile and seemed to think of something else; never looked at his watch the way Doc Snell did. Doc would get a good laugh out of that if he lived to tell him. He'd bet this lad couldn't bring a sick bull around the way Doc Snell had that time Majestic Folly was taken so bad. Doc had simply come to the ranch and sat up all night with the animal and a quart of whisky, and saved the ranch four thousand dollars.

"And you have two of our best nurses," said the doctor, dropping the wrist carelessly. "They'll do all anyone could do for you."

Ben reflected that the fox-haired one of last night had been sort of human, had a mothering way with her, but this one, standing here now like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, was just a crazy-headed little scamper. The nerve of her, calling them "our" gas pains!

"And haven't you some friends or relatives you wish to communicate with?"

This might be a way out; he'd get his clothes from the hotel and hop a train some night when they least expected it. He gave a telephone number. The doctor was to tell a Mr. Melcher to beat it up there with his stuff from the hotel and a lot of cash—quite a lot. The doctor brisked out on this, left him to the mercy of the Grim Reaper and a nurse who began to sing something silly.

Miss Ellis had been a little cheered by Ben's confident demand for money. Maybe he was all right even if he did look like the janitor of a courthouse over in New Jersey or one of those places

"Can't I get shaved here?" he savagely demanded, running a hand over his two days' growth of beard.

"Well, just this once," she told him, "but don't ever ask me again."

Her charge peered up at her with keen disrelish. "You're just a frisky scamper," he observed; "just green stuff, and green stuff never has any strength till it joints."

"There you go spoiling my whole day! Now don't be a crosspatch and after a while I'll let you have the nicest lunch."

That wouldn't be so bad, he thought. A good thick steak and some fried potatoes. "All right, sister; I thought at first you must have been dropped when you was a baby, but I guess you mean well."

"You know it," said Miss Ellis warmly.

An aged and morose barber came to shave him with the dullest razor Ben had ever submitted to. "He thinks I'm dead already and can't feel anything," he remarked to the nurse, who giggled.

"You get one over now and then," she encouraged him.

When the promised lunch came, Ben was aghast at its limitations—a swallow of tea and about two swallows of what the nurse inanely called broth. Neither had any kick. He suspected that he couldn't have done much to a steak, but he wasn't going to let a smarty nurse know that. He stared into the hand mirror she had brought him. "This hutch has certainly got a hard shrink on me. I look like something that was winterkilled. And no wonder—I'm starved."

Miss Ellis projected her head from the doorway of the bathroom. Above it, inside, floated a filmy rack of cigarette smoke. "I can tell why you behave like human beings. I don't have to read any three-dollar book about it."

"Starve me!" he bitterly complained.

"Listen, Cousin Hector, you simply got to starve for a few days. My Lord, but you must be a pest in your home circle. Don't you know you're in luck to have any works at all left in you, say nothing of a stomach? Now laugh that off."

"Doc Snell would have —— "

"You and Doc Snell! I bet he's a horse doctor."

"Yes, and a darned good one, if you want to know it."

"I don't." She relinquished the cigarette and came out to him. "You're in luck to be alive and scrappy. You had a hard operation that probably wouldn't have been any good at all to you half an hour later a busted appendix and that's nothing to sneeze at, unless you happen to have hay fever."

"Someone's smoking around here. I want to."

"It must have been that Heinie barber. You can't smoke, so don't tease. If you don't pipe down I'll jab you in the arm again and let you go off shooting rabbits."

"I'm just talking," he muttered defensively

"You and me both, brother." She yawned richly and slumped into the capacious easy-chair. "Say, listen, if I look unconscious for a minute, don't you be alarmed. I'm just having a fainting spell."

"Listen yourself, lady; you can go unconscious any time without alarming me. You'll have to think up another one "

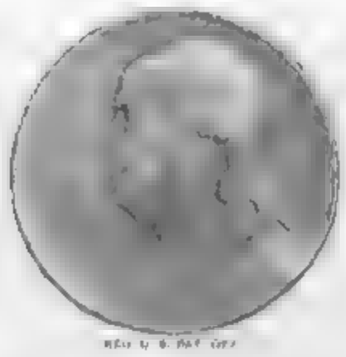
"Slam!" exclaimed Miss Ellis The old boy had a real line of his own. Surprise you sometimes.

She was aroused half an hour later by a sharp knocking at the door. Her tried senses alert, she went, bright-eyed, to open it upon a youngish man of surpassing beauty. A super-idol of the screen he might have been. He was blond and tall and just rugged enough to atone for his almost too perfect features – an ideal Miss Ellis had often been inspired to picture for her very own after an intent study of hat and collar advertisements. He carried the perfect hat with a shining stick and gloves, and an expensive light topcoat was thrown across an arm to reveal him superbly tailored, meticulously pressed and creased, the perfect collar of dull finish confining a cravat that had cost, to the

(Continued on Page 97)

"He Was Under the Bed and He Poked His Head Out at Me and He Was All Furry and Had Shiny Eyes"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 13, 1929

Settlement of Reparations

WHEN the program for rediscussion of reparations payments was adopted in 1928, circumstances seemed auspicious. In addition, it seemed natural, during the fifth year of operations under the Dawes Plan, to discuss the conditions of its perpetuation or modification. Looking backward from the fall of 1928, and projecting forward into 1929 the economic situation thereby revealed, the governments responsible for the renegotiation felt that they could count on continuation of relatively cheap money in the United States, activity in foreign investment on the part of the American public, improvement in the gold reserves of European banks of issue and expansion in European trade. Had the situation of today existed a year ago, the meeting now brought to a close might not have been called. The advancing rediscount rate in the United States and the consequent advances in rediscount rates in Europe, dear money in the United States, the decline in new American investments in Europe, the difficulties in maintaining gold reserves in European countries—France being an outstanding exception—and, in particular, the heavy loss in the German gold reserve, necessarily changed the background of negotiations. For reasons equally effective in each case, though not the same on both sides, the negotiators have found the present circumstances less favorable to a definitive settlement of reparations than they appeared a year ago. Success is therefore all the more praiseworthy.

Two schools of thought stood in the background of the discussion. Led by Keynes and Cassel, the one school holds that reparation payments have been made with borrowed foreign money, that payments in the projected amounts cannot be achieved by German industry, and that the Dawes Plan must break down when the flow of foreign money to Germany is suspended. The other school, whose most prominent spokesmen have been Auld and Long, holds the view that Germany is in a stage of development, that inflow of foreign capital will be required for an indefinite period, and that gradually the country will develop into the position of exporting goods and services to balance imports of goods and services plus the service charges on borrowed foreign capital. It was in the interest of the Allies to accept the view that Germany is in process of development, just as it was in the interest of the Germans to accept the view that reparation payments contemplated under the Dawes Plan could not be paid out of German industry and savings.

The topics under discussion in the reparations settlement were, firstly, those of sums; and, secondly, those of processes. The definitive sum of payments, the period of years covered by the program of annuities, the present value of the debt and the relation of the obligation to the prosperity of Germany comprised the important items of magnitude. The protection of the transfers, the question of priorities, the grouping of payments into cash and payments in kind, the commercialization of the obligation, the retention of railway bonds as a lien, the participation in payments by industries belonging to Germany and Austria-Hungary before the treaty of peace, but now incorporated in outlying countries, and the replacement of the Agent-General of Reparations by an international bank, comprised the outstanding items in procedure. It seems to have been generally taken for granted that if the definitive sum and the program of annuities could be agreed on, the questions of procedure could be readily settled. At the same time it was clear that differences in procedures reacted upon the acceptability of higher or lower sums in payment.

It is to be inferred, from the unofficial statements, that the present value of the initial German offer approached seven billion dollars, and the present value of the initial demands of the Allies approached eleven billion dollars. The Germans first offered four hundred million dollars a year for thirty-seven years. The Dawes Plan payment, five hundred and ninety-five million dollars over an indeterminate term, extended over thirty-seven years, would be equivalent to a capital sum of the present value of six billion, two hundred million dollars.

The agreement on payments runs somewhat as follows: Under certain stipulations Germany has consented to pay, and the Allies to accept, an average of four hundred and ninety-two million dollars a year for thirty-seven years, and thereafter twenty-one annuities of four hundred and six million dollars, with a final smaller annuity. The present value is computed to be equivalent to nine billion dollars; thus the final figure is a compromise between the higher figure of the Allies and the lower figure of Germany mentioned above. Roughly, two-thirds of the average payments are to be protected by a transfer clause, the remainder being unprotected. Germany also obtains a relaxation of the lien against her railways and there is provision for a two-year moratorium, applicable to half of the protected fraction of the annuities, in the event of financial difficulty in Germany. Finally, a Bank for International Settlement is to be set up in replacement of the Reparations Commission and the Agent-General for Reparations Payments, and there is a tentative provision for commercialization of a part of the payments.

Germany has paid under the Dawes Plan—assuming fulfillment of the fifth year, ending August 31, 1929—around one billion nine hundred million dollars. She had previously transferred, according to the estimates of the Reparations Commission, around one billion three hundred million dollars, a figure to which the Germans object violently as inadequate. The payment of the maximum sum of the Dawes Plan, unless altered by the new agreement, is being accomplished somewhat as follows: Railways and transportation tax pay two hundred and thirty million and industries seventy million dollars, leaving three hundred million dollars to be secured from the budget of the country, raised by taxation and otherwise. The difficulty arises not with the contribution of the railways and the industries and the transportation tax but with the amount to be secured from the general budget. It remains to be seen how the Germans will distribute the proposed annuities between railways and transportation tax, industries and the budget of the Reich. With continuation of present conditions in the capital market of the world, new German foreign borrowings cannot be expected to continue in volume comparable with those during 1926–28. The test of the direct effect of German foreign borrowings on German reparation payments may soon be made. Already it is intimated that in consequence of loss of gold, increase in money rates and decline of foreign loans, the German Government may feel compelled to appeal for protection under the transfer clause. But it is not to be believed that anything can happen to German exchange to the extent of impairing German securities.

The settlement is obviously of enormous importance, but must first be accepted by the governments of the countries concerned. Probably public opinion in Germany hoped for smaller payments; certainly public opinion in the creditor countries hoped for larger payments. "Face" is scarcely more important in China than in European politics; therefore widespread political agitation is to be expected before the concord is accomplished. Ratification will be facilitated by the view that this agreement, like the Dawes Plan, is still in a sense an experiment subject to revision and modification. Even as such, it represents a step forward of such extraordinary importance that rejection of the agreement of the experts' committee seems unthinkable at this distance.

Befogging the Issue

THE clamorous discussion of crime conditions which has gone on so noisily for several years has not only become more vociferous since President Hoover appointed a commission to study law enforcement but threatens to befog the issue. At once the critics and defenders of prohibition begin to rehearse all over again the well-known arguments. We are told, on the one hand, that the attempt to enforce what the critics say is an unnatural and unpopular law like prohibition brings all law into disrespect. On the other side, it is declared that the supposedly respectable and otherwise law-abiding citizens who patronize bootleggers are thereby encouraging crimes of violence and undermining the whole social fabric. There are those who say that people discriminate in respect to the laws they choose to obey, and others assert that this is not so.

Now it is clear that much lawlessness is occasioned by or is incidental to the policy of prohibition enforcement, and bootleggers have no doubt furnished the criminal gangs with more brains and money than they had before. But we have absolutely no means of knowing what the crime conditions today would be if there had been no Eighteenth Amendment or Volstead Act. People may guess all they wish on this point, but it is guesswork only. There might be less crime today if prohibition had not been adopted, and there might be a great deal more. Temperance might have gained or lost and saloons increased or declined without it; we do not know. The liquor trade has been a lawless one throughout human history; under what legal sanction or lack of sanction it is worst is a matter of extreme difference of opinion. Population has increased in this country by at least fifteen millions since prohibition went into effect, and an almost complete mechanical revolution has occurred. It is futile even to guess at what conditions would be if a different legal policy toward liquor restriction had been adopted when prohibition was decided upon.

All honest as well as dishonest men know that the machinery of law enforcement is defective and out of date. Here is a problem not in politics or academic theory or dialectics, but in practical organization, which is supposed to be just the field in which the typical American citizen is best.

It is the job and the conditions which surround the job which need attention. If as a people we are incapable of improving the judicial and jury systems, of doing away with frivolous appeals, lessening the grant of continuances, expediting trials, simplifying indictments, and making the other necessary improvements in the actual technic of the job, then we have lost the art of self-government. In the same way, a far greater degree of articulation must be brought into police and detective systems. In these respects we still carry on much as a hundred or more years ago, when states' rights was a veritable religion. But automobiles, machine guns and airplanes have turned the world over.

The people may have become more lawless or they may not; that is a moot point. In any case, respect for law will not be established by rhetoric. Why not concentrate first on what everybody knows is inadequate and outworn—the institutional machinery for doing the job?

WHERE'S THE CANYON?

On the Royal Trail Leading to West River, Zion National Park

By Struthers Burt

IN THE midst of a busy summer—for summers in Yellowstone are busy, since all of the park is free from snow only about three months of each year and each year much of the park has to be rebuilt, practically all new construction has to be begun and completed in five months, and upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand people pass through the park between June fifteenth and September fifteenth, to mention only a few of the major problems—in the midst of such a busy summer, an indignant lady, leaving the park, called upon the then superintendent, the Hon. Horace M. Albright; now, since the first of the year, director of the entire National Park Service. The lady complained about the United States Government. Not a new object of complaint, but in this instance the object of an original one. She had been in the park four days, driving her own car; she had made the complete circle from Mammoth Hot Springs down through Old Faithful and The Thumb, and then up through the lake and the canyon back to Mammoth Hot Springs again, and she wanted to know why the Government hadn't enough sense to build roads so that one could see the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River, which, she had always heard, was the finest sight in the park.

A Good Sign Painter Needed

THE Hon. Horace Albright was, and still is despite having been for ten years superintendent of Yellowstone, a humorous, tactful young man. He listens to all complaints—and you should hear some of them—gravely.

"But, madam," he objected gently, "you say you have driven the entire circle?"

"Yes."

"Including the stretch from the lake to the canyon?"

"Naturally."

"Well, then, for about a mile, or longer, you drove right along the brink of the canyon, separated from it only by a low retaining wall, and most of the time not even by that. The roar of the canyon must have been in your ears all the while."

This incident set the Hon. Horace Albright to thinking. He instructed the rangers at the canyon ranger station, where the road leaves the canyon and, forking, goes either to Norris Junction to the west or Mount Washburn and Tower Falls to the north, to stop for a while all cars and ask their occupants how they had liked the canyon. He discovered that about 50 per cent of the occupants had never seen the canyon, although, as there is only one road, every one of them, like the original complainant, had driven for at least a mile along its brink. Even more curious, of this 50 per cent, about 20 per cent refused to turn their cars and drive back a minute or so. They were in too much of a hurry.

Trees and Wild Grapes Covered With Frost, in Zion National Park

Great is the traveling public! All traveling publics—American or otherwise. It is the education of this traveling public, but in such a way as not to let it know that it is being educated—for to let it know would be, of course, to spoil its fun—that has recently been emerging as one of the principal jobs of the National Park Service. Year by year the scope of this new function broadens, its implications spread out.

Why Parks?

THE object of this function is twofold: First, self-preservation on the part of the parks; second, to permit the National Park Service to use the parks as the National Park Service sees them—an instrument for good citizenship as great, perhaps, as we possess. Symbolically speaking, the National Park Service hopes to reduce every year the number of ladies—also men—who can pass a canyon without knowing what it is. It hopes to go even further; it hopes eventually to produce in the majority of the minds of the American public a point of view where that majority will hunt for canyons, especially American canyons, and be immensely proud of them when found, and from this pride in canyons learn a pride in all that is beautiful, decent and national. The National Park Service, in this educative campaign, has this advantage: Every year, it has an increasing number of people under its influence for shorter or longer periods, and during these periods it is backed up by nature at its most impressive. Even the most casual flapper loses a beat or two in the chewing of her gum when she first sees the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and even the weariest wisecracking business man can't think of anything funny to say for a minute or so when the sun first comes up over Bryce.

To begin with—that is, where their functions were concerned, for, to begin with, their struggle for existence was desperate enough—the national parks had a fairly simple task. Their original functions were two—recreation and preservation of nature for recreational purposes. Certain tracts of unspoiled nature were set aside and people could come and look at them if they wanted, and like them or not, as they saw fit. There wasn't much explaining. Most people didn't like them—these tracts of unspoiled nature—although to hear some of those talk who saw the parks years ago, their memories rosy with time, you might think that the parks had retrogressed. As a matter of fact, for the average tourist the parks, until comparatively recently, were uncomfortable and none too courteous places. For the real student of nature, for the real outdoors man,

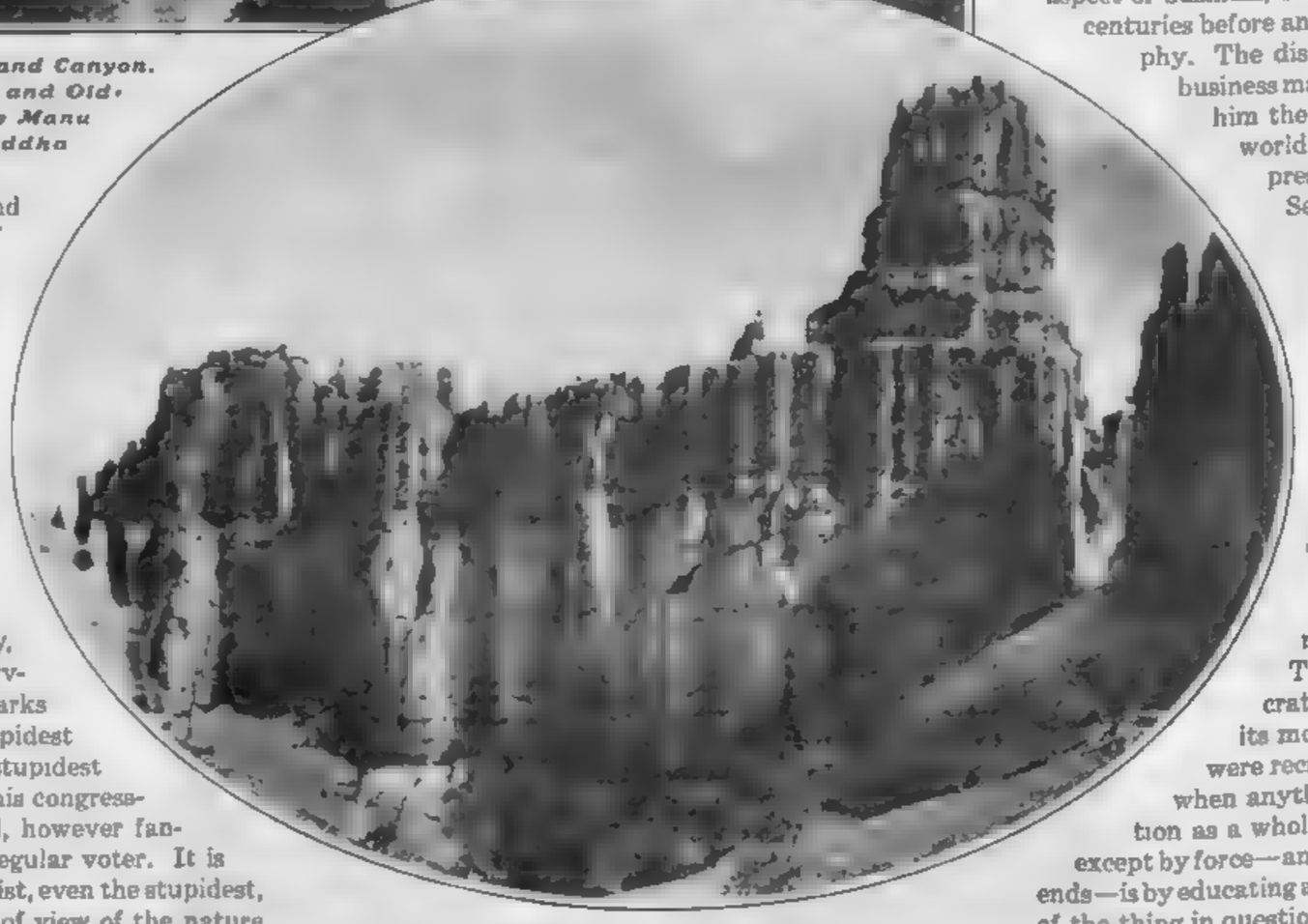
Bright Angel Point on the Grand Canyon. Uncle Jimmy Owens, a Guide and Old-Timer, is Showing Visitors the Manu Temple and the Temple of Buddha

who could get away from hotels and roads, they have always been, of course, enchanting. But it is the average tourist in whom we are principally interested, for it is of necessity upon his good will that the lives of the parks depend, and it is therefore in his education and increasing intelligence that the National Park Service must, of necessity, be most interested. The nature student, the outdoors man, can take care of himself and has always been a friend of the parks. But unfortunately, or otherwise, the National Park Service is a government service and the parks belong to the people. Even the stupidest tourist knows this, and even the stupidest tourist knows that he can appeal to his congressman or senator, and that his appeal, however fantastic, will be listened to if he is a regular voter. It is necessary to educate the average tourist, even the stupidest, to some approximation of the point of view of the nature student and the outdoors man.

The National Park Service, therefore, has had always to steer a delicate course between the Charybdis of popular feeling which, until recently—it is learning better now—wanted every park opened up, wouldn't go to hotels unless there was jazz music, loved dust, noise and excitement, and the Scylla of the extreme conservationist, who didn't want anybody in any park except himself and an occasional bear. The fact that the educational policies of the parks are already beginning to bear fruit; the fact that the National Park Service is imposing these policies, tactfully, but none the less progressively, upon the public; the fact that every year the parks are getting to be better places for both the lover of loneliness and the average tourist; the fact that every year more of the latter are turning into the former, would already seem to vindicate the national parks in what they are trying to do.

Protecting the Parks From Their Owners

BETWEEN the fanatical conservationist, on the one hand, and the unthinking expansionist and "booster" on the other, stand, and have stood, the men of the National Park Service. Their position is a peculiar one. By instinct they are conservationists; if they weren't they wouldn't be where they are. Their initial impulse is to preserve intact the vast domains in their charge. For all their kindly outdoor dispositions and the courtesy which is part of their job, left to themselves they would prefer a moose—as what conservationist wouldn't?—to the best tourist alive, and forests unscarred by axes or any trails save game trails. At the same time, superimposed upon this conservational instinct is the sure knowledge that the national parks belong to the people and that the National Park Service is the servant of those people—a steward, a guardian.



The Cathedral, in Bryce Canyon, Utah

This would seem to put the National Park Service in a dilemma; to be a quandary; to be an example of two conflicting interests at work. On the one hand, the National Park Service is commanded—a command it cherishes—"To conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wild life therein, and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations," and, on the other hand, it is compelled to open up the main attractions of every park so that its owners, the American public, even the lazy, can see those main attractions easily, comfortably and, if desired, speedily. In the old days, before the parks became popular and before the advent of the automobile, all this was comparatively simple, but it is no longer simple. If the National Park Service had not had a great and clear tradition, if it had not been directed and manned by wise and tactful men, if these men had not thought deeply and well, it would have found itself in what, out West, we call a "jack pot." Fortunately, it had all the things mentioned and, in addition, in its charter were the saving phrases referred to: To conserve scenery, natural and historic objects, and wild life in such a manner and by such means as would leave them "unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations." Those phrases allowed the National Park Service, confronted by new conditions, to formulate slowly several definite policies and, through those policies, to achieve finally a fairly definite philosophy.

That is the way a philosophy is always arrived at. Invariably it follows an event or a series of events. It comes through the trial-and-error method. Year by year the National Park Service is learning its job, just as year by year it is teaching the people what that job is. Constantly the Park Service is experimenting, and solidifying its position. It admits that it is a steward, a guardian, but it insists that wise stewards, wise guardians, being on the spot, must educate masters who, of necessity, cannot be on the spot.

Conservation + Preservation = Recreation

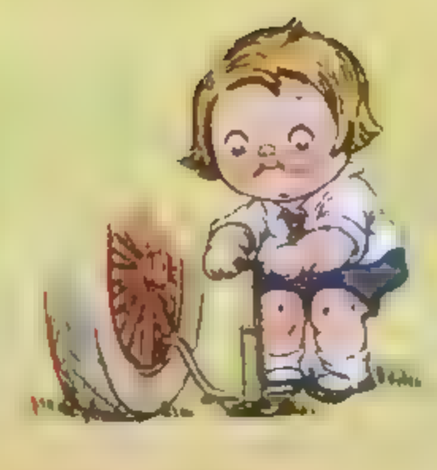
NOW, the philosophy of anything, and what springs from that philosophy, are its most important aspects. The philosophy of business is the most important aspect of business, but business was in existence for many centuries before anyone suspected that it had a philosophy. The discovery on the part of the American business man of this philosophy is what has made him the most successful business man in the world. An explanation, therefore, of the present philosophy of the National Park Service cannot be undertaken too soon, for it is only upon the understanding of this philosophy that those apparently inimical elements, the conservationist and the average tourist, can meet on common ground and the National Park Service proceed happily in its great undertaking. In a subsequent article I will take up the personnel of the Park Service and deal more intimately with the parks themselves, but just now I am striving to make as clear as possible the fundamental ideas back of the parks.

The National Park Service, a democratic institution, went to democracy for its model. The first functions of the parks were recreation and preservation. Very well, when anything is owned in common, by the nation as a whole, the only way it can be preserved, except by force—and force sooner or later defeats its own ends—is by educating as many people as possible to the ideals of the thing in question. If enjoyment—recreation—is, as it is in this instance, dependent upon conservation and preservation, then the people must be educated to enjoy themselves conservationally and preservationally. You perceive the boxing of a compass—preservation, recreation, preservation, back to recreation again. In short, the

(Continued on Page 146)

Deer in Kaibab Forest, Arizona

How to make cold meals more tempting and healthful!



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Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef

VILLA LAURIER

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"I Had Heard of His Behavior at Deauville, Wasting His Time and My Money on an Adventuress"

VI

FOR a moment I felt like a murderer. The worst sort. Then I set to work to resuscitate the unconscious girl. I bathed her face with mineral water and, as soon as her lashes quivered, raised her head and poured a little cognac between her lips. She came round quickly then and lay with her head on my knee, staring up at me.

Presently she said in a low, feeble voice, "Well, it looks as if that settles it—and me."

"Don't take it so hard, Clytie," I said. "You are absolutely innocent."

"Who would believe that? Paul de Grasse murdered at the villa of a woman on whom he had previously ruined himself. That family is revered here in Provence."

"Dimitri would come clear."

She gave a short laugh. "Not for a second. He and his wife would have a perfectly convincing story. Besides, there would seem to be no motive for Dimitri's killing Paul. They were always friendly."

For a moment I was silent. Clytie was right. Apparent motive for the murder of de Grasse would be lacking in a case against Dimitri and his wife, but abundant enough against Clytie. The ruined and discarded lover with whom she had quarreled coming to threaten the security of her position with her present husband, a young American heir to a millionaire.

I waited until her color had come back a little, then said, "I shouldn't have told you all this, Clytie, except for the purpose of helping you in this horrid jam."

"How can you help me, Charles?" she asked listlessly, but her hand closed on mine. "Forgive me for turning nasty. If you knew how tormented I've been—all these long months."

"It's a wonder you haven't gone crazy. But you're not in the toils yet. Not by a large five-gallon jugful."

"What's to be done?" she asked. "And who's going to do it?"

"Quite a lot—and by two or three of us," I told her. "You made a wrong play this morning in offering to finance Moran. You must withdraw that offer and let us buy the property for Brown, as previously agreed."

"What then?" she asked.

"Then, once we get possession, we shall quietly and thoroughly remove this evidence," I said.

She sat up suddenly, close against me. "What? You mean to say you would make yourself a party to this? But why?"

"Because we don't intend to stand by and twirl our thumbs and see a total miscarriage of justice," I said. "That's what it would certainly amount to."

"But think of the risk, Charles—you old darling." The tears gushed into her eyes. "And there's your partner ——"

"Tom will feel the same about it when I tell him all the facts. So would Brown, of course, though there's no need for him to know anything about it. Dimitri needn't know. Let that Siberian skunk worry for the rest of his rotten life. It will do him good."

"But, Charles—what if you should be caught?"

"We are not going to be caught. Nobody is out to catch us. You leave it to us. Your conscience is clear and ours is clear, so what the heck!"

The tears continued to run down her cheeks in a stream. Her face did not lose any of its loveliness by this distress.

I said roughly, "Stop crying and cheer up. It's going to be all right."

"It's—it's too much, Charles. Why should you?"

"Listen, Clytie," I said. "Until this morning, on our way here, I believed that you really had bumped off de Grasse, for excellent reasons of your own; and so did Tom. We both thought you had done that thing, and that Dimitri had bedded down the remains in the park. But even believing that, we were all set to buy the place and get quietly rid of an encumbrance that was none of our business and no good to anybody. Perhaps we were callous, but war vets are apt to be."

She stared at me astonished. "But why, Charles? Why should you have cared about me—a stranger, and, as you must have thought, a rotten bad lot? I don't understand."

"Call it American fair play or kind-heartedness or any darn thing you like. We couldn't see the use of getting a girl in trouble, whether she was innocent or guilty. But now that I know she's innocent, there's a lot of use in keeping her out of it. Plain duty. As for the Cossack, he doesn't matter one way or the other."

Clytie dropped her hands on my shoulders and held me at arm's length. She stared intently into my eyes. Her own were swimming, but there were fires burning the mist away. I had always considered the term "glowing eyes" a mere figure of speech, but now I saw that it could be exact. She did not try to hide what was in her mind. It was clear enough that I had let a dryad out of her tree and was about to be rewarded. The thought of Jasmin was no deterrent to this, because I rather hated Jasmin at that moment. But the sort of accolade Clytie desired to confer was not in order. I may be squeamish, but the idea of receiving Clytie's kisses for agreeing to dig up and transplant what remained of a former lover murdered by her chauffeur clashed with my sense of fitness.

Clytie must have seen this in my eyes, for, still holding me at arm's length, she said, "You're not the sort that one can tip, are you, Charles?"

(Continued on Page 30)

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These famous packages identify Brookfield quality for you

Brookfield

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(Continued from Page 28)

"No. I'm probably the only man in Europe that you can't."

"Well, a woman doesn't precisely tip a man that saves her life. I wouldn't stand prison. All I've got is yours, Charles, whether you happen to need a business partner or a leisure one. It's a happiness to pay some debts."

"Let's first make sure that the service is required, then render it," I said.

"I believe you're in love with one of these Moran girls, Charles."

"I never spoke to them until yesterday."

"What of it? I never spoke to you until this morning. This is going to upset me, I'm afraid."

Clytie dropped her hands to her sides and half turned away, one shoulder drooping, head half bowed and aslant. It was a classic pose beautifully assumed. She was sheer natural artist, I believed.

"Look here, Clytie," I said; "this is no time for Daphnis and Chloe stuff. We're not yet out of the woods. Smith must be charging round looking for you, stopping for a drink in every café and by sundown he'll be ready to kill somebody and forget that he's not in his home town. Moran has accepted your offer to save the old homestead. Dimitri may still have another try to remove the evidences of his crime. Brown is tooling Jasmin over Provence and may run into Smith. So may we, for that matter, and I'm not equipped to fall foul of a homicidal maniac crazed by jealousy and gin. We've got to start things moving."

Clytie laughed. "I should say we've done that, Charles."

"Well, then, take steps to finish them."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"First of all, keep clear of Smith. I'll take you to the hotel at Grasse, then get word to Dimitri's wife to pack up what you need and join you at the hotel with the car. You had better clear out for Paris. Have Dimitri drive you there. I suppose you can count on him to obey your orders?"

"I should think so. He's got no love for Smithy."

"How much has Dimitri ever told you in plain words?" I asked.

"Nothing, Charles. There's quite a lot of Oriental in that type. He talks in circles. The day after Paul left the villa, which was a little after midnight, Dimitri came to me while I was in bed and advised me not to get up and go out. I told him that our lease expired the next day, and that I must pack and be ready to leave as soon as Brownie got back. Dimitri insisted that I should say that I was too ill to move."

"Was that what roused your suspicion?" I asked.

"Not immediately. He pretended to believe that I was really very ill. I had some errands to do and got up and drove my car to Nice. Then that night Brownie arrived. Dimitri told him that I had had a bad attack of nerves and was really too ill to travel. Brownie drove to Antibes and told that to Mr. Moran, and offered him a big price to let us stay on another fortnight, at least. But Mr. Moran had seen me tearing over the road, driving alone. He thought Brownie was trying to fool him and got angry and insisted that we get out."

I nodded. "Yes, he told me that. He's stubborn and a bit of a crank. When did Dimitri show his hand again?"

"After we got to Paris. By that time I'd done some thinking. Dimitri came to me and said: 'Madame, it is very necessary that we should occupy the Villa Laurier before it is leased or sold to anybody else. I cannot say more without putting us both in a grave position. *Une situation très grave*' were his actual words."

"Quite enough," I said.

"Enough to give me a dreadful *frousse*," Clytie agreed. "I didn't ask him for any more. He added that I must persuade monsieur to buy the villa at any price. But Brownie hadn't the money then."

"It all looks black enough," I said. "There's one point that needs clearing though. I found the dog up on the Estérel beside the road near the top of the descent into Cannes. That was the day before you left the villa. How did he get there?"

Clytie reflected for a moment. "When Paul and I separated I went to London. He left me Loup, and as you can't take a dog into England without leaving him a long time in quarantine, I gave him to Dimitri. When Dimitri came to the villa after I had sent away the servants he had Loup with him. The dog must have tried to follow Paul."

"Was the rest of my reconstruction fairly close?" I asked.

"Yes, but there's one detail you missed. Paul and I were married in London by special license, a week after we first met."

"So that's the answer to how you managed to get Moran to let you finance him," I said. "As Paul's wife when he incurred the debt. Were you duly divorced from him before you married Brown?"

"Of course. Paul left me a whole year before I met Brownie."

"Why did he leave you?" I asked.

"We were beginning to fight. After a row worse than usual Paul said he was finished with me and cleared out. I knew he meant it, so I engaged a lawyer to start divorce proceedings in Paris. Paul never appeared at all."

"You've been out of luck with your marriage ventures, Clytie. But Smith would be the worst bet of all, no matter how rich and generous he may appear."

"No fear. He's not so lavish. I told him I'd put up my jewels against what he might have to pay above a million francs, and the deed to be in his name. He never stood to lose much."

"Four-flusher," I muttered in disgust. "I could bear up under it if Dimitri were to get him too."

"Charles," Clytie said earnestly, "I'm sure Dimitri acted in self-defense. He was devoted to Paul. But Paul had a devil of a temper, and Dimitri is not a peasant. They fell foul of each other that night. Paul was furious because I wouldn't leave Brownie and run off with him. But in all of our rows Paul never laid a hand on me, like this low brute of a Smith. Look."

She slipped the shoulder strap of her gown and drew it low enough to show the fullness of the deltoid muscle. Three finger marks that were a livid blue scored it across. Clytie revolved her arm, leaning forward to show a thumb mark, the satin skin abrased over it.

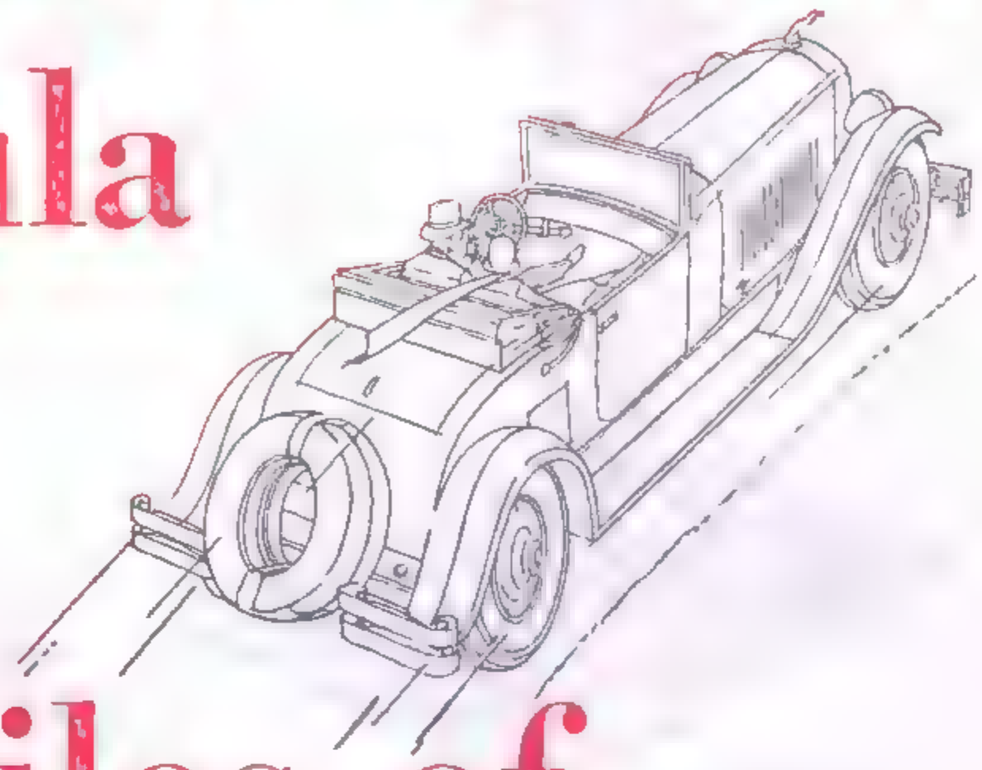
"I might have stood that from a thoroughbred in a blind rage," she said, "but not from any such low sweep as Smithy."

"Thoroughbreds don't do that sort of thing," I told her.

(Continued on Page 75)

As I Was Putting Out All My Strength in a Fresh, Violent Tug That Might Haul Him Close Enough to See the Brink, a Clear Ringing Voice Called From Behind Me

A practical and proved formula



+ + =

for 30,000 miles of real motoring pleasure!

Any good car + Common-sense care + Regular use of the New Mobiloil = 30,000 miles with the first-year feel in every mile.

In the above formula we put into everyday words some remarkable facts which our engineers discovered in testing the New Mobiloil.

We found, for example, that in thousands of miles of driving on the Atlantic City Speedway the New Mobiloil gave approximately 20% more oil mileage than was given by oils generally sold for the same motors.

And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

It is our opinion—based on these tests—that the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles.

We believe this is a conservative statement of the real facts. Actually the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many new engines for more than *twice* that distance!

Also we believe we are justified in saying that the New Mobiloil will help your engine develop *more power* than you can get from other oils of the same viscosity.

There are at least 30,000 miles of trouble-free driving in your engine. Make sure you will get them all by using the New Mobiloil, made by the world's oldest and largest specialists in lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine Summer	1929 Engine Winter	1928 Engine Summer	1928 Engine Winter	1927 Engine Summer	1927 Engine Winter	1926 Engine Summer	1926 Engine Winter
Auburn [illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler [illegible]			A	Arc	A	A		
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler [illegible]			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A					
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc				
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]							A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv & Sp 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A							
[illegible]		A					BB	A
[illegible]		A						
[illegible]		A						
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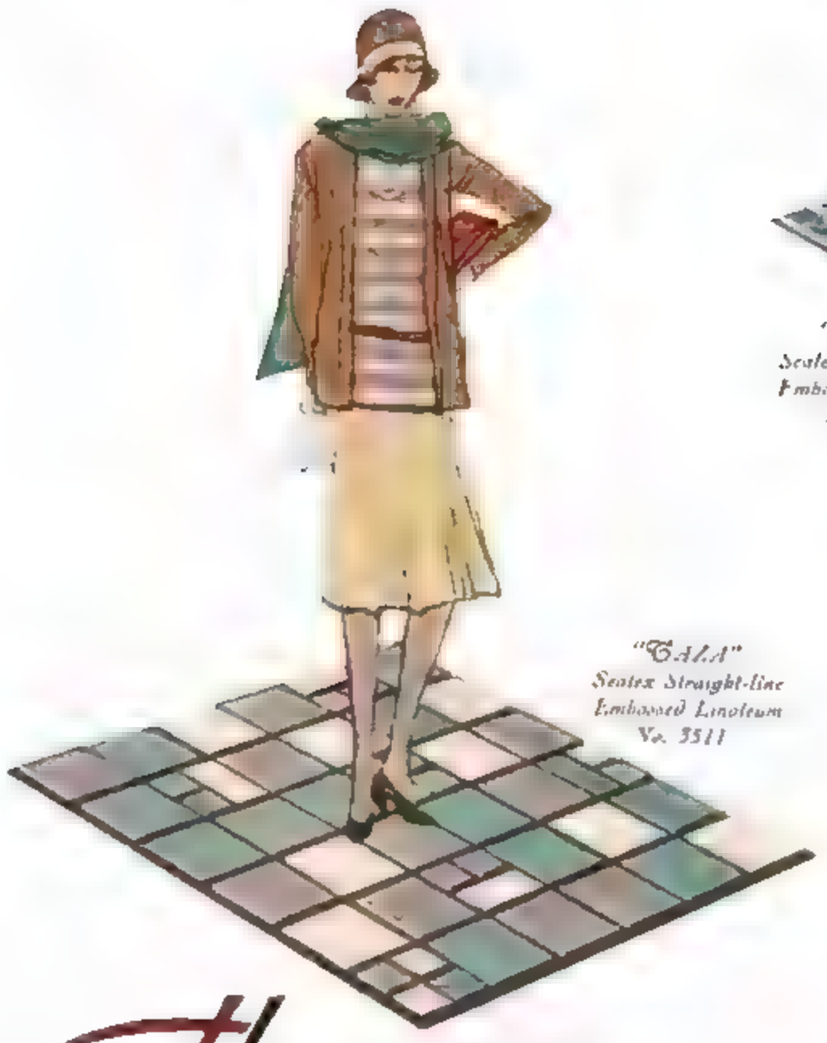
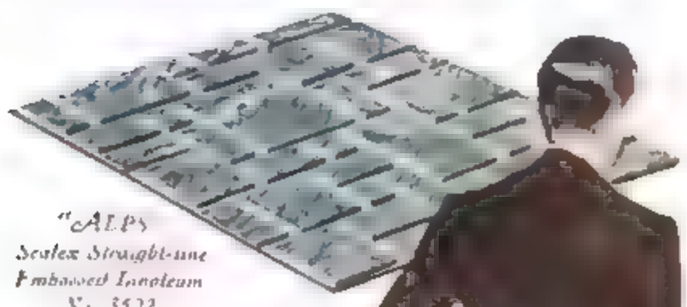
the New Mobiloil



"CAIRA"
Sealex Straight-line
Embossed Linoleum
No. 3511



"ALPS"
Sealex Straight-line
Embossed Linoleum
No. 3502

"ZARA"
Sealex Straight-line
Embossed Linoleum
No. 3529

The STYLE and INDIVIDUALITY of hand-laid tile

A charming "hand-made" look about these floors—a delightful originality! You picture some old-time artisan carefully laying each separate tile in place. Hard to realize that this is such a modern material as *Sealex Embossed Inlaid Linoleum*—that these tiles are not hard and stony but afford instead a quietness and velvety ease underfoot.

An exclusive manufacturing method prevents the colors in the raised tiles from blurring over into the gently depressed mortar joints—giving a clean-cut realism not found in any other embossed linoleum.

And there are fascinating details which you cannot see in these small swatches. The different colored tiles are arranged with that artful carelessness so characteristic of old-world floors.

And this, please remember, is *Sealex Linoleum*—with every invisible pore sealed tight against dirt and spilled things by the ingenious *Sealex Process*. A minimum of care keeps these floorings immaculately clean. An occasional light waxing preserves the rich, velvety lustre of the colorings.

When buying your linoleum be sure to ask for "*Sealex.*"

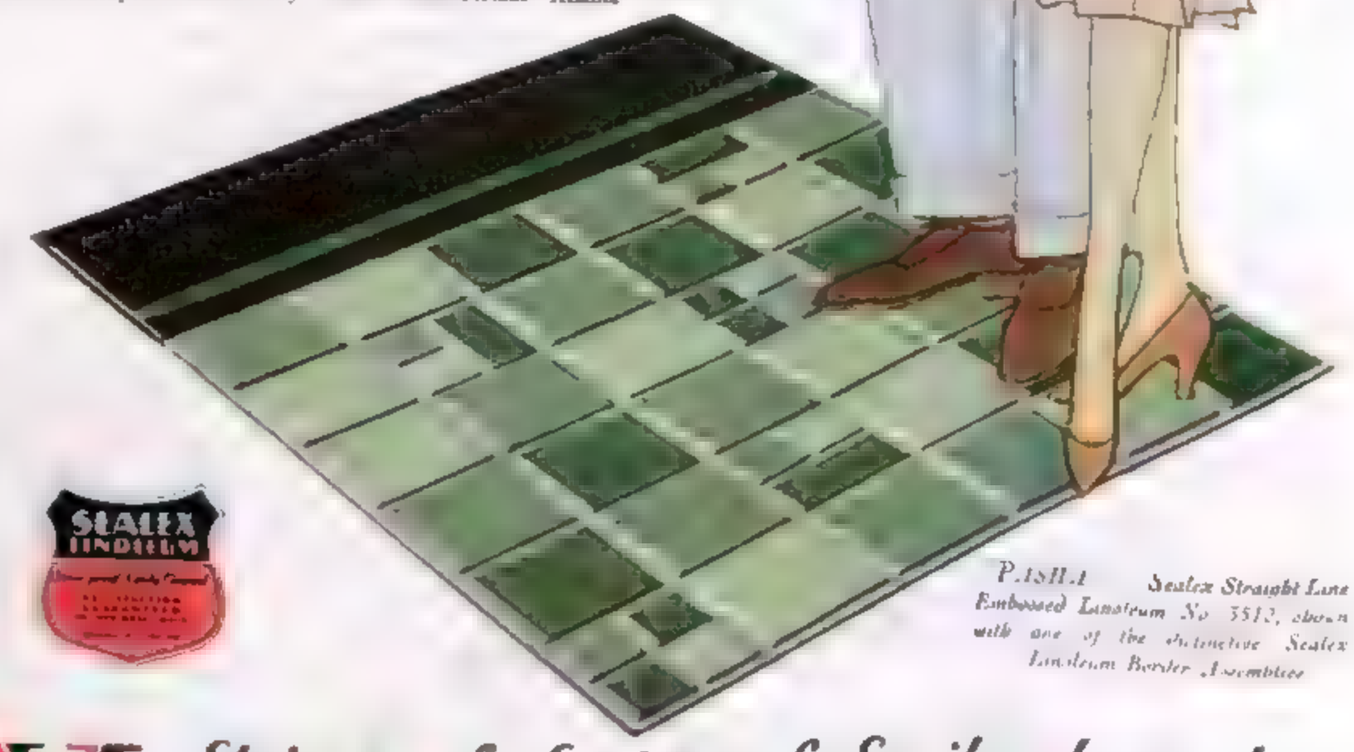
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *Gen'l Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston Detroit Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

"ABBEY"
Sealex Straight-line
Embossed Linoleum
No. 3507

MOST better class department, furniture and linoleum stores sell Sealex Linoleums. There is a type of Sealex Linoleum suitable for every flooring need in home, office, store or public building—from delicately-veined marble patterns to the most conservative of solid-color effects.

ALL Sealex Linoleums can be readily identified by this shield which appears every few yards right on the face of the goods.

SEALEX LINOLEUM



PASHA Sealex Straight Line Embossed Linoleum No. 3513, shown with one of the distinctive Sealex Linoleum Border Assemblies

Stain-proof—Spot-proof—Easily cleaned

SEALEX LINOLEUMS

© 1929, C. N. Inc.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Vanishing Point

WHAT became of the fly
When I reached for the swatter?
It circled the pie;
What became of the fly?
I know it lurks nigh,
And my vengeance grows hotter.
What became of the fly
When I reached for the swatter?

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

This Dreary World

"I HAVE just committed suicide," said Wilkinson Wigmore as he entered.

No one spoke, as we all struggled to think of something epigrammatic. He had taken us unfairly by surprise.

"I have just taken a large dose of morphine."

"What for?" said I, abandoning the search for an epigram.

"As a protest against the dullness of existence. Against the horrible monotony of the machine world. Against the taming of Nature, which has banished all mystery, all wonder, all interest, in short. It's dull, dull, dull! I won't be bored any longer!"

"And quite right too!" we chorused.

"Let's all commit suicide!" cried Ann Farthingale, with characteristic excitability.

"No, no; you would spoil it. This is my idea, and I'm entitled to the public sensation for myself. Just read to me, as I dream into the void." He sank into a chair.

"What shall I read to you?" I inquired.

"Something dull. Something dull about this dull old world. Read stupid statistics for my passing. Let me float away on a monotone of dreary statistics. Read to me from an almanac."

The function took on an almost religious air. I took down an almanac. Wilkinson Wigmore nodded with a wavelike motion.

"In Idaho Arbor Day is fixed by the county school superintendents. Greenland, it is said, is moving westward at the rate of twenty yards a year. The absolute maximum record of fog is at Seguin, Maine; 2734 hours in 1907."

"Why, that's about 30 per cent of the entire year. That's awful foggy," murmured Wilkinson.

"The mean annual precipitation at Mobile, Alabama, is 62 inches, while that of Phoenix, Arizona, is but 7.9. Spring tide in the Bay of Fundy is about fifty feet."

"I always kind of wanted to see that Bay of Fundy tide," said Wilkinson uneasily.

"A wind velocity of 186 miles per hour has been recorded on Mount Washington, New Hampshire. In Nevada there are 1.48 males to each female, while in Washington, D. C., there are only .87 males to each female."

"Say, that's a funny one. The proportion is nearly twice as great in Nevada. Washington is certainly the place to go. What do you say we make a little trip to Washington? We ought to have a look at the nation's capital, hey? Pay a call on the President. We might write him a letter: 'Your Excellency ...'"

(Continued on Page 129)

Club Manners "I've Been a Thoughtless, Neglectful Brute! But, Beginning Tonight, I Shall Stay at Home With My Family One Evening a Week"

"Make Friends With Him, Kenneth, and He Won't be Hard to Manage"

The Family Lawyer Reads the Will

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Wherever you go ~ ~ the New Chevrolet Six will thrill you with its smooth powerful performance!

Among all the outstanding reasons why 650,000 people have already chosen the new Chevrolet Six—none is calling forth such great and growing enthusiasm as its marvelous over-all performance.

At every speed, the new six-cylinder valve-in-head motor delivers its power with that smooth, even, velvety flow which is so essential to motoring satisfaction. You can ride and drive for hours at a time without the slightest sense of noise or rumble fatigue—every mile a delight for both driver and passengers.

And never before was a low-priced car so easy and safe to handle under every condition of roadway and traffic. The steering mechanism is equipped throughout with friction-free ball bearings. The new non-locking 4-wheel brakes are powerful, quiet, and respond to the slightest pressure. Gears shift easily and quietly. The clutch is unusually smooth and easy to operate. And the instrument panel is fully equipped with every necessary driving control—including electric motor temperature indicator and theft-proof Electrolock.

Equally impressive are the beauty and comfort of the smart new bodies by Fisher. Styled by master designers whose art has lent distinction to some of America's finest motor cars—and built of selected hardwood and steel, they represent, in every detail, an order of coach-craft never before approached in a low-priced automobile.

But most remarkable of all, this marvelous six-cylinder performance and outstanding distinction are actually within the reach of *any* person who can afford any automobile. For not only is the new Chevrolet Six available in the price range of the four—but it offers outstanding economy of operation—*better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline!*

See your nearest Chevrolet dealer today!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN • *Division of General Motors Corporation*

The ROADSTER	$325	*The* COACH	
The PHAETON	$525	$595	
The COUPE	$595		
The SEDAN	$675		
The Spoel CABRIOLET	$695	*All prices f.o.b. factory Flint, Michigan*	
The Convertible LANDAU	$725		
The SEDAN DELIVERY	$395		
Light Delivery (*Chassis only*)	$400		
1½ Ton Truck (*Chassis only*)	$545		
1½ Ton Truck (*Chassis with Cab*)	$650		

COMPARE the delivered price as well as the list price in considering automobile values. Chevrolet's delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing

832

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

PETTICOATS

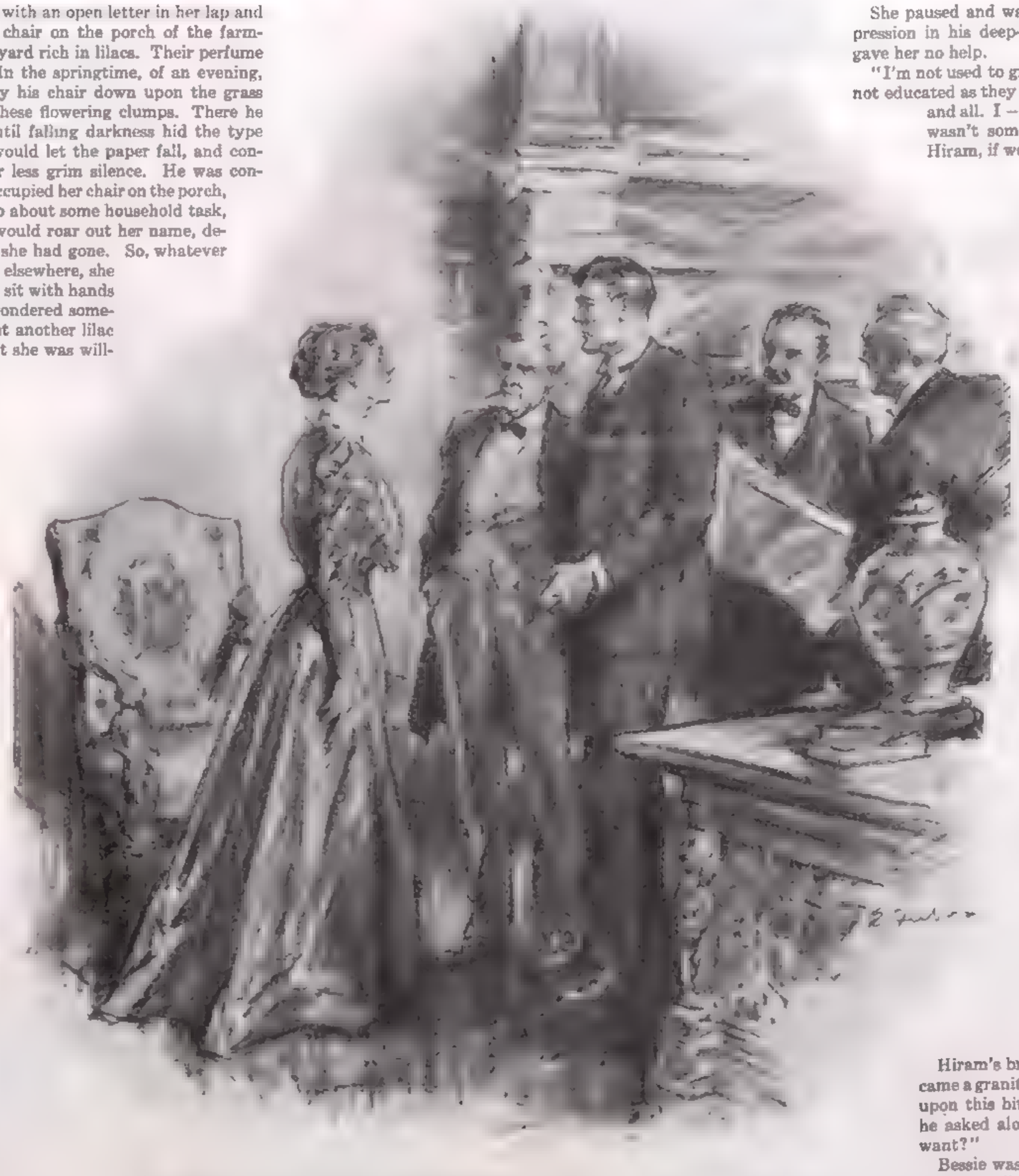
By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

BESSIE BOND sat with an open letter in her lap and looked, from her chair on the porch of the farmhouse, across the yard rich in lilacs. Their perfume was heavy on the air. In the springtime, of an evening, Hiram delighted to carry his chair down upon the grass and sit close to one of these flowering clumps. There he would read his paper until falling darkness hid the type from his eyes; then he would let the paper fall, and continue to sit in a more or less grim silence. He was contented as long as Bessie occupied her chair on the porch, but should she arise to go about some household task, his deep arrogant voice would roar out her name, demanding to know where she had gone. So, whatever the need of her presence elsewhere, she would return silently and sit with hands folded in her lap. She wondered sometimes if she were not just another lilac bush to her husband, but she was willing to be a lilac bush if that were what he desired of her.

Now it was mid-afternoon. The hired man had come back from town with the mail, among which was the letter Bessie held in her lap. It troubled her vaguely and caused misgivings to arise as to her adequacy. She was a little frightened, for she was a simple person—simple and kindly and loving, with gentle eyes and a face of rare sweetness.

The letter was an invitation in the angular handwriting of Mrs. Lester Meadows, wife of the senior senator from that state, and undisputed leader of such society as the commonwealth boasted. The senator did not live in a house or upon a farm, but upon an estate. Not only was he wealthy and distinguished in public life but he was allied by blood or marriage with many of the great names which Bessie saw from time to time in the newspapers—persons who, to her simplicity, seemed very lofty indeed.



"I Think it Best," She Said Firmly. "I am Content to Intrust the Care of My Property to My Husband's Wisdom"

She fingered the invitation and pursed her lips. To visit Senator Meadows! It is true the invitation contained no word so genial as visit, but if one be asked to spend two days and three nights in the home of another, what could that be but a visit? She and Hiram were asked to present themselves at the senator's estate of a Friday night and to remain until Monday morning.

Bessie put the letter in the bosom of her dress for safekeeping and went about the business of keeping her household in that spick-and-span order which was the ideal of her day. But hidden though it was, she was not unconscious of it for an instant. She could feel it, could sense the weight of it. It frightened her.

At the sound of wheels Bessie ran out upon the porch. She always met Hiram at the top of the steps, summer or winter, hot or cold, dry or rainy, and the sight of his huge figure alighting from his buggy filled her with a curious pride. It might well have done so, for Hiram Bond at the age of forty was an arresting figure. Four inches over six feet he stood, and broad in proportion. Already there rested upon him that intangible quality which distinguishes a personage from a person; his head was splendid; his features, though a trifle on the heavy side, were never dull, never uninteresting, always impressive. He was rather breath-taking, overpowering. One got an impression of tremendous force and energy and intelligence. And arrogance. Hiram was arrogant. He knew himself and he knew men.

He mounted the steps, patted Bessie carelessly on the shoulder and asked after the boy. Always he asked after the boy and always his first business in the house was to see the boy.

Bessie did not mention the invitation; not until supper was over and they moved out into the yard did she speak of it, and then not directly.

"Hiram," she said gently, "you are an important man in the state."

"What of it?" he asked abruptly.

"I was wondering," she said.

"Wondering what?"

"Big men will be wanting to know you and visit back and forth with you. Governors and senators—and their wives. Even the President of the United States."

His eyes were grimly amused. "Getting ambitious socially, Bess?"

"No," she said softly. "Only troubled. You see, Hiram, you are fit to meet all those people. You're so big and handsome and important! They can't any of them hold a candle to you. But, Hiram, there's me."

She paused and waited, but he, a curious expression in his deep-set eyes, waited also and gave her no help.

"I'm not used to great folks," she said. "I'm not educated as they are, and with fine manners and all. I—Hiram, I wondered if there wasn't some way I could learn, so, Hiram, if we had to visit them or they had to visit us, you wouldn't be ashamed of me."

"Get a social instructor, you mean?" he asked.

"Why, something like that, Hiram."

"Have I ever seemed ashamed of you?"

"No, Hiram."

"Do you want to be different from what you are?"

"I'm afraid I ought to be. I don't want the wives of those other men to laugh at you, Hiram."

"They won't laugh," he said.

"Can't I do something, husband?"

"Yes," he said harshly.

"What? . . . Oh, I'll do anything. I'll go to any trouble necessary."

"Stay as you are," he said.

"But, Hiram——"

"Stay as you are," he repeated, and then: "What brought this up?"

"We have an invitation to go visiting at Senator Meadows'."

"When?"

"A week from next Friday."

Hiram's brows bent and his face became a granite mask as he concentrated upon this bit of news. "Now what," he asked aloud, "does that skeezicks want?"

Bessie was appalled. "Hiram, is it right to call our senator a skeezicks?"

"It is if he is one," said Hiram grimly. "We'll go, Bess."

"Oh! What shall I wear? How shall I act?"

"Wear what you have and act as you are," Hiram said; "and that's that."

It was with concealed trepidation that Bessie Bond arrived with her husband under the porte-cochère of Senator Meadows' house late on Friday afternoon; Hiram eyed her grimly as she was greeted by the sumptuous Mrs. Meadows, nor did his expression relax as he compared her homely simplicity and simple, unconscious dignity with the imposing manner of her hostess. Mrs. Meadows was bent upon impressing. Her other guests—Vauclain Larkin and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Blade and ex-Governor Newman with his lady—were impressive, not to say imposing.

The state boasted few names to vie with theirs either in lineage, in wealth or in social importance. It was evident at once that their intention was to bear themselves in a kindly, almost patronizing manner toward the wife of this huge young man who had been admitted to their presence for important business reasons.

There was nothing of the *nouveau riche* in their manner, nothing grandiose or in bad taste. But they were conscious that neither Bessie nor Hiram was accustomed to such a rarefied atmosphere. The ladies had been given their

(Continued on Page 38)

Easy chair and tinkling ice—carefree hours, all is nice

Enjoy the hours in an easy chair.....

that you now waste scrubbing floors

NO woman wants to spend hot summer days scrubbing floors—she would rather enjoy the cool shade on the porch. For hands-and-knees drudgery is unnecessary — now that Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are on sale in so many stores.

Cool to look at, cool to walk on, cool to clean. A flick—and summer dust and dirt wipe right off. A mop-stroke—and dropped food, stains and grease spots go just as quickly.

What a blessing in homes where wives do their own work, homes with romping children, homes where work-saving is as important as neatness—especially in hot weather!

What a blessing, then, is the Accolac Process that gives Armstrong's Quaker Rugs the gloss-smooth lacquered surface that is so easy to keep clean. Even such caustics as lye do no harm to the rug.

And for extra money's-worth, these rugs are built over a sturdy, waterproof felt base. So they are doubly fortified against dinginess and wear.

All of which suggests high price. But here's the biggest surprise of all: Even a large 9 x 12 Armstrong's Quaker Rug costs no more than a pair of good shoes!

So the price question is disposed of at once. So is the question of satisfaction. For on the face of each rug is pasted a Quaker Girl certificate. This is our written agreement to replace the rug free —should you be at all disappointed with its value or service.

Over goes the cream pitcher. No harm done. A sweep of the mop and it's gone.

A suggestion of the Orient in a rich brown toned design. Use for Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4592. Pattern No. 4580.

Like a cool breeze out of the sea, this new floral pattern freshens up the room. Ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4632.

FREE . . . To wives who want to stay young

And who doesn't? An interesting little folder that shows all the Armstrong's Quaker Rug patterns in their actual colors. For your copy, simply mention the title—"To Wives Who Want to Stay Young," and address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 2967 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

Armstrong

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

To cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths.

(Continued from Page 36

instructions. They were to make Bessie feel at home and they set out to do so with no little tact and skill.

Their task was easier than they anticipated. For Bessie Bond continued to be Bessie Bond. It is doubtful if she could have been otherwise if she desired. If she were frightened her manner concealed it; if she felt out of place her quiet, mouselike demeanor did not let it become apparent.

And throughout the trying time she was sustained by the knowledge—certain knowledge to her—that the husbands of these women were but pygmies to her own giant. It did not matter to her who they were or what they represented, her own Hiram was greater and more admirable.

Her gowns were the work of Carthage's dressmaker; they were simple as she was simple, unobtrusive as she was unobtrusive—and they suited Hiram. He had said so. Therefore it did not trouble her that Mrs. Meadows and Mrs. Blade and Mrs. Newman and Mrs. Larkin were not unadorned with jewels, and that the clothes in which they exhibited themselves had come from Boston or New York or even Paris. If Hiram had desired her to wear Paris gowns he would have provided them.

If the truth were to be told, Bessie was made up of all the elements which go to form a great lady, except the consciousness that she was one. But this she never suspected. Nor would she ever become aware of it.

Of one thing she was aware, and that was that the interests of these women were not her interests. Their conversation of places and people and events impressed her and awed her a little, but aroused no envy. If they spoke of Europe, of London, of Lady This or Lord the Other, she listened with naïve interest as one who is being told an entertaining tale. And she was silent. But her silence was not awkward and never obtrusive. If the conversation turned upon children or grandchildren, or upon the care of the household or other domestic matters, her eyes brightened, and, if lured into the talk, she spoke in her low, gentle voice, without embarrassment and with authority.

The senator's grandson, a child of five years, was brought into the drawing-room for purposes of exhibition, and with him Bessie achieved a social triumph. Presently he was sitting on her knee and chattering. He had singled her out and could not be coaxed from her lap. It was pleasant to see the pair of them, and even the senator's oversharp, always questing gray eyes softened as he watched and listened.

Before dinner was over and the ladies left the gentlemen to their cigars and wine the four older women had quite forgotten their apprehensions lest Bessie should prove an embarrassing episode. They did not understand her, it is true, but they could not dislike her or look down upon her; and to patronize her was a feat impossible of accomplishment.

When the five gentlemen were left alone in the dining room, it was Hiram Bond who spoke first.

"Suppose we come to the point," he said abruptly.

"Eh? The point? Is there a point to come to, Bond?" asked the senator.

"I am here," said Hiram; "if there is no point, then my presence is pointless."

His four companions eyed one another with mixed feelings and lifted brows. This was not their method of approach. They preferred circumlocution and pretense and diplomacy. Even though each of them realized there was more behind this gathering in the senator's house than the promotion of social intercourse, none would have dragged that fact, naked and squawling, into the middle of the room.

"You want something of me," said Hiram. "What is it?"

"We have hours and days before us," said the senator amiably. "Granting there is an ulterior motive, let us get better acquainted before we discuss it."

Hiram moved his huge shoulders impatiently, but before he could speak Governor Newman addressed a remark to his host which required an elaborate reply. Sumner Blade took the conversational ball and ran down the field with it, and Hiram could not, without boorishness, press his point. His eyes glinted more with humor than with chagrin, and he sat back in his chair to smoke his cigar in silent impassivity. He was capable of patience as well as of swift, immediate action. Outmaneuvered he had been by these men of adroit tongues, and it amused him.

The talk which followed was gracious, and not without depth and acuteness. Hiram's companions were cultured men; intellectually they represented the best America had to show, and culturally they were admirable, but they represented a waning era and a vanishing method. Hiram, the intellectual peer of any of them, did not make of gentility a profession. One might almost call him the first of the moderns, the pioneer of a new era of living and manners and social consciousness. As he sat there, massive, imposing of person, silent to grimness, he stood for a vaster, more swiftly moving country. Just as they stood upon the threshold to pass out of the scene his foot crossed the doorsill to enter upon it and, with men of his kind, to dominate it.

"I fancy," said Sumner Blade, "the world will never see the like of the fifty years which have just passed us. We live in a world undreamed of by our grandfathers, and which, in their eyes, would abound in miracles."

"In science and invention," agreed Governor Newman, "these years will be compared with the intellectual uplift of the Renaissance."

"It would seem," declared Vauclain Larkin, "as if all discoveries and inventions had been made, unless we venture into the fanciful realm of Jules Verne. The steam engine, the telegraph and the more recent telephone; electricity which brings so much in its train!"

"Right!" exclaimed Meadows. "One looks to developments now rather than to new discoveries. . . . Do you not agree with me, Mr. Bond?"

"No," said Hiram, and his brief, categorical reply caused the conversation to buckle and to bulge as a wall of rubble before a battering-ram.

"Indeed, and may one ask what you anticipate?"

"We stand in this matter of invention where Columbus stood after his third voyage," said Hiram. "His was the basic feat of discovering America. He had established a few great facts, but neither he nor the world knew the meaning of those facts. Just as all this vast continent lay

(Continued on Page 43)

The Doctor Approached the Bed, Asked Questions in Whispers, Hovered Over the Child Without Awakening Him

"In the Long Run"

More than four years ago, E. L. Cord predicted the trend would be toward four fundamentals in motor cars:

Longer wheelbase	Safer roadability
Greater reserve power	Easier handling

Consistently during this period Auburn has concentrated upon developing new type cars, regardless of contemporary practice, that excel in these fundamental requisites. That is why today the current Auburn models have the strongest frames under any cars, more horsepower per cubic inch of piston displacement, greater strength and durability.

Auburn has never lost sight of the fact that a motor car is primarily a machine to manufacture transportation. The efficiency and the life of this machine therefore, largely depends upon its reserve power which prevents it from overtaxing and depreciating itself. That is why Auburn has led in the development of the Straight Eight type. This type of motor not only enables the car owner to enjoy a smoother flow of flexible performance, but it also protects the car and therefore the owner's investment.

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The exterior beauty of a car's body, and its interior niceties, are important. But relatively they are secondary to the importance of the car's mechanical design, mechanical strength, mechanical efficiency, and mechanical stamina. It is the superiority of Auburn's mechanism that makes it not only a greater value for less initial cost, not only a non-fatiguing car to drive, but one that maintains its peak of efficiency longer and brings a higher resale value.

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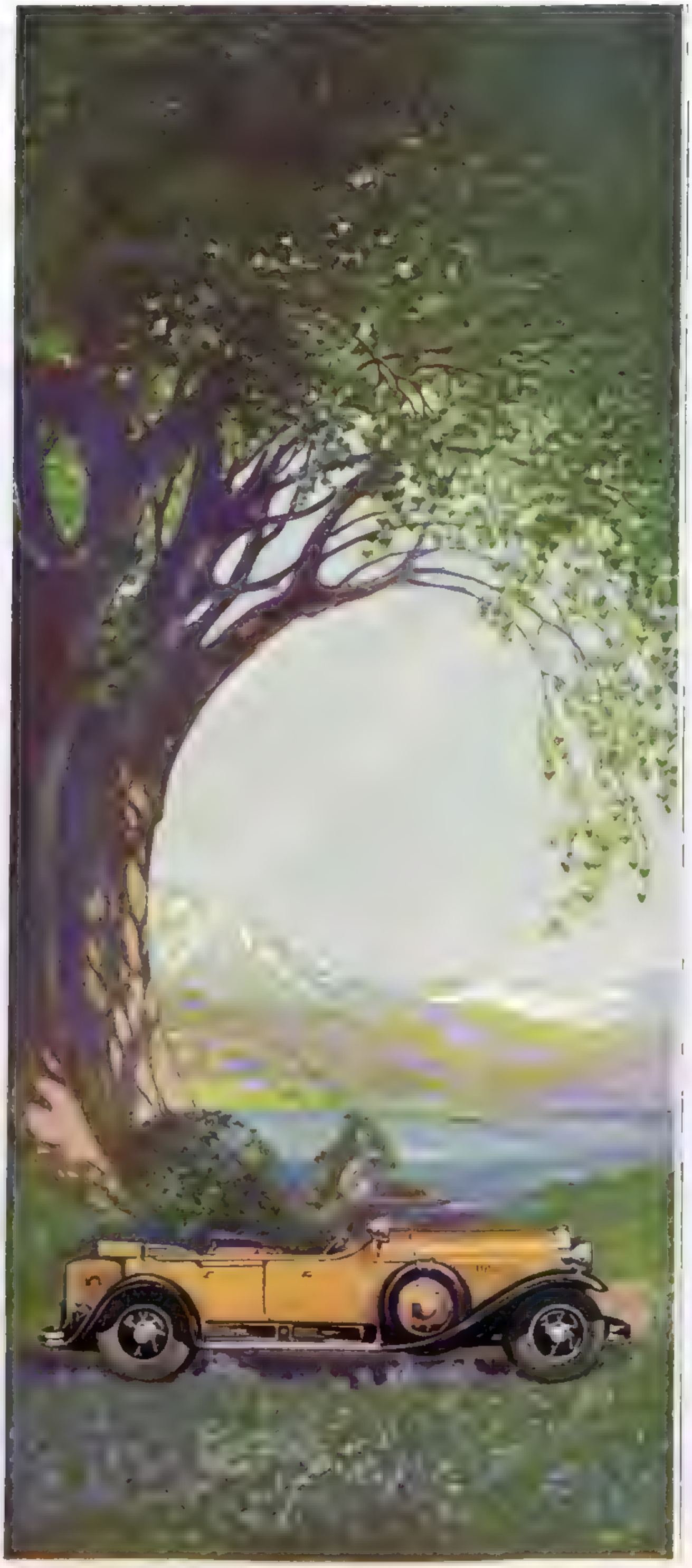

CADILLAC
LaSALLE
FLEETWOOD

From an oil original painting by Joseph Urban

No indeed all cars are not alike

Publicity and propaganda would seem to make all motor cars pretty much alike in the service they render. Of course a moment's serious thought immediately disposes of any such idea. It is perfectly obvious that varying types and prices must mean varying performance. In their ability to go somewhere and safely return, all motor cars render a very valuable service. Above and beyond that, however, or added to it, they can render an even greater service—which is to go somewhere and return with the *greatest possible measure of comfort to the traveler.* This service, various motor cars render in varying degrees. There are two motor cars which are conceded to render it in the highest possible degree. As long as the owner of other cars does not know of this greater degree of ease which these two cars provide—as long as he does not realize that the moments and hours which they give are richer, fuller, more refreshing moments and hours—he should, and probably will, remain content. Those who realize, however, that motor car values *are* relative—who wish every moment of motoring to be a golden moment of ease, and efficiency, and refreshment—know perfectly well where to find that which they seek.

CADILLAC
La SALLE
FLEETWOOD

There is not another car in the world, for example, that possesses Cadillac-La Salle's three outstanding safety and handling ease features. Women in particular can not afford to deprive themselves of the new Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission, for it means the end of gear-shifting annoyances. No clashing; operates quickly, silently, at any speed. The Duplex-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes are a revelation in fast, sure and effortless responsiveness. No other car can possibly give you these features because they are protected by basic patents. Finally, no woman, no mother, will willingly dispense with the protection of non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass with which all Cadillac-La Salle windows, doors and windshields are equipped.

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THESE changing times have seen nothing so miraculous as the fusion of all forms of amusement—screen, stage, music, radio—into one. ¶ Now, in the talking, singing motion picture you get all that the screen has ever given you—and the living voices of the stars themselves. You get all that the stage has ever offered you—and scenes and action not possible without the far reaching eye of the camera. ¶ It's a New Show World and all the arts and sciences are enriching the screen. *It's a New Show World; a famous name is leading it!* ¶ Paramount—with eighteen years of quality leadership. Paramount with mighty resources. Paramount with the largest and choicest array of talent from all the amusement fields. Paramount, the greatest name in motion pictures, now presents its greatest entertainments—the Super Shows of the New Show World. See and hear them all! *"If it's a Paramount picture it's the best show in town."*

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of the
NEW SHOW WORLD

"THE FOUR FEATHERS"
"DR. FU MANCHU"
"THE COCOANUTS"
"GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL"
"THE VAGABOND KING"
"THE DANCE OF LIFE"
"THE LOVE PARADE"
"WELCOME DANGER"*
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Cream of Screen and Stage Stars

HAROLD LLOYD*
MORAN AND MACK
CLARA BOW
MAURICE CHEVALIER
GEORGE BANCROFT
THE MARX BROTHERS
GARY COOPER
DENNIS KING
JEANNE EAGELS
CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS
RUTH CHATTERTON
NANCY CARROLL
WILLIAM POWELL
and more

Seen and Heard in Short Features

EDDIE CANTOR
TITO SCHIPA
RUDY VALLEE
JAMES BARTON
and more

PARAMOUNT SOUND NEWS
"Eyes and Ears of the World"

* *Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp., Paramount release.*

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 38)

secret before Columbus, so the illimitable continent of science and invention stretches before us today. We have not penetrated the forest which guards its coast line."

"Ah," said the senator, and made haste to revalue this man whom he had asked to his board for purposes known to himself. "Ah."

"Nevertheless," said Vauclain Larkin, "I feel our advances will be made through the development of what we have rather than through the discovery of what is unknown. In the great field of electricity, let us consider the telephone. Its use is increasing. Three or four years ago it was almost unknown. Now there is scarcely a town which does not possess one."

It was true. Few were the villages in that day in which was not a telephone, as could be detected by the odor. One did not have to be directed to that store in which the instrument was maintained, by any agency other than his nose. There, secured to the wall, would be found a contraption with a tiny crank upon its right side and a button which must be pressed as the crank was turned. In its box below was a glass jar containing a fluid which must be renewed frequently and which had a way of boiling over or spilling over and dripping down a discolored wall. It was primitive but useful, and coming into use.

"Exactly," said Senator Meadows. "I vision a time when the telephone will be found in the office of every business house of importance. I foresee a day when it will be a part of the equipment of many private houses of the better class."

"Some, undoubtedly," said Blade. "Some."

Hiram lifted his hand as though to impose silence.

"The telephone, in twenty years, will be as indispensable to the average home as the cookstove," he said.

Newman shook his head. "You expect too much, Mr. Bond," he said. "That is physically impossible."

"What is necessary becomes possible," said Hiram.

There was a brief pause, a hesitant pause; then Senator Meadows asked a question: "And, Mr. Bond, are you taking any steps to prepare for that day?"

Again Hiram's eyes glinted. The cat had escaped from the bag; the nigger had been smoked from the woodpile. So it was telephones! These gentlemen were interested in telephones, and, because they knew him to have made certain moves in the same direction, he had been asked to this house.

"So," he said, "we do come to the point."

Meadows smiled ruefully. "It seems," he said, "that the point has come to us."

"And you want?" asked Hiram.

"Your coöperation," said Vauclain Larkin.

"I take it you gentlemen are a syndicate."

"Blade, Newman and myself," said Larkin, "represent an aggregation of capital. Meadows, I think, we have convinced of the benefits of coming in with us."

"Am I wrong," asked Hiram, "in supposing that the Belport Telephone Company is the property of Mrs. Meadows?"

The senator compressed his lips at what he considered a breach of tact. That he himself was not a rich man but was married to a wealthy wife was a point upon which he did not delight to touch.

"It belongs to Mrs. Meadows," he said. "I represent her."

"The Carthage concern," said Hiram, "is the property of the Worthington Company."

"Which you represent," said Larkin.

"Be explicit," said Hiram.

"Our object—which we have practically attained—is to combine the telephone properties of this and the two adjoining states in what we propose to call the Tri-State Telephone Company. We do not deny that your holdings are important. You have expanded until you cover the four lower and eastern counties."

"And," said Hiram, "stand between your consolidation and the state to the east. What about Peter C. Woodbury?"

"If you come in with us," said Larkin, "Woodbury will be forced to do so to protect himself. We have not approached him."

Hiram nodded. "And the Belport Company holds the two northern counties. If Meadows and I come in with you, you will control two states."

"We also," said Blade, "have holdings in Woodbury's rear."

"Naturally," said Hiram, and waited for more. This thing had come unexpectedly. It was not welcome, for it threatened his own plans. Also it threatened a man with whom it was his lifelong policy to be in alliance. Between Hiram Bond and Peter C. Woodbury was a tacit agreement never to trespass upon each other's preserves. Each was at liberty to expand away from the other, and each knew in his heart that a financial war between them meant disaster for both. Hiram had no intention of precipitating such a war, nor would he assist any body of men to raid Woodbury's sphere of influence. Also he trusted Woodbury. The situation was not agreeable.

There was but one thing to do—to gain time. He must confer with Woodbury and by hook or by crook he must detach Senator Meadows from the combination. Should he be able to do that, he and Woodbury would sit in control of three states and the plans of the syndicate would crumble.

Another possibility he considered, and with apprehension. He was here upon this remote estate. He was out of touch with his home office, which could not be reached by telephone or telegraph without a ten-mile drive into Belport. And he suspected the good faith of these suave, diplomatic gentlemen. What if, behind his back, they negotiated with Amasa P. Worthington? Or sent emissaries to Mrs. Worthington, his declared enemy? Amasa might be reached through flattery. It would tickle the vanity of Hiram's employer to be associated with men of such standing as Larkin and Blade and Newman and Meadows. Their astuteness might convince Worthington's honest simplicity that his interests lay with them. Once, Hiram knew, Amasa's word was given, nothing would compel him to retract it. And in Mrs. Worthington the syndicate would find a ready ally. She would labor, tooth and nail, for any end which would put a spoke in Hiram's wheel. But no sign of his discomfort was apparent on his granite face as he sat back in his chair.

"I'll sleep on it, gentlemen," he said.

"In that case," suggested Meadows, "shall we join the ladies?"

They returned to the drawing-room, where, presently, Hiram saw the senator stand by his wife's side and saw his lips move. What passed between them he could not overhear.

"We've got him," said the senator in a low tone. "He suspects nothing. Lay yourself out to keep his mind occupied. He seems rather a dull person."

"Not dull," said Mrs. Meadows. "Don't deceive yourself."

"It was a master stroke, fetching him here. Our men will be with Worthington tomorrow morning."

"Then," said his wife, "you have decided we should enter the combination?"

"By all means," said the senator. "And it is time someone was teaching this young man a lesson. He's becoming too important in affairs."

"If," she said, "I'm any judge, he'll become more important."

"That," said her husband, "is as may be."

After that there was music, a little whist, and pleasant conversation. It was close to ten o'clock when a nursemaid opened the door and stood anxiously. Mrs. Meadows arose and went to her, whispered, and then turned to the company.

"If you will excuse me a few moments," she said. "I must go up to the nursery."

In ten minutes she came down, her face troubled, and went to the senator.

"Little Ted is sick," she said. "I fear it is serious. Send someone for the doctor at once." Her voice broke suddenly: "Oh, it's so far to the doctor—so far!"

It was Bessie Bond who was at her side instantly. "The sweet little boy?" she asked.

"Yes. Yes."

"Don't be frightened," said Bessie, and put an arm about the waist of the stately woman. "Hiram, you see about getting that doctor quick." In an emergency her mind always turned to Hiram as ability incarnate. Then to Mrs. Meadows: "Let me come with you," she said. "I'm handy in a sick room."

"I'm afraid. His parents intrusted him to us, and I know nothing about sickness. He's terribly ill. I can see that."

"Take me to him," said Bessie, gentle, timid, self-effacing no longer, but efficient, capable upon ground which was sure under her feet. She was no longer abashed in the company of the great. Mrs. Meadows was no longer a prominent hostess and society woman, but only a grandmother whose grandchild was in need of ministration. "Come," she said.

Senator Meadows ran to the coachman's quarters over the barn; the guests sat startled and apprehensive, except Hiram Bond, who wrote a few words on a slip of paper and followed his host. Hiram was not one to miss an opportunity, no matter in what malicious guise it might arrive. They awakened the coachman, helped him to harness and started him on his way. As the man drove down the driveway Hiram strode after him and pressed a ten-dollar bill and a slip of paper into his hand.

"See that this telegram is sent," he said.

It was all he could do short of leaving the senator's house abruptly, and this he did not wish to do. He had sent a message to Peter C. Woodbury. It was succinct:

TELEPHONES. SIT TIGHT. HOLD WORTHINGTON.

When he returned with the senator to the drawing-room Bessie was not there; she had gone up to little Ted's room with the frightened nurse and the distracted Mrs. Meadows. As they opened the door a childish cry of anguish tore their hearts, and the senator's wife threw herself helplessly on her knees beside the bed and buried her face in her arms. The nurse stood trembling, wringing her pudgy hands.

More than one neighbor had besought Bessie's aid in time of sickness, and more than one doctor had welcomed her placidity and steadiness in an hour of crisis. She bent over the child, touched his brow and his wrist, asked brief questions of the nurse, who answered out of the depths of panic.

Here was a different Bessie Bond, and one felt the force and sturdiness of her as one sensed the force and ruthlessness of her husband upon his own ground.

"This nurse is no use to us; send her to bed," she said in her gentle voice. "I shall need help, Mrs. Meadows. Are you capable?"

"What—what can I do?" asked the senator's wife.

"What I tell you. And no time must be lost." Then, swiftly, out of experience, she issued clear orders: "If you're going to break down," she said, "I'll get Hiram. I can depend on him."

"You can depend on me," said Mrs. Meadows, courage coming to her from Bessie's calmness.

And so, minute after minute, and then hour after hour, Bessie fought with the malign thing that had seized upon the child. Not once did she seem other than placid; never was she frightened or bewildered. Not once, though the strain must have been terrific, did she lift her voice or speak sharply to those who moved too slowly or too clumsily for her needs.

The doctor did not come. Midnight passed, one o'clock, two o'clock. Lines appeared about Bessie's mouth—grim lines, weary lines. Mrs. Meadows more than once was on the verge of hysteria, but Bessie restrained her.

"You mustn't do so," she said coolly, and gave the woman immediate occupation.

"Where's the doctor? Oh! Oh! Why doesn't the doctor come?" Mrs. Meadows moaned again and again.

But the doctor did not come. An hour's drive had taken the coachman to town and to the physician's house, but he was not at home. An emergency call had taken him into the country. The man drove to the only other doctor in the village and he, too, was absent upon a mission to bring life into the world. No one could say when he would be free. Precious time was wasted before the coachman started on his frantic drive of ten miles to another clustered center of humanity and another doctor.

But Bessie was depending upon no physician's skill. She did not wait, did not hesitate. Until relief came she knew she must conduct herself as if she were responsible in herself and by herself. The child grew quieter; his screams diminished to whimpers. Mrs. Meadows, exhausted, sobbed wearily in a chair, but Bessie did not move from the bedside.

Presently—the clock had struck the hour of five—Bessie straightened her weary back and closed her eyes for an instant.

"He's asleep," she said simply.

"Asleep?"

"Asleep," said Bessie, "and you'd better get to bed, Mrs. Meadows. You're worn out"

"Do you mean ——"

"Teddy," said Bessie, "will be all right now. Get some sleep. I'll stay with him."

"I couldn't. I couldn't sleep."

"Go to bed at once," said Bessie. "One patient is enough."

"But you, Mrs. Bond—what about you?"

"I'm used to it," Bessie said simply. "Do as I say."

Then the doctor came. He approached the bed, asked questions in whispers, hovered over the child without awakening him. Did you do thus-and-so? Did you resort to this-and-that? he asked Bessie, who replied briefly, describing her expedients.

"Your grandson, Mrs. Meadows," he said, "is out of danger. It is fortunate this lady was present. You have her to thank for the little fellow's life."

"I know! I know! I know!" Mrs. Meadows said. "Oh, I know!"

"If she doesn't get to bed," Bessie interrupted, "she'll break down."

"Right," said the doctor. "You may sleep without anxiety, Mrs. Meadows." He turned to Bessie. "And you?" he asked.

"I'm strong," she said.

"You are something finer than strong, madam," said the doctor.

Bessie appeared at luncheon next day, not the Bessie of the sick room but the shy, sweet, self-effacing woman this company knew on the evening before. The words which Mrs. Meadows had spoken to her privately embarrassed her; the compliments of the company discomfited her, though it was sweet that Hiram should hear her praised. As a matter of fact she was not aware that she deserved admiration and she was a little astonished that she received it.

"Why," she said to Mrs. Vauclain Larkin, "neighbors have to do these things."

"Neighbors!" said the senator. "I suppose there are such things."

"Of course," said Bessie simply—so simply that the eminent man who sat in the upper house in Washington was abashed.

As for Hiram Bond, he said nothing.

When they arose from luncheon the gentlemen went to the library by common consent, and after cigars were lighted Governor Newman turned to Hiram.

"You have considered our proposition?" he asked.

"You made no proposition," replied Hiram.

"Our offer," said Vauclain Larkin, "is that you turn in your company and receive share for share from the Tri-State Telephone Company."

Watch This Column

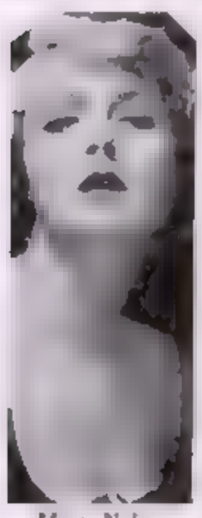
Universal's Weekly Chat

("Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free.")

TO CLEVER advertising men and special writers—There is interesting work for one of you at Universal's great studios at Universal City, California, providing you can write a concise and original story of every picture we make. You may write colloquially, along the lines of H. C. Witwer or Bugs Baer, or any way you choose, just so the story is arresting, interesting, creative and not along the beaten path. These original compositions are for use in our own theatres. There must be many such men as I have described and I invite all the clever ones to answer this invitation. *One of you* will be chosen from the replies I receive. So write today and let's get started. *-C.L.*

GLENN TRYON is guilty of such a remarkable performance in Universal's wild, weird, beautiful and bewildering "***Broadway***" that he is deserving of a national pat on the back. It is given here with my best regards and kind wishes. Did you ever hear of an actor "stealing the play"? Well, that's what TRYON does and when you see and hear the talking and sound picture, taken from the famous stage play, you will undoubtedly agree with me. It has a distinct tinge of the underworld, yet is brilliant in a musical way. Wait till you see its beautiful girls.

Glenn Tryon the Hoofer of "Broadway"



Mary Nolan a Universal Star

Los Angeles, the "home of the movies" the most critical city in America, has taken "***Show Boat***" to its heart. A five or six weeks run of any picture is unusual, yet "***Show Boat***," led by LAURA LA PLANTE and JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, has scaled the heights.

Be sure and see LAURA LA PLANTE in "***Scandal***;" also EDDIE LEONARD, one of the most famous of all the great minstrel men, in "***Melody Lane***," with JOSEPHINE DUNN; JEAN HERSHOLT, KATHRYN CRAWFORD, and CHARLIE CHASE in "***Modern Love***."

Eddie Leonard in "Melody Lane"

To New Yorkers: "***Broadway***" is now showing at the Globe. You have probably seen it. If so, I would like to know your views. Write me that letter soon. Thank you.

Please write and tell me about all Universal's you see—write a compliment if you think it deserved—give us a "knock" if it is due.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

"And become," said Hiram, "a small tail on a big dog."

"You could scarcely hope to receive control," said Blade, with scarcely apparent irony.

"At hoping," said Hiram, "I am an expert."

"We hope you will join us," said Newman. "The benefits are apparent."

"Benefits to whom?" asked Hiram.

"To all of us," said the governor. "Are you prepared to give us an answer now?"

"Yes," said Hiram with a touch of that arrogance which was to grow upon him with the years.

"And that answer is?"

"The Worthington Company will not sell. But it will buy. I know your properties. We will take them off your hands when a price is agreed upon, paying 25 per cent in cash and 75 per cent in twenty-year 6 per cent bonds."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Larkin.

"The offer is final. Take it or leave it," said Hiram.

"The thing is not so simple," said Blade, "and perhaps not so final."

"You refer, doubtless," said Hiram, "to the gentlemen who have gone over my head and are visiting Mr. Worthington today."

"It seems necessary to mention them," answered Larkin.

"They will find company there," Hiram said dryly, "in the person of Peter C. Woodbury. I wired him last night."

"Even Woodbury is vulnerable," said Blade.

"To attacks in the rear," said Hiram grimly. "Your position is strong. You need not be elementary. I am out of the kindergarten. Even if Woodbury and the Worthington interests combine they will be surrounded and, in time, will be absorbed."

"I am glad you see that," said Larkin.

"If," said Hiram, "there is no weak link in your chain. I have found it profitable to test all the links before giving in."

"Mr. Worthington may not agree with you," said Blade. "We are assured Mrs. Worthington does not."

"Petticoats must be considered," said Hiram.

There came a rapping on the door, and Mrs. Meadows entered in her stately way. Her face showed the ravages of the night, but she carried herself as a lady of her class and breeding should do.

"I should like to be present at this discussion," she said.

"But, my dear!" expostulated the senator.

"I think it best," she said firmly. "I am content," she went on, "to intrust the care of my property to my husband's wisdom. I have never regretted it. In this one case, however, I wish to know what is being done."

"I have just been informed, Mrs. Meadows," said Hiram, his eyes suddenly alert, "that I must surrender or take the consequences, in effect."

"Can you be compelled to do as these gentlemen wish?"

"Possibly. They have isolated me here—a prisoner of your hospitality. Their representatives are not isolated. It was excellent strategy and I do not complain."

"In effect," said Mrs. Meadows, "we have used our hospitality to make it possible for us to work behind your back?"

"Why not?" asked Hiram. "I might have done the same."

"You were informed of all these things before Mr. Bond was invited to our home," said the senator.

"And Mrs. Bond," said Mrs. Meadows.

"The situation remains unchanged," said Vauclain Larkin.

"The situation," said Mrs. Meadows, "is changed vitally."

"In what respect?" asked the governor.

"A week ago I did not owe a debt to Mr. Bond's wife which I can never hope to repay," said Mrs. Meadows.

"Business," said Vauclain Larkin, "must be separated from sentiment."

"When business," said Mrs. Meadows, "excludes the consideration of decent human gratitude for a—for a miracle—then it is time business amended its behavior."

"My dear madam ——" Mr. Blade commenced, but the senator's wife interrupted him with upraised hand.

"Last night my little grandson would have died but for Bessie Bond." Hiram raised his shaggy brows at this use of his wife's intimate name. "On the one night of the year when no doctor could be found, Mrs. Bond was here." She turned to Hiram and said briefly, "I trust you appreciate your wife, sir."

"I do my best," said Hiram.

"That little Ted is alive this morning my husband and I owe to Mrs. Bond," Mrs. Meadows went on. "If you gentlemen can believe I will be a party to stabbing Mr. Bond in the back twelve hours after his wife averted tragedy from this house, then it will be necessary for you to revise your estimate of my character. If Bessie Bond were to ask it I would give her the Belport Telephone Company."

"She would not ask it," said Hiram.

"What do you ask?" Mrs. Meadows retorted.

"Nothing," said Hiram, "on the score of Bessie's neighborliness."

"Perhaps," suggested the governor, "if we were to permit the senator and Mrs. Meadows to discuss this privately ——"

The senator smiled, ruefully it must be admitted. "No use, gentlemen," he said. "I have had a number of years in which to become acquainted with Mrs. Meadows." He paused appreciably. "Also," he said, "I am the child's grandfather. My ethics are not so finely tuned as my wife's, but you will agree with me, I am sure, that I could not go through with this thing and look myself in the face again." He arose, walked across the room to his wife and touched her hair. "Thank you for coming in, my dear. It was an hour when I required your guidance."

"Then," said Vauclain Larkin, "we are to understand ——"

"That the Belport Telephone Company is withdrawn from our tentative agreement," said the senator.

"And," said Mrs. Meadows, "that it is and will remain at Mr. Bond's disposition."

It was Sumner Blade who surmounted the awkward moment. "I confess," he said, "I would not do otherwise in your situation, and"—he smiled and spread his hands in a gesture of surrender—"Mr. Bond was right in examining the chain. It has resolved itself into detached links. Without the Belport Company we are futile."

"Exactly," agreed Vauclain Larkin. "Will you restate your proposition, Mr. Bond?"

"It remains as stated," said Hiram grimly. He, at least, was immovable. He considered his offer fair. No matter what intervened he would not recede from it.

"Shall we, then," suggested the governor, "proceed to a discussion of values? Providence has intervened, it would seem, and Mr. Bond is the Tri-State Telephone Company."

The governor, Larkin and Blade were gentlemen, and as gentlemen they disassociated business from social life. Such men as they did not carry the quarrels and disappointments of commerce into their personal relations with those with whom they had bargained and won or lost. The matter was ended.

"Bond," said the governor, the oldest of the company, "when a man combines good fortune with such ability as yours he will go far."

"I am not ambitious," said Hiram, "for myself."

"For what, then?" asked Vauclain Larkin.

It was not easy for Hiram Bond to reply to this question, for it involved self-revelation. "For the structure I hope to build," he said at last.

"I think I understand, sir," said the governor. "Shall we rejoin the ladies?"

On Monday morning Hiram and Bessie Bond set out upon the return journey to Carthage. When alone in the carriage which conveyed them to the railroad Bessie sighed.

"They were nice, friendly people," she said, "but I'm glad we're going back to the farm."

"And I," said Hiram. "You have to tear off too many trimmings to get down to the meat."

He sat silent, regarding his wife with something very like to bewilderment in his eyes. Simple, shy, without a pretension in the world, she had dominated four other women used to the best society had to offer, equipped with the best that money and culture could buy. He could not understand it. Perhaps there had been in the back of his mind a fear lest he should have to be sorry for her in that company. Now he knew he need never apprehend her inadequacy.

It was not alone her rising to the emergency of illness; even before the crisis she had been a personage among personages. He never had thought of Bessie as a personage. He was uneasy as he always was uneasy when a matter would not lie clear before his eyes. It did not seem possible. Because of her, this daughter of a line of plain farmers, he had won an important battle when defeat had seemed inevitable. Bessie had done it, not he. He shook his great bear's head impatiently.

"Do you want some Paris dresses?" he asked abruptly.

"What for, Hiram?"

"How should I know?" he said morosely.

"I don't think I'd care for them," she said. "Besides, Miss Baldwin needs the work."

"What work?"

"She's my dressmaker," said Bessie. "I wonder if the black hen has hatched her brood."

Silence fell again, and again Hiram regarded his wife under lowered brows. Just as the village came in sight he spoke again in his domineering way.

"Don't change," he said. "Stay as you are."

She looked up at him and smiled. "Why yes, Hiram. I guess that's best," she said

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HOW BIG IS TOO BIG?

(Continued from Page 4)

because it is very certain that the buyer can furnish management. The three companies are in different lines, but they all have to do with house building, and their products can be sold by the same retailers and, in the less-developed territories, by the same salesmen. The parent company will now be able to offer an almost complete service in the renovating and building of a house, and do it on the installment plan. And the big boss sees clearly how all these various activities can report to him as a part of a whole that he can understand and not as a set of complicated and unrelated businesses.

That begins to show us something of what real management is; although, since management must be judged solely by results, one cannot know whether the management is good or bad until after the returns are in. It is not one of those affairs in which the operation can be successful and the patient die. The patient must not only live but also be stronger than before.

The best managing seems to be that in which there is the least amount of apparent management, but, just as looking busy is not the same as doing something, also the modesty of management may easily be run so far into the ground that it disappears. Some men must be continuously on the scene in order to direct operations, while others seem to do better from a distance. Andrew Carnegie spent more time in Scotland than he did in Pittsburgh, while John H. Patterson was in Dayton only a small portion of his time, even when his affairs were critical. Few men can keep very close to their work and still retain a perspective, and yet this well-known theory has been the downfall of many men; for, in order to gain what they thought was a perspective, they have got so far away that they knew neither the detail nor the perspective.

The most capable managers—although they vary widely in methods—always do know the most minute detail whenever knowing it is important. And they seem to sense rather than exactly to know what is at any moment important; just as a good engineer knows his machinery so well that his ear tells him whether things are right or wrong the moment he enters the engine room. Management is not a science, just as business itself is not a science, and, in the nature of things, cannot be until invention is prohibited and human wants as well as human incomes are definitely standardized and fixed by some superpower. There are some scientific facts concerning management and some scientific facts concerning business, but the use of those facts is an art, and management itself appears to be in the nature of a gift which can be developed, but which cannot be created. There is nothing mechanical about it.

Charting the Course of Industry

At one time management was thought to have a great deal to do with charts, and at the height of the Chart Age, which came in 1920, a corporation could hardly be self-respecting if every office room did not have hanging in it a big map exhibiting the marvelous divisions of authority and responsibility. The power came from the stockholders, vaguely to the north, down to the board of directors, and from them to the president, with the executive committee perched on one of his shoulders and the finance committee on the other. And so it flowed in horizontal and vertical lines into neat square and round ponds inhabited by vice presidents or other titular beings. Those were the good old days when the boss spoke blandly of "my organization," rubbed his hands as he watched prices rise, and thought how fortunate it was for the world that he had been born.

The Chart Era ran over into the Committee Era. This was a method of utilizing leisure. Under the fully perfected chart system, nobody had anything to do and life in the executive ponds grew dull. Forming committees and going into continuous conference restored the social life which the executives missed so keenly. The hard sledding that came to all business after prices broke in 1920–1921 destroyed this beautiful picture and established a line between work and play. It was found that the lovely charts were not at all what they were supposed to be. Instead of mapping the course of authority, they were just diagrams illustrating how best to pass the buck, and the chief duty of an executive had been to stamp the buck and pass it on its way. Authority and responsibility, it was found, had been so divided and subdivided that no one was really responsible for anything. Those enterprises which had branched out into the largest number of lines had the largest amount of trouble.

One-Man Responsibility

For instance, a number of sales companies had bought up manufacturing companies and gone heavily into other businesses in which they had no experience. It was these new lines that caused most of the trouble, for invariably they were discovered to have perfectly tremendous inventories at high prices. The mail-order houses, for instance, got into most of their trouble through the manufacturing establishments which they had bought with the thought of cutting down outside profits. Out of it all came one great lesson: No form of management can be devised to operate without the judgment or aid of human beings. These human beings, no matter how great their authority and responsibility, must be eventually responsible to one man. This one man may be disguised as a board or a committee and may on paper have none of the powers which he exercises or the responsibilities which he assumes. But always he is there.

This one-man control is most certainly true of every business which is in its first generation. It sometimes does not seem to be true after a business has passed into the second generation, but it is difficult to distinguish between actual management and running on momentum. The railroads form our best example of old business enterprises and many of the divisions of duty are so old as to be traditional. It would seem that a railroad could be managed by rule—and some railroads are—but they are never the roads which earn the most money or stand out in the public eye. The roads which do that are invariably roads of which the public knows the name of the president—showing that the company is actually managed by an individual.

E. H. Harriman could and did manage a number of big systems most intimately. He never bothered with anything that was running well, except to devise some method of improving it; but also he seemed to know by intuition what would be likely to develop into trouble. He could have operated any number of railroads and financed them as well, but he was in the nature of being a genius. No one has ever taken his place. This does not mean at all that there are no men today who can operate railroads as well as could Mr. Harriman. There are a number of railroad presidents who operate much better than he was ever able to operate, but there is apparently no one who can operate as much as he did, and so well.

Two schools of management exist. At first glance they appear to be quite unlike. The first school is represented by Ford, and in it all the authority flows from a single individual. The second school is represented by General Motors. That company is a collection of corporations joined together only in finances, research and purchasing. In the beginning, each division was a wholly independent unit. Today each division can make what it likes within certain price limits, but there is an interchange of information among the engineers and the research resources are pooled. So, also, to a great degree are the purchases, in order that the units may not by competing with one another bid up prices. The finances are pooled. But the decentralization is by no means so complete as it appears to be, for, although each division is independent to a large degree, it is so only during good behavior. The independence does not extend to losing money *ad lib*, and there are several men in the central direction who, though not appearing to exercise much authority and never giving orders, in point of fact do a great deal of diplomatic directing and are actually responsible for the success of the corporation. Though not in the smallest degree asserting themselves in any public way, they can exert authority because they do it with so much finesse, and thus a very large corporation has been able to gather a group of corporations without having any orphans among them.

It will be noted that with two exceptions the products are all of the same character and all the results can be gauged by the same measures. It is not as though the corporation owned a string of hotels, a couple of railroads, a few automobile plants and a bevy of department stores. There would be no financial difficulty in forming such a heterogeneous combination and it could easily be shown on paper that a holding company of this kind would be exceptionally strong, for when one part of the business was down another part would be sure to be up—that is the investment-trust argument. But it would not be possible for any one man to know enough about all these various sorts of business to give any real direction or even to know what was wrong with whoever happened to be in charge of a division.

No Absentee Bankers

Melvin A. Traylor, in discussing exactly this feature of the new department-store type of banking—and he is the head of The First National Bank of Chicago and First Trust and Savings Bank, which is a joining of a large national bank and a large trust company—said:

"It is not enough for a president to learn of trouble after it has happened. Almost anyone can read a financial statement and then call someone to the carpet for not having done his duty. That is not management.

"The head of a large concern must be responsible for the actions of every man in that concern, even though he cannot possibly know from day to day what that man is doing. He has to have some method not only of knowing his people so well that he can in a measure feel what they are doing but also have a check-up on their results so that nothing of a serious nature can develop. There cannot be anything in the nature of absentee, impersonal management.

"This is particularly true of banking. No bank can really progress doing business with only a few very large customers. Among the depositors of every big bank are a number of men who are going to be heard from in the future. These men form the great potential assets of any bank. If they are just names on the ledger, then some other bank some day will find their real worth and get them. They are the coming men.

"Also a certain number of other men are passing. Some of the very influential depositors of today whose credit standing is so unquestioned that they can get almost anything they want may be at the top of the hill and their further journeying may be downward and not upward. Someone must be close enough to them and sufficiently interested not to take for granted that everything is as right as it appears to be.

"The late James B. Forgan was one of the great deposit bankers of the country and he devised a system which is now followed by all of the large banks in one way or another. He appointed vice presidents in charge of the depositors and borrowers

(Continued on Page 48)

They may *look* alike—*but*...

ALMOST every housewife has at some time bought pears that looked sweet and juicy, and found them hard, pulpy and tasteless. Although pears *may look alike,* they may be greatly different in quality.

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Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—the leading hardware and auto accessory stores carry them.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Easily Applied With a Cloth

(Continued from Page 46)

in certain industries. One vice president would have charge of department stores, another of cattle loans, and so on. Each of these men became an expert in his line and knew everything of consequence that was happening. The business of the bank greatly increased under this system, for a borrower could always be certain of talking to a man who knew his subject; but at the same time Mr. Forgan did not really delegate anything except detail. He knew exactly what every one of the vice presidents was doing and could have taken over any of their desks at any time.

"The size of activities does not matter. There is no difference between lending a hundred million dollars to a hundred borrowers and lending a million dollars to the same number, but now a big departmentalized bank makes loans and discounts, conducts trust estates, creates and sells securities and also performs hundreds of personal services ranging from making wills to buying steamship tickets. The problem of adequate supervision is becoming more and more difficult, unless one admits the theory of divided responsibility, and that theory I do not admit.

"This does not mean, of course, that successful management is possible without delegated authority to carry out policies and programs. Such delegation is just as important in the matter of execution of plans as is centralized responsibility for policy and plans. My observation is that any attempt to divide responsibility, so far as it relates to policy and method, is bound to lead to disaster."

Responsible Specialists

The Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) found itself in so many different lines of business that the president, Walter C. Teagle, said that the company was too large for centralized management and had to be split up. This is his reasoning:

"When the Standard Oil Company of Ohio—the progenitor of the present organization—was formed in 1870 it represented a consolidation of pioneer petroleum concerns. Its directors were the creators and former proprietors of these concerns, who, with the broadest experience which the industry of the day could provide, united under the leadership of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Sr. They were still in large part owners of the combined business, but the scope of their operations was relatively small because their producing and manufacturing activities were confined to a small area in the East and there was but one main product—refined oil. Initially, it was possible for practically all details of the business to come under the eye of the board of directors.

"Substantial and rapid growth, the development of crude supplies farther afield and the opening of new markets in the American West and abroad put an end in time to this intimate relationship between the board and the daily routine of management. To bridge this widening chasm a system of committees was evolved. Under this system the board continued the general supervision of the business, and its members, through these committees, managed the various departments.

"As in other industries, the trend of the times was strongly in the direction of the creation of specialists. Problems of manufacturing and marketing had become more intricate as refining practice advanced, the variety of products multiplied and better acquaintance with local conditions became necessary to the conduct of business in foreign countries; and these problems called for specialists. As vacancies on the board occurred through death or retirement, they were for the most part filled by the election of specialists whose experience qualified them to supervise particular branches of the business. The exercise of these specialized functions was so exacting that it became impossible for these men to find time to devote to the general problems of the industry.

"This changing situation synchronized with the widening circle of the company's operations. Over a period of years follow-the dissolution, the physically crippled business left by the decree grew into a complete and balanced petroleum unit. Its ramifications extended both abroad and at home. Difficulties of administration increased as distances between the executive headquarters and the fields of operation became greater. In addition to managing a large operating company, the board was called upon to exercise in varying degree the direction of many subsidiary and affiliated interests.

"In these circumstances the increasing size and importance of units operating both in the United States and in foreign countries rendered control by one board at 26 Broadway progressively cumbersome and subject to delay, and it became apparent that efficiency and economy of operation would be better served by the exercise of a large measure of responsibility and authority by the executives in immediate charge of these operations. The board, therefore, after mature consideration, developed the principle of committee management by creating autonomy in the main departments of the business through the formation of separate companies to manage and direct these departments subject only to the determination of major matters of policy by the board of the Standard Oil Company (N. J.) at New York."

The chairman of a great enterprise believes that there must be a single head, but takes the view that the head of each division must be given complete responsibility. He said:

"In every instance where I have seen a corporation divide its activities and then make the head of each division responsible for results, I have seen business improve. In fact, I cannot conceive of a large business conducted on any other lines. The ultimate head of the business, however, must be able to put into each of these men his own spirit and his own comprehension of how affairs are to be conducted. If he can do that—and not otherwise—he can then read the reports of these men with a complete understanding. He can know what they mean over and above the words and figures, and he is in a position both to help them out of trouble and—what is more important—to help them forward to greater success. The size of a corporation—that is, the workable size—thus very largely depends on the ability of the man at the top to diffuse his spirit and to understand his people."

Directed From a Drawing Board

Henry Ford's methods are supposed to be peculiar to himself, but they are not wholly so. He devotes infinite care and attention to the devising of a standard detailed method for each operation of manufacturing, assembling, servicing, and so on. He does this at Dearborn and he blue-prints everything. Then his methods, just as his products, may be duplicated anywhere. The check on them is very simple, for if an operation that ought to take five minutes is somewhere taking ten, then that is an instant signal of trouble. Under his method it is of no concern, from a management standpoint, whether he has one or a thousand factories or whether he is turning out ten or a million units of product, for everything everywhere is the same. Following this theory, he limits management not by the size of the activities but by their diversity, and he will not go into anything which cannot be fully and comprehensively directed from a drawing board at Dearborn. He will not limit the size of his activities, but rigorously limits their scope.

The men who have been quoted know as much about management as does anyone in the country. They do not agree on method, for each has his own method, but they do agree that a human being can spread himself only over a certain number of activities. If these activities are all related, then size does not matter. A chain of fifty thousand stores, all alike, can be as closely managed as a chain of one hundred stores. But it is probably impossible to manage a chain of fifty stores each one of which is highly individualized. Joining a group of such stores would probably result in two plus two equaling three. That essentially is the problem of the investment trusts, for, although the large trusts have equipped themselves with numerous experts corresponding to the commodity or sectional vice presidents of a bank, there is as yet no record of any man having appeared who can intimately know how to read and judge the reports of all these experts. The great banking mergers, as pointed out by Mr. Traylor, face the same problem.

Men With the Sixth Sense

The best managers have to be picked by trial and error. For over and above all the paraphernalia of management is that elusive thing which we call judgment. Some men have an orderliness of mind which enables them to manage magnificently when things go well, but the very order of their minds prevents them from turning affairs over to meet an emergency. There are other men who seem to do all things in the sloppiest possible way and amid the greatest confusion, and yet these men are at their best in a roaring storm. There is no rule. As Frederick H. Ecker, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, said:

"Most successful men seem to have a sixth sense. One of the best real-estate operators I ever met, and on whose judgment I could always rely, never knew how he arrived at his valuations, but they were nearly always right. I learned that the most dangerous of appraisals were those made by rule, with apparently good reasons for every figure.

"It is a very large part of the duty of any chief executive to recognize men with this sixth sense when he sees them, for often they act quite like the men who have no judgment at all. Of course one cannot have too many of them around. Every large corporation needs a number of solid, substantial wheel horses who can be depended upon never to do anything very wrong or very right. My plan of an organization would, if done in colors, look very much like a patchwork quilt, with various kinds of men at various points. I think it is so important to preserve this color scheme that sometimes I cannot let men of real ability go forward as fast as they should go, simply because they would disturb the scheme.

"But to me the most difficult problem of management is rather a personal one. A genius does not have to bother about how he does things; in fact, he does not bother at all. But just because one holds the title which has previously been held by a genius is no reason for believing that the mantle of genius has come with it. I think that a man ought to take for granted that he is not a genius until it has been very fully and completely demonstrated to him from the outside that he is. I notice that most serious troubles are caused by managers getting themselves out of perspective and overestimating rather than underestimating their own ability and judgment. Because one can lift a calf, it does not follow that one can lift a full-grown steer."

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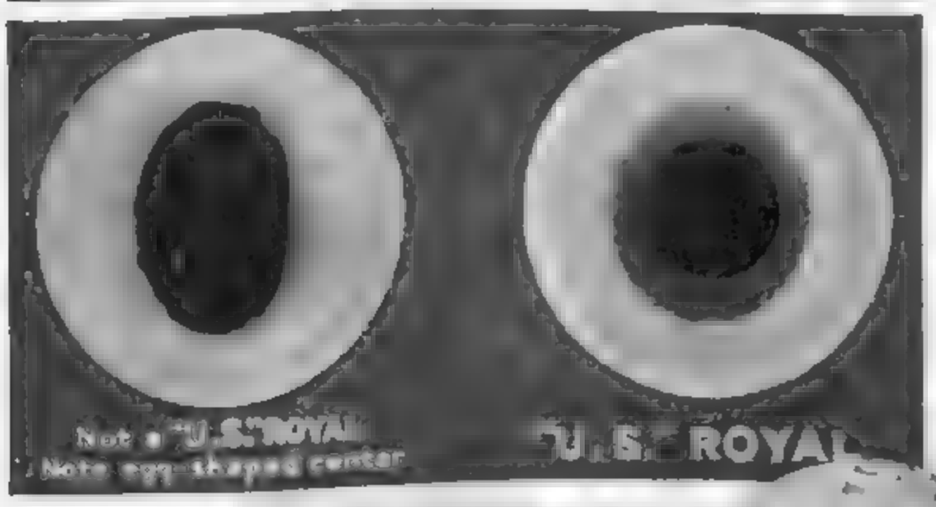

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3006	8,000 lbs.	1435
3007	10,000 lbs.	1620
3008	10,000 lbs.	1595
3009	8,000 lbs.	1485
4001	12,000 lbs.	1885
4002	12,000 lbs.	1790
4003	10,000 lbs.	1685
4004	12,000 lbs.	1920
4005	12,000 lbs.	1825
4006	10,000 lbs.	1720
4007	12,000 lbs.	1935
4008	12,000 lbs.	1840
4009	10,000 lbs.	1735
4010	12,000 lbs.	1960
4011	12,000 lbs.	1865
4012	10,000 lbs.	1760
5001	16,000 lbs.	3215
5002	18,000 lbs.	3160
5003	14,500 lbs.	2800
5004	16,000 lbs.	3265
5005	18,000 lbs.	3210
5006	14,500 lbs.	2850
5007	16,000 lbs.	3280
5008	18,000 lbs.	3225
5009	14,500 lbs.	2865

BUICK-*powered—cont'd*

Type No.	Straight Rating Capacity	Price
5010	16,000 lbs.	$3315
5011	18,000 lbs.	3260
5012	14,500 lbs.	2900

HEAVIEST DUTY BIG BRUTE-*powered*

Type No.	Straight Rating Capacity	Price
6001	28,000 lbs.	$4250
6002	28,000 lbs.	4350

(NOTE: *All prices here are chassis only, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan*)

These prices contain no inflation. They conceal no margin for "bidding up" trade-ins. Generous, fair allowances are made on used vehicles traded in—but no unsound excess allowances. Our Work-Test offer provides the most direct and practical way to check these actual values. The very completeness of this line indicates to the careful buyer *some* of the manufacturing advantages in the benefits of which he can share. This page offers you a simple and sure way to get facts, at once.

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A MODERN TRUCK FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

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WAR LETTERS OF SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE

(Continued from Page 11)

the people. It happens to be just the sort of question which takes the popular fancy and also enlists the moneyed people as well. He has written a book on the history of the country, and in this book there is a passage describing the appearance of a somewhat similar question before the War of 1812, and the unconscious way in which it was handled by Madison, who seemed to have no idea to what a point the question would lead the country. He said, "I only hope I shall be wiser." That night he ordered the man chiefly responsible* to come to the embassy, and there we had a talk and drew up a scheme which seemed to offer some good hope of a solution. But I fear we are not out of the wood yet, as there will continually arise new aspects of the question, and there will be continual attempts to envenom the sore.

FROM SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE TO PRESIDENT WILSON

SEPTEMBER 30, 1914.

Dear Mr. President: Sir Edward Grey begs me to assure you that he very much appreciates the way in which you have raised the question of the Order in Council, and that he will do all in his power to meet your views.

He must consult the cabinet, and he hopes to be able to come to an arrangement through Mr. Page with as little delay as possible. Had our government been warned sooner, the question would have been discussed at an earlier stage. The very strong line taken by the State Department about the declaration of London and the Order in Council—which was dated August 20—suddenly and without warning, after so long an interval, has come as a complete surprise. All I knew about it personally was that some objection would be taken to the British attitude, but I was not told what the nature of the objection was. Nor, I presume, was Mr. Page informed, or he would certainly have spoken to Sir Edward.

I hear today from Grey that he has had a long talk with Mr. Page, with whom, as you know, he has very pleasant and cordial relations and whom, if I may say so, he trusts entirely.

I enclose a short account of this interview as described to me by Grey.

TELEGRAM FROM SIR EDWARD GREY TO SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE

SEPTEMBER 29, 1914.

I have just had a conversation with the United States Ambassador. I explained to him that the Declaration of London had not been ratified, owing to the strong opposition which had developed in Parliament. Our position towards the treaty was therefore the same as that of the United States towards a treaty which the Senate had refused to consent to.

The main point was the doctrine of continuous voyage. This doctrine had been upheld in the United States courts, and it must remain as a part of the accepted doctrine of international law until abrogated by an agreement between the governments. The doctrine enunciated in the Order in Council of August 20 had been applied in previous wars and should be judged in the light of the rules of international law hitherto accepted and enforced.

With regard to the statement that all the powers had acted on the declaration of London, Germany had treated pit props as contraband, although consigned to private firms.

The objects aimed at in the proclamations had been to restrict the supplies for the German Army, and also to restrict the supply to Germany of such materials as could be used in manufacturing war munitions.

We feel it essential to have a working agreement with the United States Government in this matter, although we cannot at once withdraw the Order in Council, for reasons which will be obvious. But it can be stated at once that the United States has raised the question of the interference with neutral trade under the Orders in Council and that the British Government has agreed to discuss these rules without delay. This discussion will, in fact, begin tomorrow with Mr. Page and Mr. Chandler Anderson.

It is most important to bear in mind that up to date the British Government has not confiscated a single cargo. Certain cargoes have been diverted, but payment in full has been made and the exporter has suffered no loss. Pending an agreement and a change in the proclamations, we will at once examine any case about which there is a complaint.

I cited the instance of a cargo of copper consigned direct to Krupp and the news that Krupp was making large orders of copper for the manufacture of projectiles. The Ambassador said that there was no desire to protect people who deliberately and directly traded with Germany to supply the Government with war supplies, but there was a strong feeling in favor of free trade with Holland.

OCTOBER 5TH, 1914.

Dear Mr. President: I telegraphed to Grey after receiving a visit from Lansing, making certain suggestions with which you are familiar. I trust that a satisfactory solution will now be found, and I can only say that if this is the case it will be greatly due to the considerate attitude of this Government and especially, if I may say so, of yourself.

Letters throughout October are occupied with the same subject. Enormous increase of shipments to the countries having direct access to Germany was noted and admitted. A provisional solution was found in an agreement given by the governments of these countries to accept shipments only for use of their own citizens, and not for reëxport.

Salient passages from these letters follow.

TO SIR EDWARD GREY

OCTOBER 5, 1914.

We must be prepared for constant new difficulties to spring up. The most important at the present moment is the question of copper. The copper interests here are very powerful, as the exports for last year were valued at nearly thirty million sterling and at the present moment the mining districts are in a very dangerous situation. We shall have to find some means of crippling Krupp without ruining the mining states here, who possess the ear of the Secretary of State and have a commanding influence in the Senate.

I imagine that the lawyers in the State Department want to put up a historical fight and to be quoted in the law books as models of patriotism. This doesn't interest the President, but he knows how sensitive public opinion is on all questions connected with the freedom of the seas. The American boy is educated on stories about the War of 1812, which makes him believe that Britain has always been a tyrant and aggressor, and has always tried to expel the American marine from the seas. Then there are also great interests involved and the American pocket is being heavily affected.

TO THE SAME

OCTOBER 20, 1914.

The elections are to take place in the first week of November, which will decide whether or no the President is to retain his majority in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. At the present moment, as you know, he controls both, and it is very rare indeed that a President succeeds in maintaining his hold during the second half of his term. At this particular moment public opinion is very sensitive, and an incident is looked for by either side as a matter of primary importance.

Such an incident has been provided by the seizure of two American oil ships. The German vote is considerable and the vote of those who are intensely anxious for the increase of the American mercantile marine is also very large. Both are ignorant and are easily excited. The German vote is well organized and intensely in earnest. It is feared by both parties, and especially in the State of New York.

The matter, therefore, requires very delicate handling. Mr. Bryan, of course, is away and will not be back till the first week in November. Mr. Lansing, the Counsellor, is a lawyer accustomed to conduct matters of smaller importance like claim commissions. He finds himself suddenly in charge at a moment when very much may hinge on his personal action.

You will see the difficulty of negotiating with a subordinate who has the lawyer's instinct to make good his case, and of being unable to address myself directly, except by letter, to the person who has the real authority. At the present moment it would not be advisable for me to be seen frequently at the White House, and even if I could see the President, he is notoriously difficult to move when once he has made up his mind. I am sure that, although he is very anxious, especially at the present moment, to give the impression—and the true impression—that he is a firm defender of American rights, he is also anxious to do all in his power to effect an amicable solution.

The Ambassador's attitude towards the proposal of a British propaganda in the United States is amusingly expressed by a letter to Lord Newton, who had consulted him.

BRITISH EMBASSY,

OCT. 21, 1914.

Thank you for writing. On the whole, it has seemed wisest to do nothing against the German propaganda which is conducted by hired agents backed with large sums of money. This seems to be more than met by the willing and unorganized correspondents who answer their articles in the newspapers. Public speaking would be fatal, because people here don't like to be preached at; they like to think they are neutral and make up their minds. First and foremost, we must fight our own battles, and fight them well. The rest will follow of itself. If you came out and talked to people, I am sure you would have an effect on them if you did it in the ordinary way of accidental conversation. But if they thought you came out to preach at them, they would immediately suspect you of imposing your opinions on their free and unbiased minds.

About 90 per cent of the English-speaking people and half the Irish are on the side of the Allies, and on the glorious annals of German achievements nothing is so remarkable as the fact that Germany has almost made England popular in America. But a very little could change this—and we are sure to have awkward questions of international law in which we shall both be very much in the right and become extremely abusive in consequence. Also we are in the position of creditor—which is not an endearing one, even to the willing and opulent debtor—and the U. S. is neither willing nor opulent at present. Two labor members are over now and are doing a good deal of useful talking in the private line—*none* public.

The Irish, on the whole, are with us, but I wish you would tell the censor to let some racy details escape him as to the Irish regiments. An Irishman here was asked if he was neutral. He said, bedad he was, he didn't care a damn *who* beat the Germans.

After all, I don't see that I have answered your question. But on the whole I should say—stay at home.

A letter of November 13 to Sir Arthur Nicolson, then acting head of the Foreign Office, describes one of the conversations in which he was vehement—and also suggests some of the justifications.

Bryan spoke to me about peace, as he always does. He sighs for the Nobel Prize,

* Howe, not the drafter of the message who was Lansing, afterward Secretary of State.

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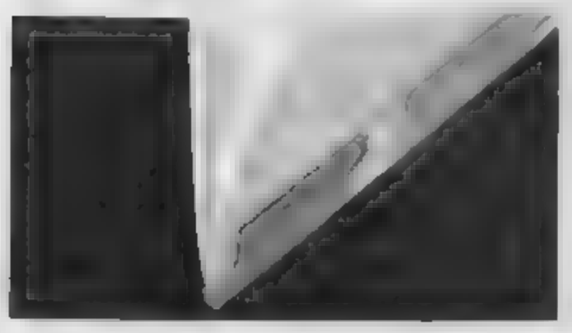

and besides that he is a really convinced peace man. He had just given me a sword beaten into a plowshare, six inches long, to serve as a paper weight. It is adorned with quotations from Isaiah and himself. No one doubts his sincerity, but that is rather embarrassing for us at the present moment, because he is always at us with peace propositions. This time he said he could not understand why we could not say what we were fighting for. The nation which continued war had as much responsibility as the country which began it. The United States was the one great Power which was outside the struggle, and it was their duty to do what they could to put an end to it. I felt rather cross and said that the United States were signatories to the Hague Convention, which had been grossly violated again and again, without one word from the principal neutral nation. They were now out of court. They had done nothing to prevent the crime, and now they must not prevent the punishment. He said that all the Powers concerned had been disappointed in their ambitions. Germany had not taken Paris. France had not retaken Alsace, England had not cleared the seas of the German Navy. The last month had made no appreciable difference in the relative positions of the armies, and there was now no prospect of an issue satisfactory to any Power. Why should they not make peace now, if they had to make peace a year hence, after another year's fruitless struggle. It would be far wiser if each said what it was fighting for and asked the United States to help them in arriving at a peaceful conclusion. I asked him if he thought that under present circumstances Germany would give up Belgium and compensate her for her suffering. If not, how could the United States Government go on record as condoning a peace which would put the seal on the most disgraceful act of tyranny and oppression committed in modern times. I didn't believe there was a man in the country not a German or a Jew who could advocate such a cause. He got rather angry and said that if that was what we wanted, why did we not say so. He added, ".Who can tell who was really responsible for what had happened in Belgium or whether the treaty wasn't only a pretext." I reminded him that he was a great admirer of Gladstone, who was, like him, a great lover of peace, and that Gladstone had always maintained that if we had gone to war for Belgium in 1870* we should have gone to war for freedom and for public right and to save human happiness from being invaded by a tyrannous and lawless power, and that in such a war as that, while the breath continued in his body, he was ready to engage. This rather surprised him, as he had read in the newspapers that Gladstone had always maintained that the Belgian Treaty was not binding.

Whether it is to be counted as a fault or a virtue, Spring-Rice's patience was strictly a diplomatic attitude, as an exchange of private letters with Roosevelt shows. It should be noted that he was trying to impress on Roosevelt the need for avoiding espionage, which was active on both sides. He himself kept close control on the work of his agents and it happened more than once that friends of his were rung up by him on the telephone, with inquiries if they had encountered such and such a known German sympathizer in the day. When the answer was yes, and the friend wanted to know if any objection was raised, Spring-Rice explained simply: "We have a new secret-service man in, and I wanted to see if he was doing his work." Later, it will be found that most damaging evidence of German plots against the United States came to light through a British agency. Spring-Rice quite rightly assumed equal activity on the other side, but Colonel House criticises him for the multiplicity of his precautions.

30 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY,
FEBRUARY 9, 1915.

Dear Cecil: Your two letters have come. My letters to you will hereafter go in envelopes without my name on them, so as to attract as little attention as possible.

Now, my dear Cecil, do not feel too badly over things. I am bitterly humiliated at what this Administration has done. I am not merely humiliated but profoundly angered by the attitude of the professional German-Americans. But don't forget that there are lots of Americans of German descent who do not sympathize with these men. My doctor at Oyster Bay is one. My collaborator in the work of The Life Histories of African Big Game is another. Our Progressive candidate for Governor of Vermont is a third. All three of these men are of German parentage, their fathers and mothers being born abroad. All three of them are emphatically against Germany in this fight, and all three of them resent being called German-Americans. We are not an alert people. We do not understand foreign affairs and, when a President misleads us as Wilson has done, some very good people tend to follow him; but I believe, my dear Cecil, that down at bottom this people is sound, just as I have believed that down at bottom your people were sound. But you are quite right in saying that each nation must trust only to itself. In your letter you say that your people must trust only to yourselves and also to your present Allies. I believe that they will stand by you through this war, but twenty-five years hence you may be siding with Germany against Russia, for anything you can tell. The extraordinary thing is that the professional pacifists, the very people who have howled most about the hundred years of peace between Britain and the United States, have in this contest done nothing to stand up for Belgium and for the Allies. That task has been left to men who are not professional pacifists, like myself.

Do get over here. I ought to have a talk with you. I will come in town and meet you at any one of a dozen private houses where nobody will know that you have been. Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

TO SIR EDWARD GREY

FEB. 26, 1915.

The President, being human, no doubt desires reëlection. At any rate, his party must wish to see him reëlected. What would make his reëlection sure would be his successful mediation in the present war. Peace is the object most ardently desired by German sympathizers here, and if the President can bring it about, Germans and non-Germans will be equally pleased. Both he and the Secretary of State are quite determined to take no action which would lose him the sympathy of either of the contending parties. He wants to be equally good friends with both. Thus, he is bound, if he can, when he complains of German action, to complain simultaneously of the British. In this way he thinks he can hold the balance even. You will have noticed that he has tried as far as possible to address simultaneous communications to both belligerents. In the present instance this strikes us as peculiarly unjust.

When Mr. Bryan called upon me and spoke in severe language of British disregard for the law of nations, I was naturally surprised. I expressed my astonishment, but he seemed to regard the torpedo and the Prize Court with equal abhorrence. He seemed to notice nothing strange about it, and to be rather hurt at my remark that a deep and painful impression would be caused in England by his simultaneous remonstrances in Berlin and London, as if we were equally guilty with the Germans. Indeed, the scene that passed between us was not a very agreeable one.

The next day I called upon Root, who has a reputation of being the wisest head in this country, and asked him what was his opinion of the situation. As you know, he is not a Democrat and has been a most resolute opponent of the present Administration. But he is a very fair-minded man, and, of course, a great patriot. He pointed out that the United States Government was in an extremely embarrassing situation. The German Government had taken certain measures against which the United States Government had found it its duty to protest in the most energetic language. The logical conclusion to be drawn from this language was that if an American ship was torpedoed without notice, the American Government would regard this as an act of war. The example of the Maine showed with what terrific force popular explosion could take place which would infallibly lead to war. Now, with a large German population in the heart of the American people whose allegiance was doubtful, war would be a very serious matter. He would not go into this matter, because it was quite uncertain what the attitude of the great mass of the Germans would be. But at any rate it was certain that a war with Germany would be a terrible matter for an American Government to face. In addition to this, there was the condition of business. War would be disastrous.

In these circumstances it became the duty and interest of an American Government to take every possible measure to avert the impending danger. Germany said that their action was justified by the two facts—one that Great Britain was preventing the import of food for the civilian population; the other, that she was using neutral flags* as a protection for her merchantmen. It was, therefore, not unnatural that the United States Government, in the desire to avoid a collision with Germany, should object to the action of Great Britain which formed the excuse of Germany's action. I pointed out the unspeakable injustice of putting the two matters on the same level and asserted that we had been absolutely correct in our action and strictly followed the international and especially American, precedents. He quite agreed and then gave the following advice: He said, first of all, we should remember that the American Government was thinking in terms of internal politics. We should try and put ourselves in their place and remember the great risk of war in which they stood. The next point on which he insisted was that Great Britain was very cleverly being placed in the forefront by the Germans, who were playing on the hereditary dislike of the American of British sea power. France was involved as much as we. Why was Britain mentioned always and France never? There was a profound feeling of affection for France as well as the hereditary aversion for England. The action on the sea should be placed to the credit of both Allies and they should share the burden. Another point was the necessity of employing, as soon as possible, a good and competent lawyer to state our case from the point of view of American precedents. The Northern States had reduced the South mainly by hunger. The question of the prohibition of foodstuffs was not whether the prohibition was lawful but as to the manner in which it could lawfully be carried out.

I think we may take it that the most earnest desire of the Government and people here is to suffer almost anything rather than go to war. Their attitude as to Mexico is significant. But there is a gradually increasing feeling of irritation and, as we know, the most peaceable countries are those which often become suddenly the most warlike. An incident may happen which may lead to an explosion; this is what everybody fears.

TO SIR EDWARD GREY

APRIL 1, 1915.

The sinking of the Frye by the German ship, and the drowning of an American citizen on board the Falaba have made a very painful impression. The feeling seems to be that relations between this country and Germany are in a dangerous condition. No doubt, under these circumstances, it is almost a relief that Great Britain and her sea measures are a target at which the State Department and the press can aim their

(Continued on Page 54)

* When violation of its frontier was threatened during the Franco-Prussian War.

*It is generally admitted that a merchantman may make use of the flag of a foreign state in order to avoid capture; it is expressly recognized by Great Britain in the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, S. 69. Birkenhead International Law, 6th ed., p. 279. Farnese. But the war vessels of a belligerent have the right to stop and search a merchantman for the purpose of verifying the flag

This extra shade of richness

proved to be the coffee flavor everyone had wanted

"CAFÉ NOIR," or after-dinner coffee, should be made stronger than breakfast coffee. Use *one and one-half times* as much coffee as you would use for breakfast—that is, for after-dinner coffee, 1½ heaping tablespoons medium ground (steel cut) Maxwell House Coffee to each cup of water.

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He wasn't satisfied until he had produced a new coffee flavor—the rich, mellow *blend* which has become America's ideal coffee.

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TUNE IN ON MAXWELL HOUSE—Every Thursday evening a program of lively music by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra is broadcast from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA. "The Old Colonel" invites you to tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

YEARS AGO a fine hotel in the Old South became famous for its superlative coffee.

Down in that land of good living, of traditional grace of hospitality, the old Maxwell House held a high place in popular favor. Here the beaux and belles of the South gathered at brilliant banquets and balls, here distinguished travelers—Presidents of the United States, Army and Navy officers, statesmen, journalists and foreign diplomats—were entertained.

Travelers from all parts of the United States praised the marvelous food at the old Maxwell House and, in particular, the rich, mellow flavor of Maxwell House Coffee.

Southerners themselves boasted of it. They said no single coffee grown could taste quite so delicious. And they were right.

The flavor of Maxwell House is a blend of many different coffee flavors, each selected for a special excellence. A Southern gentleman—an expert in coffees with a talent for flavor—first worked out this choice blend, which ever since has appealed unfailingly to other men and women who know good food.

He was familiar with all the finest kinds and grades of coffee grown in the tropics of many different lands. He spent years of patient, skillful labor combining and re-combining the "winy," the mild, the syrupy, and the pungent types of choice coffees. At last his persistence was rewarded with an entirely new coffee flavor—a *blend*, smooth, rich, mellow, full-bodied, yet full of life and sparkle.

"The Old Colonel," as he is known to his friends, has lived to see this coffee he perfected in his youth become the favorite throughout the whole United States—pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

No other coffee flavor is like that of Maxwell House. It appeals to men and women alike, coming to the most critical palate as a new and deeply satisfying experience.

North, South, East and West—Maxwell House is accepted today as the fine coffee served in America's foremost homes—preferred by America's most famous hostesses.

Let your own family and your friends enjoy this delicious coffee at your own table. Wherever you are, your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee—sealed in tin to preserve to the full all its unusually mellow fragrance and flavor.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

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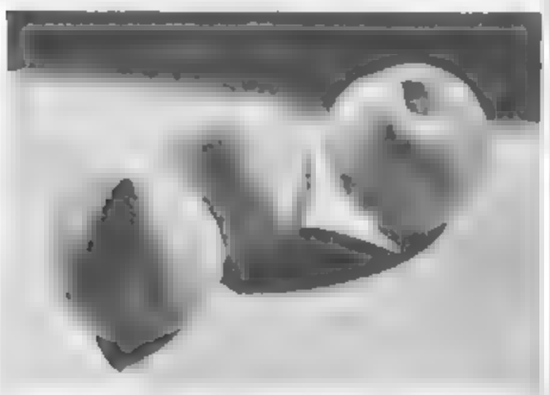
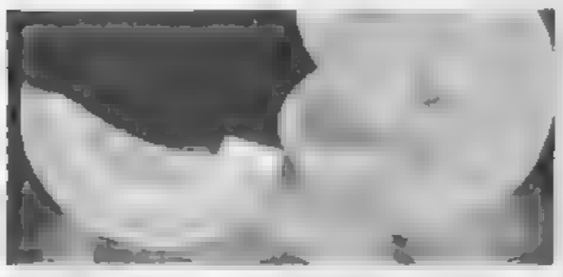


SWEET BLUE GOOSE PEACHES

ON your very next trip to market bring home the choicest fruits and vegetables that July offers. Just look for Blue Goose . . . selected for you by experts . . . plainly marked for quick identification on skin, wrapper, barrel, or box, with the Blue Goose mark of excellence.

Let's start with peaches, now at their finest—full-flavored, delicious. The cream of the crop is shipped by the American Fruit Growers fresh to your market, labeled Blue Goose.



U-mm! BLUE GOOSE HONEYDEWS!

Honeydews are another luscious treat. Try some today. Be sure to choose mature melons—plump, sweet-smelling, tinged with yellow—Blue Goose stamped right on the skin. And cantaloupes—Blue Goose brings you the best—heavily netted, meaty, they melt in your mouth.

RIPE BLUE GOOSE TOMATOES

Your eyes will quickly guide you to the best tomatoes, red-ripe, firm and plump. Just look for the name Blue Goose on the wrappers.

There are many other fruits and vegetables at their finest in July, still others in other months. Know how to choose them—the shopping secrets our experts use in selecting the cream of the crop. Just write for the "Blue Goose Buying Guide" Free. Address your request to the American Fruit Growers Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLUE
GOOSE

The highest mark of excellence of the American Fruit Growers

(Continued from Page 52)

missiles without fear of dangerous results. There is, of course, a certain danger in this. As soon as the pressure of our naval measures begins to be felt, there will no doubt be an increased agitation against us. The chief dangers come from the Cotton States, although the price of cotton is still rising; and secondly, from the textile industries, which are in urgent need of German dyestuffs. The best plan to meet this is to make an agreement, not with the importers but with the textile industries, who are the consumers and who have a representative in England. The need is a real one, and if it is not met there will be a great deal of suffering and unemployment for which we will be made responsible.

The main question for us is, of course, the question of whether or no the United States Government will place an embargo on the export of contraband. The President has now power to do this unless Congress is sitting. But the financial situation is very serious. By the end of June there will be a deficit of about twenty million sterling. It may become absolutely necessary to convene Congress. If Congress meets there will certainly be a fight, and a serious fight, over the proposal to impose an embargo. The general feeling is that for various reasons it would be impossible to carry such a measure. But the German propaganda in its favor is increasing, and it is reënforced, oddly enough, by the pacifist propaganda. There is also the chance that those who suffer by our naval measures will call for an embargo by way of reprisal. It behooves us, therefore, to act with caution. We must remember that, although owing to our present connection with Belgium and France we are not so unpopular as we were, we are still unpopular, and it is always good politics to abuse England.

To Sir Edward Grey

April 16, 1915.

Germany seems indefatigable in her attempts to influence public opinion here in order to obtain the prohibition of the export of arms. I have written a summary of the various methods adopted. At present the method most in favor seems to be "frightfulness." The newspapers who are under German influence publish long accounts of the terrible treatment to which Americans in Germany are exposed in consequence of the inhuman attitude of the United States Government. The German notes assume an openly menacing tone. It almost looks as if Germany would present a sort of ultimatum demanding the prohibition. It seems as if they had nothing to fear from America. Indeed I am told that open contempt is expressed in German circles of the American Army and Navy.

You will say that it shows a singular ignorance of American character—which resembles our own—to imagine that because an insult is not immediately resented, it never will be resented at all. The supposition evidently is that if a blow is given and not resented, a harder one can be given with perfect safety. This is not the case, and I think the Germans are playing a dangerous game. On the other hand, the attitude of the American Government about Mexico would seem to justify almost any belief in their incurably peaceful disposition. The news gets worse and worse, and yet there is no sign of the Government being ready to move. Atrocities increase, the losses of property are enormous, the white man has entirely lost his prestige, the agents of the United States are openly flouted, the President's strong recommendations are ignored, and yet there is no sign that the United States is taking the matter seriously to heart.

A good many papers ask why there has been no demand for Bernstorff's recall. He has made a habitual practice of what the United States sent Lord Sackville away for when he wrote one single letter—namely, interfering with internal politics. The Government is probably well advised in not taking any serious and immediate action. The departure of Bernstorff would only arouse passions here without giving any satisfaction on the real question at issue.

With regard to our own affairs, the Order in Council seems to be taken calmly, especially as we are doing all we can to alleviate its operation in individual cases. In the meanwhile the prices of copper and cotton, on which so much depends, are going steadily higher; there seems to be very general prosperity, and although freights are high owing to the war risks, it does not seem as if they greatly affected the export trade.

I was told yesterday, by someone who heard the news from a good authority in Germany, that there were four million men under arms, with two million in reserve, and enough supplies to last two years. He said that all the talk of scarcity had simply been circulated here in order to excite indignation against England and that the measures taken in Germany were merely precautionary. He thinks that the destruction of neutral ships is intentional and is designed to put a stop to all navigation around the British islands. Germany does not want imports from abroad and knows that the Allies do. They have, therefore, ordered indiscriminate attacks on all shipping in order to make transport by sea as difficult and as expensive as possible. In the meantime, Bernstorff, as usual, is circulating offers of peace. Straus came to me today with a story of an interview with Bernstorff which I absolutely refused to hear. The French Ambassador told me that it amounts to nothing, but that it proved that Germany was no longer so confident of victory.

Your last speech seems to me to give the absolute and complete answer to the German contention. People here do not even now realize what sort of war it is. It is, I think, useless and misleading to depend on these people for help or for practical sympathy, except in the matter of benevolence, in which they are indeed generous. But, as a rule, we may say that Americans regard the war either as a bore or as an immensely interesting spectacle provided for their entertainment of which they are commencing to be rather tired. To complain, as Strachey* does, of the President's want of sympathy is not to understand the situation. The first interest of a President is to be reëlected, and that is his principal preoccupation, and everything else is viewed in the light of it. I believe the President greatly resents the criticisms made against him. Have we forgotten 1870 and the attitude of the British Government towards France and Germany? Gladstone, you know, wished to protest against the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, but his cabinet would not allow it. Thiers reproached us at the time with our indifference, and prophesied that we would suffer for it. His prophecy has come true. We may prophesy that America one day will regret her own indifference. For the present moment such a prophecy will make as much impression on Wilson's mind as Thiers' did on Lord Granville's.

In the opinion of Colonel House, Germany's action in sinking the Lusitania made it inevitable that America should enter the war unless Germany pledged herself against a repetition of the act. But House was at the time in Europe. Spring-Rice, in America, diagnosed the feeling of the people and the consequent policy of the President more accurately. This letter should be studied in full, especially for its comments on the proposal of a League for Peace, in which America should take part.

To Sir Edward Grey

May 20, 1915.

There has been an extraordinary change in the reputation of the President. During his recent visit to New York he certainly attained a greater degree of popularity than has been given to anybody here since Roosevelt. A short time ago he was generally decried. You will thoroughly understand his position. Undoubtedly the great mass of people here are deeply anxious not to be involved in the European war. Speaking to them, he expressed himself in the words which have become famous in England: "There was such a thing as being too proud to fight." The answer was instantaneous. The White House was flooded with telegrams and letters saying that the time of yielding was past. He accordingly prepared his telegram to Germany, being sure of the reception which would be given to it. As to the nature of the reception, there is no doubt. Public opinion demanded energetic words. The question is whether it also demands energetic action. There is no good prophesying. It seems to me, however, that, if it is possible, the Government would welcome a friendly and diplomatic solution of the present difficulty with Germany, and that public opinion would do the same. It may be that both countries have gone too far to retract. But at bottom the people desire to keep out of the European struggle and will do so if they possibly can. They would no doubt welcome a difficulty with us in order to show their impartiality and in order to clear themselves of the accusation, made by the Germans, that the United States Government is under your spell and acting by your advice. This is an accusation which is sufficiently absurd, but readily finds credence through the Central and Western states, where every man from the East is liable to the suspicion of being an Anglomaniac. The outcome of this, as regards us, is a strong desire that a note should be addressed to you accusing you of breaches of international law, in order to maintain the balance. Certain German correspondents of American newspapers are urging this course and there is reason to believe that one member of the cabinet at any rate, who is very closely associated with certain German political and financial interests, would welcome such a step on the part of the Government as the best means of retaining the German vote. For us, the best course is to do what you are doing, and to eliminate one by one the various difficulties which have arisen in connection with the Orders in Council. This will prevent the agitation from becoming dangerous. The importers of dyestuffs are raising a cry against us, although the imports of dyestuffs since the war have been greater than the corresponding periods in previous years. The cotton planters have sold their cotton at a low price to speculators who want to get as good a price as they can in Europe. These speculators have enlisted certain political interests on their side who are agitating against England on the ground that the cotton planters of the South are being affected by the British measures. It is very doubtful whether the planters are affected at all, as they have parted with their interest. The cotton prices keep up and the cotton exports are accounted satisfactory.

Dernburg and Bernstorff have become silent. Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador, has taken control of the press agencies. The line he takes is that England as well as Germany has broken existing international conventions and that the protests should be addressed to both simultaneously. If the United States addresses such separate and simultaneous protests, negotiations could be begun which would lead to the intervention of the United States and the eventual mediation of the President. This prospect is especially attractive to Mr. Bryan, who has not ceased from the very beginning of the struggle to agitate for peace.

The German-Americans took alarm three or four days after the sinking of the Lusitania and almost without exception have gone underground or acclaimed their devotion to the American flag. But the strong impression is that this temporary eclipse will not last and that a great deal of earnest work is going on among the German organizations with a view to a struggle. No doubt many of the Germans here prefer the new country to the old, but some do not, and there is good reason to believe that these latter are not going to sacrifice their position without a struggle.

(Continued on Page 57)

*Editor of the Spectator.

Glowing lovely skin, eyes that sparkle, a radiant compelling smile—what are these but the mirrors of clean internal *health? Fastidious, successful people, today, know how to avoid the damaging effects of clogged intestines.*

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Regularly, every day, eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, one before or between-meals. Eat it plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. D-92, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

• •

"Yeast relieves constipation by stimulating the intestine, not by irritating it," says DR. GEORGE PARRISH, *well-known physician and Health Officer of Los Angeles, California.*

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Five hundred and eighty-nine substantial concerns, every one selected on the basis of experience, ability and integrity, apply Barrett Roofs—and Barrett bonds their work. Let us place you in touch with a Barrett Approved Roofer.

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(Continued from Page 54)

I have just seen Morgan*, who will have made clear in London what has been happening here in the way of purchases. No doubt the Admiralty as well as the War Office will have seen him in London and will be acquainted with the situation. I hear that the purchases are going on very well, although at one time there were some unfortunate episodes. It will be probably wiser not to collect information as to these latter, if precautions are taken to prevent misunderstandings such as seem to have arisen on certain occasions in the past.

CECIL SPRING-RICE.

*J. P. Morgan, the banker

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of letters by Sir Cecil Spring Rice. The next will appear in an early issue

MAJESTY

(Continued from Page 7)

"This?" He looked around innocently. "Oh, these are just some fellows that came down from Cambridge with me."

"But—dancing!"

"Well, nobody's dead, are they? I thought we might as well use up some of this —— "

"Tell them to go home," said Olive.

"Why? What on earth's the harm? These fellows came all the way down from Cambridge ——"

"It simply isn't dignified."

"But they don't care, Olive. One fellow's sister did the same thing, only she did it the day after instead of the day before. Lots of people do it nowadays."

"Send the music home, Harold," said Olive firmly, "or I'll go to your father."

Obviously he felt that no family could be disgraced by an episode on such a magnificent scale, but he reluctantly yielded. The abysmally depressed butler saw to the removal of the champagne, and the young people, somewhat insulted, moved nonchalantly out into the more tolerant night. Alone with the shadow—Emily's shadow—that hung over the house, Olive sat down in the drawing-room to think. Simultaneously the butler appeared in the doorway.

"It's Mr. Blair, Miss Olive."

She jumped tensely to her feet.

"Who does he want to see?"

"He didn't say. He just walked in."

"Tell him I'm in here."

He entered with an air of abstraction rather than depression, nodded to Olive and sat down on a piano stool. She wanted to say, "Come here. Lay your head here, poor man. Never mind." But she wanted to cry, too, and so she said nothing.

"In three hours," he remarked quietly, "we'll be able to get the morning papers. There's a shop on Fifty-ninth Street."

"That's foolish ——" she began.

"I am not a superficial man"—he interrupted her—"nevertheless, my chief feeling now is for the morning papers. Later there will be a politely silent gantlet of relatives, friends and business acquaintances. About the actual affair I surprise myself by not caring at all."

"I shouldn't care about any of it."

"I'm rather grateful that she did it in time."

"Why don't you go away?" Olive leaned forward earnestly. "Go to Europe until it all blows over."

"Blows over." He laughed. "Things like this don't ever blow over. A little snicker is going to follow me around the rest of my life." He groaned. "Uncle Hamilton started right for Park Row to make the rounds of the newspaper offices, and being a Virginian, was unwise enough to use the old-fashioned word 'horsewhip' to one editor. I can hardly wait to see that paper." He broke off. "How is Mr. Castleton?"

"He'll appreciate your coming to inquire."

"I didn't come about that." He hesitated. "I came to ask you a question. I want to know if you'll marry me in Greenwich tomorrow morning."

For a minute Olive fell precipitately through space; she made a strange little sound and her mouth dropped ajar.

"I know you like me," he went on quickly. "In fact, I once imagined you loved me a little bit, if you'll excuse the presumption. Anyhow, you're very like a girl that once did love me, so maybe you would ——" His face was pink with embarrassment, but he struggled grimly on; "anyhow, I like you enormously and whatever feeling I may have had for Emily has, I might say, flown."

The clangor and alarm inside her was so loud that it seemed he must hear it.

"The favor you'll be doing me will be very great," he continued. "My heavens, I know it sounds a little crazy, but what could be crazier than the whole afternoon? You see, if you married me the papers would carry quite a different story; they'd think that Emily went off to get out of our way, and the joke would be on her after all."

Tears of indignation came to Olive's eyes.

"I suppose I ought to allow for your wounded egotism, but do you realize you're making me a perfectly insulting proposition?"

His face fell.

"I'm sorry," he said after a moment. "I guess I was an awful fool even to think of it, but a man hates to lose the whole dignity of his life for a girl's whim. I see it would be impossible. I'm sorry."

He rose, frowning, and picked up his cane.

Now he was moving toward the door, and Olive's heart came into her throat and a great, irresistible wave of self-preservation swept over her—over her scruples and her pride. His steps sounded in the hall.

"Brevoort!" she called. She jumped to her feet and ran to the door. He turned. "Brevoort, what was the name of that paper—the one your uncle went to?"

"Why?"

"Because it's not too late for them to change their story if I telephone now! I'll say we were married tonight!"

III

THERE is a society in Paris which is merely a heterogeneous prolongation of American society. People moving in are connected by a hundred threads to the motherland, and their entertainments, eccentricities and ups and downs are an open book to friends and relatives at Southampton, Lake Forest or Back Bay. So during her previous European sojourn Emily's whereabouts, as she followed the shifting Continental seasons, were publicly advertised; but from the day, one month after the unsolemnized wedding, when she sailed from New York, she dropped completely from sight. There was an occasional letter for her father, an occasional rumor that she was in Cairo, Constantinople or on the less frequented Riviera—that was all.

Once, after a year, Mr. Castleton saw her in Paris, but, as he told Olive, the meeting made him uncomfortable.

"There was something about her," he said vaguely, "as if—well, as if she had a lot of things in the back of her mind I couldn't reach. She was nice enough, but it was all automatic and formal. She asked about you."

Despite her solid background of a three-month-old baby and a beautiful apartment on Park Avenue, Olive felt her heart falter uncertainly.

"What did she say?"

"She was delighted about you and Brevoort." And he added to himself, with a disappointment he could never quite conquer: "Even though you picked up the best match in New York when she threw it away."

"Postum?
Certainly, sir.
Hot or Iced?"

BAKE-OVEN days that stale your appetite and set your nerves to fidgeting. Sticky-hot nights that drive sleep from your pillow. How can you find relief?

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Eliminate caffein from your diet—drink Postum with your meals instead! Drink it steaming hot in the cool of the morning—or frosty-cold in the heat of mid-day. You'll be amazed at the results!

First, your appetite will thank you. For Postum's flavor is so refreshingly different—so rich and tangy. Such a welcome change from ordinary mealtime drinks.

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That's because Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran—there's not the slightest trace of caffein in it. Served hot or iced, it's delicious! A drink with the flavor that millions prefer. And it's so easy to make!

The best way to test Postum's value is to make it your mealtime drink for thirty days, in place of caffein beverages. Then judge! Then see if you will ever go back to drinks that fray your nerves, interfere with sleep, impair digestion!

Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Your grocer has it. Or mail the coupon—we'll send you one week's supply free. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

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Dissolve eight level teaspoons of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water. Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold water. Sugar and cream to taste. Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoon of whipped cream on the top of each glass—or beating into the drink, with an egg beater, a heaping tablespoon of vanilla ice cream for each glass. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

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It was more than a year after this that his secretary's voice on the telephone asked Olive if Mr. Castleton could see them that night. They found the old man walking his library in a state of agitation.

"Well, it's come," he declared vehemently. "People won't stand still; nobody stands still. You go up or down in this world, and Emily chose to go down. She seems to be somewhere near the bottom. Did you ever hear of a man described to me as a"—he referred to a letter in his hand "dissipated ne'er-do-well from nowhere named Petrocobesco? He called himself Prince Gabriel Petrocobesco. This letter is from Hallam, my European man, and it incloses a clipping from the Paris Matin. It seems that this gentleman was invited by the police to leave Paris, and among the small entourage who left with him was an American girl, Miss Castleton, 'rumored to be the daughter of a millionaire.' The party was escorted to the station by gendarmes." He handed clipping and letter to Brevoort with trembling fingers. "What do you make of it? Emily come to that!"

"It's not so good," said Brevoort, frowning.

"It's the end. I thought her drafts were big recently, but I never suspected that she was supporting ——"

"It may be a mistake," Olive suggested. "Another Miss Castleton."

"It's Emily all right. Hallan, looked up the matter. It's Emily, who was afraid ever to dive into the nice clean stream of life and ends up now by swimming around in the sewers."

Shocked, Olive had a sudden sharp taste of fate in the ultimate diversity of its workings. She with a mansion building in Westbury Hills and Emily mixed up with a deported adventurer in disgraceful scandal.

"I've got no right to ask you this," continued Mr. Castleton. "Certainly no right to ask Brevoort anything in connection with Emily. But I'm seventy-two and Fraser says if I put off the cure another fortnight he won't be responsible, and then Emily will be alone for good. I want you to set forward your trip abroad by two months and go over and bring her back."

"But do you think we'd have the necessary influence?" Brevoort asked. "I've no reason for thinking that she'd listen to me."

"There's no one else. If you can't go I'll have to."

"Oh, no," said Brevoort quickly. "We'll do what we can, won't we, Olive?"

"Of course."

"Bring her back—it doesn't matter how—but bring her back. Go before court if necessary and swear she's crazy."

"Very well. We'll do what we can."

Just ten days after this interview the Brevoort Blairs called on Mr. Castleton's agent in Paris to glean what details were available. They were plentiful but unsatisfactory. Hallam had seen Petrocobesco in various restaurants—a dark, fat little fellow with a cunning leer and a quenchless thirst for champagne. He was of some obscure nationality and had been moved around Europe for several years, living heaven knew how—probably on Americans, though Hallam understood that of late even the most outlying circles of international society were closed to him. About Emily, Hallam knew very little. They had been reported last week in Berlin and yesterday in Budapest. It was probable that such an undesirable as Petrocobesco was required to register with the police everywhere, and this was the line he recommended the Blairs to follow.

Forty-eight hours later, accompanied by the American vice consul, they called upon the prefect of police in Budapest. The officer talked in rapid Hungarian to the vice consul, who presently announced the gist of his remarks—the Blairs were too late.

"Where have they gone?"

"He doesn't know. He received orders to move them on and they left last night."

Suddenly the prefect wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it, with a terse remark, to the vice consul.

"He says try there."

Brevoort looked at the paper.

"Sturmdorp—where's that?"

Another rapid conversation in Hungarian.

"Five hours from here on a local train that leaves Tuesdays and Fridays. This is Saturday."

"We'll get a car at the hotel," said Brevoort.

They set out after dinner. It was a rough journey through the night across the still Hungarian plain. Olive awoke once from a worried doze to find Brevoort and the chauffeur changing a tire; then again as they stopped at a muddy little river, beyond which glowed the scattered lights of a town. Two soldiers in an unfamiliar uniform glanced into the car; they crossed a bridge and followed a narrow, warped main street to Sturmdorp's single inn; the roosters were already crowing as they tumbled down on passable beds.

Olive awoke with a sudden sure feeling that they had caught up with Emily; and with it came that old sense of helplessness in the face of Emily's moods; for a moment the long past with Emily dominant swept back over her, and it seemed almost a presumption to be here. But Brevoort's singleness of purpose reassured her and confidence had returned when they went downstairs, to find a landlord who spoke fluent American, acquired in Chicago before the war.

"You are not in Hungary now," he explained. "You have crossed the border into Czjeck-Hansa. But it is only a little country with two towns, this one and the capital, and they don't ask the visas from Americans."

"That's probably why they came here," Olive thought.

"Perhaps you could give us some information about strangers?" asked Brevoort. "We're looking for an American lady ——" He described Emily, without mentioning her probable companion; as he proceeded a curious change came over the innkeeper's face.

"Let me see your passports," he said; then: "And why you want to see her?"

"This lady is her cousin."

The innkeeper hesitated momentarily.

"I think perhaps I be able to find her for you," he said.

He called the porter; there were rapid instructions in an unintelligible patois. Then:

"Follow this boy—he take you there."

They were conducted through filthy streets to a tumbledown house on the edge of town. A man with a hunting rifle, lounging outside, straightened up and spoke sharply to the porter, but after an exchange of phrases they passed, mounted the stairs and knocked at a door. When it opened a head peered around the corner; the porter spoke again and they went in.

They were in a large dirty room which might have belonged to a poor boarding house in any quarter of the Western world—faded walls, split upholstery, a shapeless bed and an air, despite its bareness, of being overcrowded by the ghostly furniture, indicated by dust rings and worn spots, of the last decade. In the middle of the room stood a small stout man with pouchy eyes and a hawk's nose over an indulgent little mouth, who stared intently at them as they opened the door, and then with a single disgusted "Chut!" turned impatiently away. There were several other people in the room, but Brevoort and Olive saw only Emily, who reclined in a chaise longue with half-closed eyes.

At the sight of them her eyes opened in mild astonishment; she made a move as though to jump up, but instead held out her hand, smiled and spoke their names in a clear polite voice, less as a greeting than as a sort of explanation to the others of their presence here. At their names a grudging amenity replaced the sullenness on the little man's face.

The two girls kissed.

"Tutu!" said Emily, as if calling him to attention—"Prince Petrocobesco, let me present my cousin Mrs. Blair, and Mr. Blair." (Continued on Page 61)

Film on Teeth—*Don't let it rob you of a fascinating smile*

The Film-

How to remove film—the question millions are asking. Now a special film-removing dentifrice is urged by dentists. Please accept a free 10-day supply

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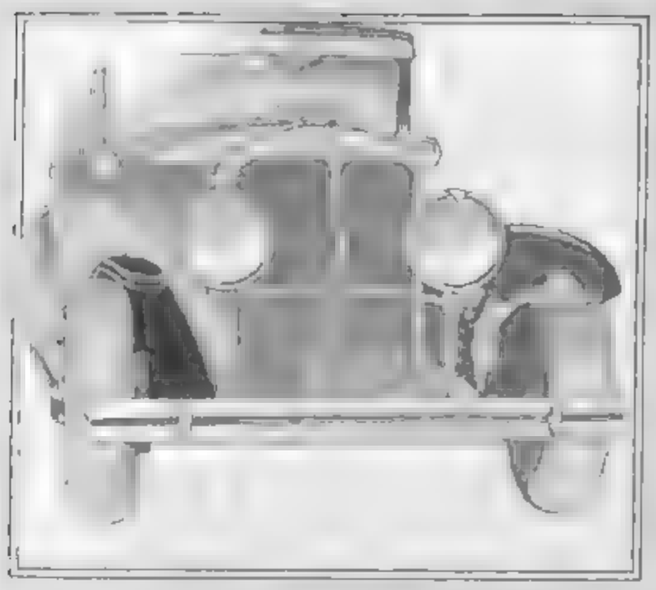
Only one tube to a family

3089



YOU REPLACE A BROKEN FENDER WITH ANOTHER OF THE *SAME* SIZE, BECAUSE YOU WANT THE REPLACED PART TO *FIT* THE REST OF THE CAR. IS CORRECT BATTERY SIZE LESS IMPORTANT?

Making Battery Value a *Known* Value

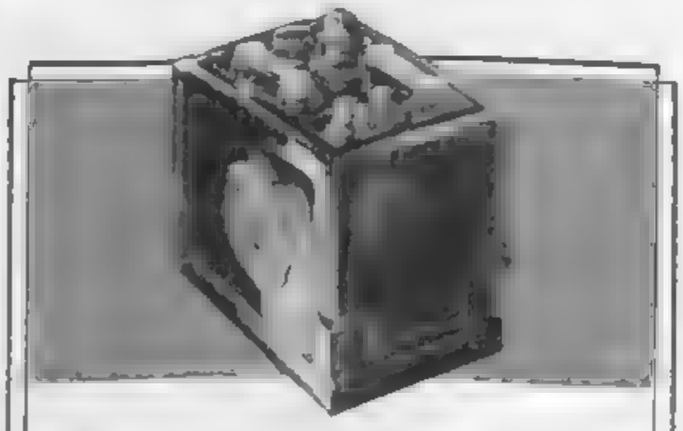
Thirty thousand Willard Service Stations are now equipped with a Chart of Battery Sizes that makes it easy for the careful buyer to get at the *reasons* for battery *value* quickly. This Chart shows, for all cars, the size specifically recommended by automobile engineers as the *one* size that delivers the longest battery life and the most satisfactory performance.

A word of caution: The size they recommend, however, is not a matter of foot-rule dimension. It is what is known as *electrical* size. Here is the true measure of all battery comparisons, of all battery values. Without the Chart the purchase of a battery is guesswork, opinion and hearsay. With it the careful buyer gets *known* value.

Just a word about quality: Two batteries may be of the same electrical size . . . at first. But after months of high mileage service, one will *peter* out, the other will *hold* out. The endurance quality of a Willard holds because it is built in by painstaking workmen drawing on the experience of twenty-eight years of successful battery building.

The price you pay for a Willard is only a fraction more than that asked for hundreds of built-for-a-bargain batteries of unknown name and value. Buy the *known* value—*correct electrical size* and the *built-in quality* of a Willard.

Willard STORAGE BATTERIES



THREAD-RUBBER INSULATION

If your driving program calls for high mileage and constant operation, it will pay you to select a Willard Battery insulated with *Thread-Rubber*. This type of insulation has the "resilience" to carry the peak loads imposed by those who drive their cars "hard." It is, therefore, the right insulation for their batteries. It means longer battery life, for it will last as long as the plates themselves.

(Continued from Page 58)

"*Plaisir*," said Petrocobesco. He and Emily exchanged a quick glance, whereupon he said, "Won't you sit down?" and immediately seated himself in the only available chair, as if they were playing Going to Jerusalem.

"*Plaisir*," he repeated. Olive sat down on the foot of Emily's chaise longue and Brevoort took a stool from against the wall, meanwhile noting the other occupants of the room. There was a very fierce young man in a cape who stood, with arms folded and teeth gleaming, by the door, and two ragged, bearded men, one holding a revolver, the other with his head sunk dejectedly on his chest, who sat side by side in the corner.

"You come here long?" the prince asked.

"Just arrived this morning."

For a moment Olive could not resist comparing the two, the tall fair-featured American and the unprepossessing little South European, scarcely a likely candidate for Ellis Island. Then she looked at Emily—the same thick bright hair with sunshine in it, the eyes with the hint of vivid seas. Her face was faintly drawn, there were slight new lines around her mouth, but she was the Emily of old—dominant, shining, large of scale. It seemed shameful for all that beauty and personality to have arrived in a cheap boarding house at the world's end.

The man in the cape answered a knock at the door and handed a note to Petrocobesco, who read it, cried "Chut!" and passed it to Emily.

"You see, there are no carriages," he said tragically in French. "The carriages were destroyed—all except one, which is in a museum. Anyhow, I prefer a horse."

"No," said Emily.

"Yes, yes, yes!" he cried. "Whose business is it how I go?"

"Don't let's have a scene, Tutu."

"Scene!" He fumed. "Scene!"

Emily turned to Olive: "You came by automobile?"

"Yes."

"A big de luxe car? With a back that opens?"

"Yes."

"There," said Emily to the prince. "We can have the arms painted on the side of that."

"Hold on," said Brevoort. "This car belongs to a hotel in Budapest."

Apparently Emily didn't hear.

"Janierka could do it," she continued thoughtfully.

At this point there was another interruption. The dejected man in the corner suddenly sprang to his feet and made as though to run to the door, whereupon the other man raised his revolver and brought the butt down on his head. The man faltered and would have collapsed had not his assailant hauled him back to the chair, where he sat comatose, a slow stream of blood trickling over his forehead.

"Dirty townsman! Filthy, dirty spy!" shouted Petrocobesco between clenched teeth.

"Now that's just the kind of remark you're not to make!" said Emily sharply.

"Then why we don't hear?" he cried. "Are we going to sit here in this pigsty forever?"

Disregarding him, Emily turned to Olive and began to question her conventionally about New York. Was prohibition any more successful? What were the new plays? Olive tried to answer and simultaneously to catch Brevoort's eye. The sooner their purpose was broached, the sooner they could get Emily away.

"Can we see you alone, Emily?" demanded Brevoort abruptly.

"Why, for the moment we haven't got another room."

Petrocobesco had engaged the man with the cape in agitated conversation, and taking advantage of this, Brevoort spoke hurriedly to Emily in a lowered voice:

"Emily, your father's getting old; he needs you at home. He wants you to give up this crazy life and come back to America. He sent us because he couldn't come himself and no one else knew you well enough— "

She laughed. "You mean, knew the enormities I was capable of."

"No," put in Olive quickly. "Cared for you like we do. I can't tell you how awful it is to see you wandering over the face of the earth."

"But we're not wandering now," explained Emily. "This is Tutu's native country."

"Where's your pride, Emily?" said Olive impatiently. "Do you know that affair in Paris was in the papers? What do you suppose people think back home?"

"That affair in Paris was an outrage." Emily's blue eyes flashed around her. "Someone will pay for that affair in Paris."

"It'll be the same everywhere. Just sinking lower and lower, dragged in the mire, and one day deserted."

"Stop, please!" Emily's voice was cold as ice. "I don't think you quite understand ——"

She broke off as Petrocobesco came back, threw himself into his chair and buried his face in his hands.

"I can't stand it," he whispered. "Would you mind taking my pulse? I think it's bad. Have you got the thermometer in your purse?"

She held his wrist in silence for a moment.

"It's all right, Tutu." Her voice was soft now, almost crooning. "Sit up. Be a man."

"All right."

He crossed his legs as if nothing had happened and turned abruptly to Brevoort.

"How are financial conditions in New York?" he demanded.

But Brevoort was in no humor to prolong the absurd scene. The memory of a certain terrible hour three years before swept over him. He was no man to be made a fool of twice, and his jaw set as he rose to his feet.

"Emily, get your things together," he said tersely. "We're going home."

She did not move; an expression of astonishment, melting to amusement, spread over her face. Olive put her arm around her shoulder.

"Come, dear. Let's get out of this nightmare."

"We're waiting," Brevoort said.

Petrocobesco spoke suddenly to the man in the cape, who approached and seized Brevoort's arm. Brevoort shook him off angrily, whereupon the man stepped back, his hand searching his belt.

"No!" cried Emily imperatively.

Once again there was an interruption. The door opened without a knock and two stout men in frock coats and silk hats rushed in and up to Petrocobesco. They grinned and patted him on the back and chattered in a strange language, and presently he grinned and patted them on the back and they kissed all around; then, turning to Emily, Petrocobesco spoke to her in French.

"It's all right," he said excitedly. "They did not even argue the matter. I am to have the title of king."

With a long sigh Emily sank back in her chair and her lips parted in a relaxed, tranquil smile.

"Very well, Tutu. We'll get married."

"Oh, heavens, how happy!" He clasped his hands and gazed up ecstatically at the faded ceiling. "How extremely happy!" He fell on his knees beside her and kissed her inside arm.

"What's all this about kings?" Brevoort demanded. "Is this—is he a king?"

"He's a king. Aren't you, Tutu?" Her hand gently stroked his oiled hair and Olive saw that her eyes were unusually bright.

"I am your husband," cried Tutu weepily. "The most happy man alive."

"His uncle was Prince of Czjeck-Hansa before the war," explained Emily, her voice singing her content. "Since then there's been a republic, but the peasant party wanted a change and Tutu was next in line. Only I wouldn't marry him unless he insisted on being king instead of prince."

NUNNALLY JOHNSON tells *Jim Henry*

Here's NUNNALLY JOHNSON, *"the roving reporter", a popular writer for The Saturday Evening Post and other magazines, telling Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, why he likes the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream.*

"I've hatched many a plot with MENTHOL-ICED lather on my face"

"JIM—I used to look on shaving as an unavoidable time waster. Then one day you sold me on the idea of *cool lather*. Well I've stayed sold ever since my first morning with Menthol-iced. It's a great wake-up tonic—cool, tingling, refreshing! When the lather goes on my face, I start to think of the story I want to write, and when I'm finished shaving, I'm all set for the day's work—my face feels as clean and smooth as if I'd been shaved by the Prince of Wales' barber. . ."

Mennen Menthol-iced
THE YOUNG MAN'S SHAVE

There's a triple-cool, pep-up-and-go feeling in a Menthol-iced shave that's typically young—modern! Morning grouches and triple cool shaves just don't go together. For—as skin specialists have found—Menthol-iced does three definite things to your skin: (1) tones tired facial nerves, (2) heals minute shaving abrasions, (3) protects the skin. Try this young man's shave. Send for free trial tube!

2 TYPES OF MENNEN—
with or without menthol

Mennen is the only manufacturer who makes two kinds of cream: Mennen *without menthol*—for years the standby of millions of men who know a quick, smooth shave when they get one. Now—Menthol-iced—for those who want the extra thrill of menthol. Both creams have *Dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process of softening the beard, lubricating the razor and toning the skin!

After the Shave

Mennen *Skin Balm* prolongs the refreshing comfort of your Mennen shave. Non-greasy—quickly absorbed . . . Mennen *Talcum for Men* doesn't show. Great after a bath too!

MENNEN

For the Modern Shave

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
—2 kinds of
Mennen Shaving Cream
Menthol-iced in the orange-striped carton
Without menthol in the green-striped carton
Mennen Skin Balm—the cooling cream-like lotion in a tube. Non-greasy
Mennen Talcum for Men—the natural-tint man's powder that does not show.
MENNEN FOR MEN
MENNEN SKIN BALM
FOR THE SHAVE
AFTER THE SHAVE

Free—14 Cool Shaves! Send for a trial tube of Mennen Menthol-iced, and Skin Balm. Just write your name and address in the margin below and send it to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J. Dept. S-5

Brevoort passed his hand over his forehead.

"Do you mean that this is actually a fact?"

Emily nodded. "The assembly voted it this morning. And if you'll lend us this de luxe limousine of yours we'll make our official entrance into the capital this afternoon."

IV

OVER two years later Mr. and Mrs. Brevoort Blair and their two children stood upon a balcony of the Carlton Hotel in London, a situation recommended by the management for watching royal processions pass. This one began with a fanfare of trumpets down by the Strand, and presently a scarlet line of horse guards came into sight.

"But, mummy," the little boy demanded, "is Aunt Emily Queen of England?"

"No, dear; she's queen of a little tiny country, but when she visits here she rides in the queen's carriage."

"Oh."

"Thanks to the magnesium deposits," said Brevoort dryly.

"Was she a princess before she got to be queen?" the little girl asked.

"No, dear; she was an American girl and then she got to be a queen."

"Why?"

"Because nothing else was good enough for her," said her father. "Just think, one time she could have married me. Which would you rather do, baby—marry me or be a queen?"

The little girl hesitated.

"Marry you," she said politely, but without conviction.

"That'll do, Brevoort," said her mother "Here they come."

"I see them!" the little boy cried.

The cavalcade swept down the crowded street. There were more horse guards, a company of dragoons, outriders, then Olive found herself holding her breath and squeezing the balcony rail as, between a double line of beefeaters, a pair of great gilt-and-crimson coaches rolled past. In the first were the royal sovereigns, their uniforms gleaming with ribbons, crosses and stars, and in the second their two royal consorts, one old, the other young. There was about the scene the glamour shed always by the old empire of half the world, by her ships and ceremonies, her pomps and symbols; and the crowd felt it, and a slow murmur rolled along before the carriage, rising to a strong steady cheer. The two ladies bowed to left and right, and though few knew who the second queen was, she was cheered too. In a moment the gorgeous panoply had rolled below the balcony and on out of sight.

When Olive turned away from the window there were tears in her eyes.

"I wonder if she likes it, Brevoort. I wonder if she's really happy with that terrible little man."

"Well, she got what she wanted, didn't she? And that's something."

Olive drew a long breath.

"Oh, she's so wonderful," she cried —"so wonderful! She could always move me like that, even when I was angriest at her."

"It's all so silly," Brevoort said.

"I suppose so," answered Olive's lips. But her heart, winged with helpless adoration, was following her cousin through the palace gates half a mile away.

WOMEN ARE NO LONGER SENSITIVE ABOUT AGE

Knowledge of The Danger Line has helped thousands to vitality and charm

NOT long ago women were very sensitive about their age when still quite young indeed. For the first bloom of youth seemed to fade quickly then. Today, apparently, women have discovered the art of retaining youthful charm, regardless of the passing of years.

The secret? You will notice that women who are truly "popular" are careful of their diet, of their exercise and particularly of their teeth. For tooth decay is a frequent cause of premature old age, and of dangerous diseases.

Most often, it is not neglect that brings about tooth decay and gum irritations, but erroneous mouth hygiene. No tooth-brush can reach into the tiny pits and crevices along The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. And there acids form that cause decay.

It was as a safeguard against these acids that Squibb's Dental Cream was developed. It contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. When you use Squibb's, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia lodge in the crevices of The Danger Line—neutralizing the acids and giving protection.

Use Squibb's Dental Cream regularly. It cleans beautifully. It contains *no harsh abrasives or astringents.* Use it to brush the gums. Squibb's, together with frequent visits to your dentist, will bring protection. 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

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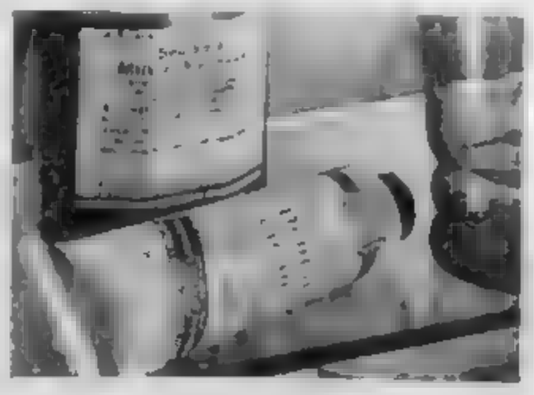
SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA *is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*



SQUIBB'S dental cream

The Poets' Corner

The Skyscraper

THEY call it that, this thing of steel
And stone that climbs the vault of blue;
These tow'rs that gilded roofs reveal
And doors the whole world hurries through,
These doors that children never know,
These roofs that roses never climb,
These chiseled fronds that drink no dew,
And faces fixed for all of time.

They call it that, though here men's dreams
Are dreams of pow'r, are dreams of gold;
A place for artifice, for schemes,
Where stone is hard and steel is cold.
But all a little house can hold
Is little dreams of peace, of joy,
The secrets by a daughter told,
The confidences of a boy.

They call it that, the prouder wall
That never knew a baby's birth;
Yet all the day men's hearts recall
A little house of love and mirth,
Afar from these of greater worth
That cost so much, that reach so high.
Yet which, I wonder, clings to earth,
And which, I wonder, scrapes the sky?

—*Douglas Malloch.*

The White-Ash Breeze

Hudson River Boat Song

OLD JAN DOBBS of old Dobbs Ferry
Dipped the blade and rowed his wherry,
Pulled a sturdy white-ash oar
To Sneeden's Landing on the western shore.
When becalmed the sailboats lay,
Loud he jeered them on his way:
"The wind may blow when the wind may please,
I keep sailing in a white-ash breeze!"

Old Jan Dobbs of old Dobbs Ferry,
Strong of arm and brave and merry,
Though the waves were hissing white,
Pulled and sang with all his might:
"When the raging waters dash,
Put your trust in good white ash!
Rippling tides or stormy seas,
I keep sailing in a white-ash breeze!"

Old Jan Dobbs of old Dobbs Ferry
When the bloom was on the cherry
Rowed across the Tappan Zee,
Kept the stroke and so do we.
Storm or sunlight, calm or gale,
Arm and oar will never fail.
Swing your backs between your knees,
We go sailing in a white-ash breeze!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Ever

MY SOUL is with you, wherever you go,
If sunshine blesses or storm winds blow;
And this shall help you to make your goal,
Ever beside you goes my soul.

My heart is with you wherever you bide,
On mountain crest and on ocean's tide;
And this shall your courage be, in part,
Ever beside you bides my heart.

My hand is ever in reach of youre,
My faith through burden and heat endures;
Though mile may sever, you'll understand,
Ever beside you waits my hand.

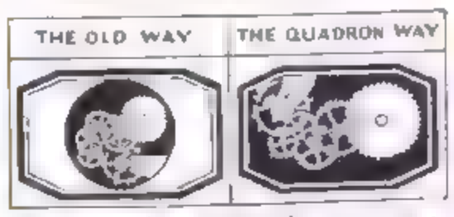
—*L. Mitchell Thornton.*

Antiques

I HAD some faiths, ideals that came to me
Because they were my mother's.
I scorned them, laughed them down to any bidder,
And tried, in vain, to be thus cheaply rid of them.
I varnished them to give a show of youth;
I painted them with bright designs to get bizarre effects
Of borrowed patterns.
Now they are all rubbed down to the original
By many grinding, acid years.

—*Helen Baker Parker.*

A new Gruen invention



By using all case space, this rectangular Quadron movement permits wider strategic parts and therefore a true chronometer accuracy.

HERE is what happened when two Precision Quadron movements were submitted to the observatory test in Switzerland.

These watches were stock models. They bore consecutive serial numbers, just as they came from the Gruen Precision Workshop. They were identical in every respect with the new Precision Quadrons your Gruen jeweler will show you.

Every movement that one hundred and fifty must be granted a certificate for two consecutive days by the Observatory.

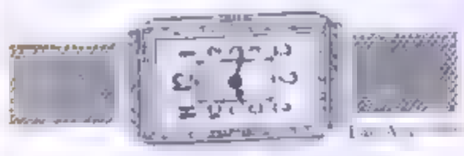
So far as we know, this is a world's record. It establishes the Gruen Precision Quadron as *the nearest approach to perfect timekeeping ever put on the wrist.* Yet it can only be explained by the new Gruen rectangular movement with which every Precision Quadron is fitted.

Fred J. Gruen
President
Gruen Watch Makers Guild

Gruen Quadron with metal band $57.50. Other Quadrons $47.75 to $250

Gruen Crown-Guard Cartouche. Ladies' sport wristlet with leather strap, 15-jewel movement, $40. Other lowest $2,500 to $65

Ladies' Sport Chronometer, 14-kt solid gold Crown-Guard Case, with leather strap. 15-jewel movement, $75



Gruen Curvex de Luxe, 14-kt solid gold Crown-Guard Case. Precision movement, $50. Other gold watches $35 to $1,000

Gruen Quadron, 14-kt solid gold case. Precision movement, $57.50. Other Precision watches $35 to $2,500

For that finest gift, choose a Gruen in a solid gold case

Condemned . . . for *treason to his guild!*

He had dared to produce watches inferior in quality—this seventeenth century guildsman. He had placed upon those watches the guild mark, a symbol of finest craftsmanship.

So, before a Paris bar of justice, he was forced to stand trial for treason to his guild!

Confronting him were the *Gardes-Visiteurs*, stern-visaged guardians of their guild's reputation. Coming to his workshop one day without warning, they had seized every watch that was "ill-fashioned and of bad materials." Then both the watches and their maker had been brought before justice.

Through three centuries the court's decision comes down to us:

"This seizure of watches is declared good and valid . . . and we declare the watches confiscated. The said Jean Tontin is forbidden to conduct in the future any enterprise concerned with the art of the Watchmakers' Guild, under pain of law."

A severe sentence . . . yet no lesser penalty could satisfy those stern old masters pledged to maintain the traditions of their craft.

And today, in the Gruen Watch Makers Guild, those same traditions are restored in modern form!

For the men who fashion Gruen Guild Watches are not ordinary workmen. They are inspired by ideals of fine craftsmanship inherited from famous guild masters of centuries ago. With their rare skill and the most advanced modern machinery, they create watches of unparalleled prestige in America.

And the Gruen name on a watch is no ordinary designation. It is a guild mark—a recognized pledge of beauty, accuracy, and style leadership in timepieces.

Your Gruen jeweler—one of the best in your community—can show you the watches pictured here, also many other Guild Watches to suit the taste of every member of the family. Prices $35.00 to $27.50. His window is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown at the left.

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild.

PRECISION

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of superior workmanship, finer quality and precision . . . costing more than Gruen Makers in the Precision Workshop.

Look for the name PRECISION on the dial

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Branches in various parts of the world

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

Gruen Guild Watches

America's Longest Electrified Railroad

On its transcontinental line between Chicago and Puget Sound, The Milwaukee Road operates, by electricity, 440 miles between Harlowton, Montana, and Avery, Idaho, and 216 miles between Othello, Washington, and Seattle. These 656 miles constitute approximately forty per cent of the Nation's total electrified railroad mileage—by far America's Longest Electrified Railroad.

Tumbling mountain streams in the Belt, Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade ranges originate the power for the mighty electric locomotives. Heavy trains are moved over the Continental Divide and the grades of the Cascades swiftly, smoothly and surely. Travelers marvel at this scientific accomplishment, said by Thomas A. Edison to be "the very latest word in transportation."

The Milwaukee Road is the shortest route and the only railroad operating over its own rails all the way between Chicago and Seattle. Its fast, newly-inaugurated schedule is saving travelers between these cities practically a business day.

For your copy of "Key Notes," containing information on electrification and other subjects concerning this railroad, write The Milwaukee Road, Room 867H, Union Station, Chicago.

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

ELECTRIFIED OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE SEA

FAMOUS TRAINS

The Olympian: Chicago-Yellowstone-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma . ***The Pioneer Limited:*** Chicago-St. Paul-Minneapolis . ***The Columbian:*** Chicago-Twin Cities-Yellowstone-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma . . . ***The Southwest Limited*** Chicago-Milwaukee-Excelsior Springs-Kansas City . . . ***The Arrow:*** Chicago-Milwaukee-Des Moines-Omaha-Sioux City.

THE LEASED OF THESE

(Continued from Page 19)

Semore sidled down the street with a crabwise gait, and Florian stared after him with disgust. It was gall and wormwood for Mr. Slappey to reflect that it was his own lack of caution which was enabling Mr. Mashby to pocket one hundred dollars clear profit every month that the stock company should run. And even more poisonous than that was the electric sign across the street. Mashby Theater! Why, if he, Florian, had really been clever, that sign might have announced that this was the Slappey!

On this great and glorious night Florian had flopped into the slough of despond and was wallowing there futilely. Only the evening before he had wooed the Goddess of Chance with disastrous results. The ultimate penny of his cash capital had found its way into the pockets of other and luckier gentlemen, and Mr. Slappey faced the night with the certainty that even if he could borrow the price of a ticket to the dance which was to follow the première performance of The Birmingham Colored Residence Players, Inc., he certainly could not invite Miss Hyson to supper with him.

Overflowing with melancholy, he wandered across Sixth Avenue and into the lobby of the Mashby Theater. Before the window was a human line clamoring for tickets. Keefe Gaines was working through his dinner hour to satisfy the public demand.

Florian strolled into the business office, which immediately adjoined the ticket booth. And there a gorgeous sight greeted his eyes.

Flowers! Radiant blossoms in lavish profusion. Carnations, chrysanthemums, roses, and here and there evidence of individuality as expressed by set pieces, holly wreaths and sheaths. But standing out above all was a magnificent basket of yellow chrysanthemums hedged about with autumn leaves. That caught Florian's eye and held it, chiefly because of its size.

He was very curious, and so, noticing that Keefe Gaines had no time for anything but the silver stream which was flowing into the theater coffers, Mr. Slappey deftly opened the envelope which was attached to the basket of flowers and withdrew the card of the sender. One glance and he gave vent to a snort of abysmal disgust.

MR. SEMORE MASHBY
MONEY TO LOAN ON GOOD SECURITY

This was the most unkindest cut of all. Florian stared, and then, quite without warning, something clicked in his brain. He knew that he had experienced one of his most glorious inspirations, and he acted without a second's hesitation.

With three swift jerks he tore the card of Mr. Mashby into tiny bits. From his breast pocket he extracted a combination card and cigarette case and produced one of his own calling cards—a chaste and correct thing which gave merely Mr. Slappey's name and did not advertise his business—perhaps for the simple reason that he had none.

It was the work of only a moment to place his card in the envelope which was attached to the basket and addressed to Miss Casaba Hyson. Then, grinning broadly, Florian walked back into the lobby, flung a cheerful greeting at Keefe Gaines, and ambled southward to Sis Callie Flukers' eminently respectable boarding house on Avenue F, where he proceeded to bathe and dress.

At eight o'clock promptly the doors of the Mashby Theater were flung open and the eager populace swarmed in. By 8:15 the socially elect commenced to arrive in their sedans: Joshua Pruney, wearing across his white shirt front a large scarlet ribbon which proclaimed to the pop-eyed world that he was president of The Shining Star Country Club for Colored; Joshua's exceedingly stout wife; Lawyer and Mrs. Evans Chew; Epic Peters, the wealthy and gangling Pullman porter; Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Broughton; Director and Mrs. Julius Cæsar Clump from the famous Midnight lot; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Boscoe Fizz of the same organization; Opus Randall and Welford Potts, fat and lean respectively, and known to screen fans as two great colored comedians; Forcep Swain, Birmingham's only dusky author; Dr. and Mrs. Lijah Atcherson; Jasper de Void, and even the apologetic Neuritis Mapes.

In the very center of the first row sat Semore Mashby with an expectant grin on his wizened countenance, and immediately behind him was the debonair Florian Slappey. Mr. Slappey was in wonderful fettle. No matter what happened later, he knew he was going to enjoy this evening, if only by watching his archenemy.

Eventually the curtain rose and the performance started. Each member of the cast was greeted with enormous applause. Casaba's entrance was the signal for a thunderous outburst, and then the audience lost itself in rapt enjoyment of a really good performance.

No question about it, the cast was good, the direction excellent and the play enthralling. But adequate as they all were, Casaba Hyson was a veritable riot. She was an actress from the top of her head to the toes of her rather ample feet. She fairly swept the spectators away from Birmingham and into an illusion of Harlem. Even the most pessimistic stockholder realized that, barring accidents, The Birmingham Colored Residence Players, Inc., were destined to meet with success.

Then came the great moment at the end of the second act when, after a dozen curtain calls, ushers commenced trooping down the aisles bearing flowers. There was something for each member of the company, but Casaba Hyson was fairly deluged.

It was then that Semore experienced a sad moment. Of course he saw his huge basket of chrysanthemums, but until now he had not realized just how many others would send flowers. He was further rattled by the fact that Miss Hyson did not open a single envelope. Mr. Mashby was keenly disappointed. But he knew she'd look at the cards later, and he would then come into his reward.

After the performance everybody adjourned to the lodge rooms of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, where, following a succulent supper, Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra dispensed dance music.

And within twenty minutes Mr. Mashby found himself witnessing a phenomenon.

By all the rules, Miss Hyson should have singled him out and showered him with thanks for sending her the largest and most attractive floral offering. Instead, she paid him no attention, or, when she did look at him, it was with a marked absence of enthusiasm. Semore couldn't understand. Once or twice he tried to speak with her, but she was surrounded by admirers and he never had a chance to get in more than a word or two.

Worst of all, though, was the delight Casaba seemed to experience in the society of Florian Slappey. That elegant young gentleman danced with her constantly, and Semore writhed every time he saw her in Florian's arms, laughing up into Mr. Slappey's face, and apparently enjoying herself to the utmost in the society of Birmingham's best-dressed and most workless colored man.

Semore hit bottom and stayed there. Memory of his twenty-five dollars, woefully wasted, haunted him. He cursed the entire feminine gender. He regretted his elegant fifty-dollar dinner jacket and his eight-dollar top hat. He left early and unhappily, and lay awake all night thinking of the money he had squandered.

The next few days developed several things. First was the certainty of the company's success, and out of that Semore derived some small meed of pleasure. It meant a hundred a month to him, and the continued prestige of seeing his name in lights over the front of the theater. Second, there was no mistaking that Florian stood ace-high with Casaba Hyson. Third, Semore discovered that Casaba had written personal letters of thanks to every man, woman and child who had sent flowers to her, and he, who had contributed most lavishly, had received not a single word of appreciation.

Mr. Mashby commenced to think. He visited the flower shop of Ollie Waters and demanded to know what had happened. Ollie was quite positive that there had been no mistake; he personally had fixed the basket with his finest chrysanthemums and freshest autumn leaves; he, with his own hands, had inserted Mr. Mashby's card; he, refusing to intrust so important a thing to his messenger, had taken the basket to the Mashby Theater at seven o'clock the evening of the opening show.

Semore waited until Sunday. Then, in sheer desperation, he visited Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored and was lucky enough to find the fair Casaba alone. She greeted him with a marked absence of cordiality, and he came straight to the point.

"How come," he asked, "that you ain't never said 'much obliged' for them swell flowers I sent you openin' night?"

Her lips curled into a sneer. "You never sent me no flowers," she stated.

"What?" Semore was on his feet. "You say——"

"Listen!" Her voice was as cold as a new icicle. "I know all about you, Mistuh Mashby—'bout how you has got plenty money an' never spends none of it. I thought you was a nice feller, but not no more. If you couldn't even spend a couple of dollars to send me flowers——"

Semore was so shocked that he forgot to be timid. He strode across the room and grasped the rounded arms of Miss Hyson with a strength which amazed both of them.

"Hush yo' mouf, woman, an' listen at me while I profound you a question. Did you or not git a big basket of yaller chrysanthemums the night the theater opened?"

She threw her head back proudly.

"I certainly did," she said, "an' fum the finest an' most ginrous cullud man in Bumminham."

"Who?" quavered Semore dazedly.

Her answer stunned him: "Fum Mistuh Florian Slappey!"

For an instant her announcement did not penetrate. Then, slowly and relentlessly, he commenced to think. And the more he thought, the more obvious things became.

A cold fury descended upon him, and he knew that the end was not yet. He made a low obeisance to Miss Hyson, assured her that there had been a ghastly mistake and that it was a positive privilege to squander money upon her, and departed. The following morning early a messenger called at Sis Callie Flukers' and delivered a note to Florian Slappey. There was nothing equivocal or diplomatic about it:

mr. Florian Slappey: you are a bum & a crook and if you ain't in my office by ten o'clock you is goin to wish you had of been, on acount our littel buisness matter will then be turned over to the athorities. I would write what I realy think of you only you ain't goin to hang no libel suit on me.

SEMORE MASHBY.

Mr. Slappey experienced a qualm as he perused the letter, but before he completed his toilet and departed for downtown he was gaining again. Of course he rather had expected to be discovered, and he did not anticipate that Semore would accept the wake-up without a counter, but he breezed jauntily into the office and smiled cheerfully into the stormy countenance of his *bête noir*. It was only after Semore's introductory speech that Mr. Slappey commenced to believe that perhaps he had overstepped the bounds.

"I has consulted legal counsel," said Semore, without preamble, "an' find out that you has committed fraud, conspiracy, larceny an' et al, fo' which you is libel to a sentence in the state penitentiary. Now, I ask you, Mistuh Slappey, does you crave such?"

Florian tried to be friendly. "Aw, Semore, cain't you take a joke?"

"Sholy. Ise takin' it now. On'y the joke is on you."

Mr. Slappey was thoroughly frightened.

"I thought us would laugh about it."

"You got another think, Florian, 'cause us ain't goin' to laugh. On'y I is gwine laugh. Understan'?"

"We-e-ell, no," confessed Florian, "I cain't say I does."

"A'right," snapped Semore. "Gimme ear while I 'splains. Fum the fust go-off I has been co'tin' Miss Hyson, with matrimonial intentions. You stold my card out of my flowers an' put yo' own in. Now you can either go to jail or else."

"Or else which?"

"This." Mr. Mashby inscribed figures on a sheet of paper. "Ev'y Saddy night Miss Casaba Hyson is gwine receive ten dollars' wuth of flowers fum me——"

"Golla, Semore, I always knowed you was ginrous."

"——an' they is gwine be the swellest flowers at Ollie Waters' shop. But, Florian, them flowers is ev'y week gwine be paid fo' by the clever Mistuh Slappey!"

Semore leaned back in his chair and his lips expanded into a sardonic leer.

Florian gasped. Then he uttered a howl of protest which was nothing less than a symphony to Mr. Mashby's ears. Semore was merciless.

"Uh-huh, Florian; you commences to git my idea. I is gwine do some heavy an' espensive courtin' but you is gwine pay fo' it. Furthermo', you ain't gwine see no mo' of Miss Hyson in no affectionate way, an' if you does or if you ever let her find out that you is payin' fo' these flowers—then the law gits word of how dirty you done me the night my theater opened. What says you?"

Florian argued. He protested. He fairly wept. But in the end Mr. Slappey staggered into the street completely downcast. He was caught, and he knew it.

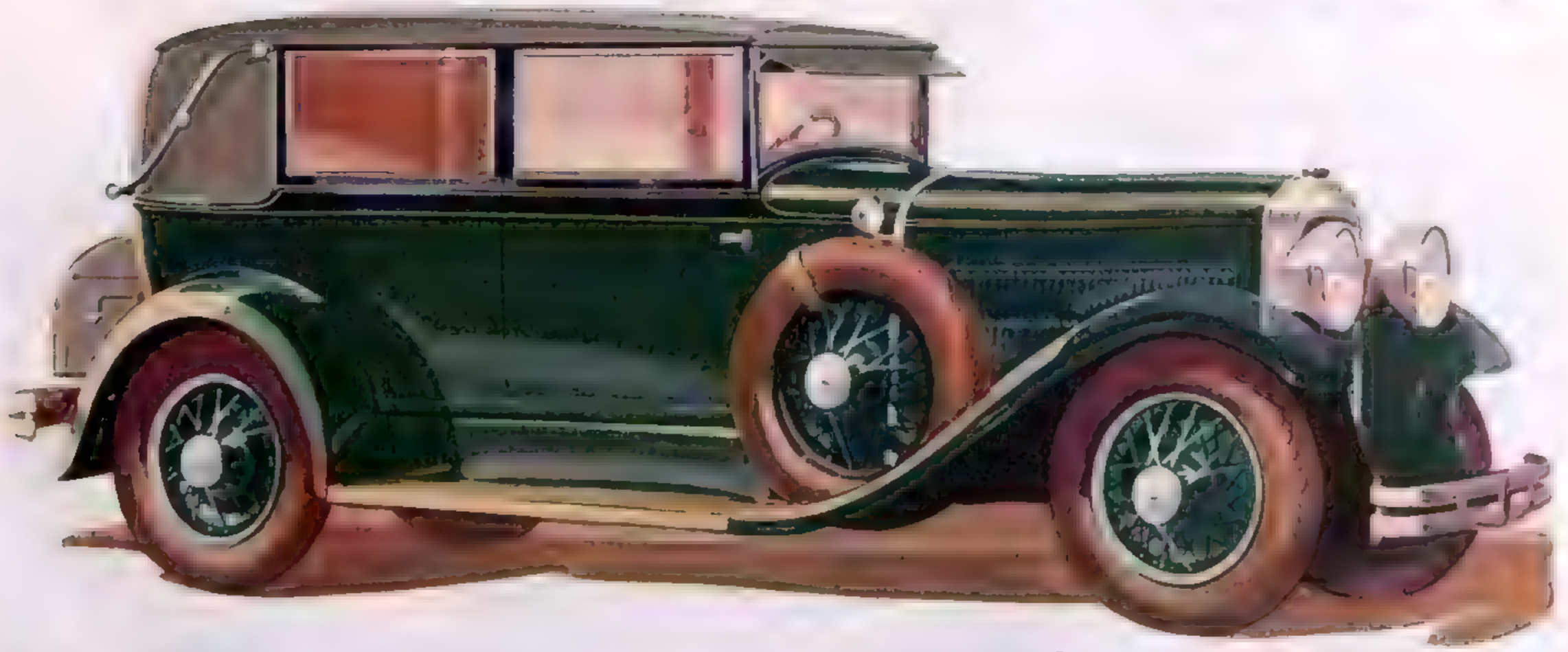
That Saturday night Casaba received a gorgeous bouquet of Killarney roses from Mr. Mashby. At least they carried Semore's card. She was interested, but not unduly so. But when on the next Saturday, and the next and the next, the flowers appeared in profusion, her interest grew keen once again. She harked back to her original prophecy, which was that Mr. Mashby had never before met a woman who knew how to instruct him in the gentle art of spending money.

Besides, Casaba was impressed with another feature of personal moment. Quite inexplicably, Florian Slappey had withdrawn from the list of her suitors at the very moment when he ranked slightly higher than first in her affections. Of course she had heard enough about him to realize that he was not exactly husband material, but he had an insouciance which appealed to her, and now—well, at first she was piqued, then angry, and now it seemed that she simply didn't care. After all, why should she notice such small fry as Florian when even his very best friends exclaimed to her that he was dedicated to a life of celibacy.

The world was treating Casaba generously. The Birmingham Colored Residence Players, Inc., were enjoying enormous success. The stockholders, among whom Florian figured modestly, were approaching the glorious point where their exploitation expenses could be checked off the books and

(Continued on Page 68)

THE GREATER



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(Continued from Page 65)

figures begin to be entered in ink that was black instead of red. It was figured that within two months, if there was no let-down in public enthusiasm, the overhead—save only running expenses—would have been written off and profits commence to accumulate.

But even the most optimistic understood that this amazing success was primarily due to the tremendous personal draw of Casaba Hyson. She was not merely the star, she was the company. Without her they were helpless; with her it appeared that nothing could keep the venture from becoming an outstanding success.

Casaba was not blind to the situation. Naturally temperamental, she took full advantage of it. But she was an excellent actress and what she did behind the scenes did not affect her work once the curtain had risen.

She was riding the crest of a large, pleasant wave, and as the days passed she permitted her friendship for Mr. Mashby to wax warmer and warmer. She made discreet and ladylike inquiries. Friends informed her that there was no question of Semore's amazing wealth, but they were unanimous in declaring that he never spent any of it. Casaba merely smiled. Reckon she knew better than them folks! Wasn't Semore sending her extravagantly beautiful flowers every Saturday night? Hadn't she begged him to quit and hadn't he refused, declaring that it was a positive joy to spend that particular money on her? And he made that statement with an enthusiasm she could not question.

For years he had despised Florian Slappey, who was everything that Mr. Mashby was not. Florian was an opportunist. He looked upon life as something to be enjoyed and wealth as a mere means to a pleasant hour. Money, as such, meant nothing to Florian. Until recently. Now, faced by the grim necessity of acquiring a ten-dollar surplus each Saturday night, he had been reduced to the ignominious depths of working for a wholesale grocery house, where he received a pittance of fifteen dollars a week for doing fifty dollars' worth of hard labor. He did not attempt to argue with Semore. Florian had pride, and whenever he met Mr. Mashby he smiled gamely and tried to make the thin little financier believe that he was happy.

But Semore knew better. He penetrated Florian's courageous mask and discerned the heartbreak beneath. He mocked Mr. Slappey and reported the excellent progress he was making in his courtship, thanks to Florian's weekly floral offerings to Casaba.

And then, a trifle less than two months after the opening of the stock engagement, Semore invited Casaba to have dinner with him after the show. He rented a car and liveried chauffeur from the Jasper de Void Taxicab Company and drove her out over the mountain to a roadhouse owned by Epic Peters, the Pullman porter. There they ate heartily and danced slightly. After which they stepped into the car again and rolled slowly along the paved highways which crisscross the moon-drenched valley.

Semore was not a deft love-maker, but he certainly made himself clear.

"Honey gal," he announced, "Ise rich."

She tried modesty to appear surprised. "Is you really?"

"I sholy is. There ain't no cullud man in Bumminham richer. I could support a wife swell."

"Oh, Mistuh Mashby, ain't it a shame you ain't got no wife?"

"Tha's ezackly what I was thinkin'. Seems like you just nachelly reads my mind. Of course I ain't no sheik, an' I guess I don't dance so good, but bein' able to dance don't buy no chitt'lin's that I ever nothed."

"It sho don't."

"An' furthermo', Casaba, I has been doin' a lot of thinkin'. Seems like always when folks git ma'ied, the husband makes his wife give up her job, but me, I ain't got no such foolish ideas. I says to myse'f, I says: 'This heah Casaba is an artist, an' no artist coul'n't never be happy unless she was arting.' So if I an' you committed matrimony, Casaba, I would agree that you should keep right on bein' a swell actress."

She sighed. "What an understandin' feller you is, Mistuh Mashby."

"I ain't nothin' else. Believe me, Casaba gal, I uses my brain fo' somethin' more than just to have headaches with. Now I ask you the straight question, sugarfoots: Is you willin' to marry me an' keep on actin', or ain't you?"

"Semore! Is you proposin'?"

"What you think Ise doin' practicin' fo' a debate?"

Miss Hyson gazed out of the car window. She snuggled against the luxurious upholstery. Of course the proposal was no surprise, but she was doing some quick, last-minute thinking.

She loved the very thought of wealth. Once married to Semore, she would continue the spending education which had started so auspiciously with his weekly contributions of flowers. And of course it was pleasant to know that she could continue to act if she cared to, and could afford to quit if the footlights lost their appeal.

It was a luscious night, and a spell of romanticism was cast upon the warm heart of the actress. She reached out one hand and imprisoned Semore's skinny claw.

"Sweet man," she breathed, "I an' you is engaged!"

Semore cast one glance at the yielding lady and his heart fairly burst with thanksgiving.

"Hot ziggity dam!" he ejaculated. "What'll that low-down tripe of a Florian Slappey say now?"

Florian said plenty, but his most vivid comments were drowned out in the wave of excitement with which the news was greeted in Birmingham's best dusky social circles. There were many who were sorry for Casaba; there were a few who sympathized with Semore. Chief among these sympathizers were the stage manager and the director of The Birmingham Colored Residence Players, Inc. They knew a thing or two about the tantrums of which Casaba was capable, and were just as happy that someone else was to undertake the job of husbanding her.

But certainly the engagement created a sensation. It inaugurated a series of parties, with Semore and Casaba as the guests of honor. Semore was floating in a seventh heaven, and not the least of his delights were obtained from occasional interviews with the sweat-streaked and utterly miserable Mr. Slappey.

"Ain't you ever gwine let up on me sendin' them flowers, Semore?"

"Mebbe, Florian, but not fo' a long time."

"Not even when you an' Casaba git ma'ied?"

"No. Not fo' a few months anyway. I got to keep that gal fooled 'bout me bein' a good spender."

"You is," said Florian bitterly, "with my money."

"Well, I reckon you is better off heah than in jail."

"I ain't so sure," answered Florian darkly. "Sometimes I think ——"

"An' most times you don't!"

With which Parthian shot Semore strutted away like a bantam rooster. The look which Florian cast after him was positively indecent and his remark even more so.

And then, into Semore's sea of beatitude there floated a large and very explosive mine. This human disaster was a person about five feet eight inches in height, who announced that he was from Mobile and that his name was Arnold Meckle. Mr. Meckle registered at Sally Crouch's and promptly called upon Semore.

Mr. Mashby greeted the stranger warmly. Arnold was well dressed and fairly oozed prosperity. Mr. Mashby bade him be seated, offered him a genuine five-cent cigar and requested that he state his business. Mr. Meckle appeared to be circulating all around the point.

"You is Mistuh Semore Mashby?"

"I ain't nobody else."

"The same what the Mashby Theater is named after?"

"Ain't it the troof?"

"Mistuh Mashby." Arnold cleared his throat. "I understan' you is ve'y rich."

"Tha's what Ise 'acused of bein'."

"An' furthermo', Mistuh Mashby, folks has told me that you is engaged to commit ma'iage with Miss Casaba Hyson."

Semore expanded with pride. "I has that honor," he retorted. "Me an' Casaba is gwine make ourselfs one pretty soon."

Mr. Meckle smiled. "That sho is fine, Brother Mashby, because with you bein' engaged to this lady, I reckon you would prefer to settle out of court."

The smile was slowly erased from Semore's face. In its place there came a hard, inquiring expression.

"Says which?"

"I was just sort of gittin' suggestive that maybe you would like to settle out of court."

"S-s-s-s-settle which out of what court?"

"My judgment against yo' fiansay."

For a moment Semore said nothing. Then he rose and commenced walking up and down the room in short, nervous, mincing strides.

"You says words, Brother Meckle, but they don't make no intelligence. S'posin' you splains yo'se'f."

Arnold was willing. Moreover, he proved to be a very graphic explainer. According to his story, Casaba Hyson had recently been leading woman with a colored repertoire company in Mobile. Mr. Meckle explained that he was proprietor of a large and important store near the theater in which Casaba had played. He then digressed long enough to astound Semore with wild tales of Casaba's terrible temperament and frantic furies.

"An' the big excitement come along," he finished, "when she was in my store one day an' gotten mad 'cause I woul'n't take somethin' back which she had boughten. She tol' me some things, an' also I tol' her some things, but she tol' the most ones. Then she gotten all red-eyed an' swung an umbrella what she carried, an' busted two swell plate-glass windows in front of my store which they cost me one thousand dollars to replace them."

Arnold sighed with the sad remembrance. "I could of had her arrested, but that woul'n't be gittin' me nowhere, so I brung a suit against her. The jury give me damages of one thousand dollars, but befo' I could colleck on that judgment, Miss Hyson beat it out of Mobile.

"Since that time, Brother Mashby, I has kep' a close eye on what Miss Hyson is doin' an' how. One or two jobs she has had I knowed it woul'n't be no good to git my judgment levied, 'cause she'd just quit that job. But up heah things is diff'ent. She is pussonally populous, the company is successful, an' Casaba is engaged to a swell, rich gentleman like you. So I come straight to you, Brother Mashby, 'cause I knowed you would rather give me that money in hand than to have me disgrace yo' fiansay by goin' th'oo a whole lot of court stuff." He sat back and rubbed his hands. "Ain't that so, Mistuh Mashby?"

Semore's dry lips were working slowly. He was very, very sad. He was, in fact, almost crushed. He did some deft questioning and learned several things about Casaba which appeared to make her far less desirable than he had imagined as a permanent domestic companion. Within five minutes Semore was convinced that he had made a severe tactical blunder in publicly becoming engaged to Miss Hyson.

"You know Casaba pretty good, don't you?" he asked.

"She's the most person I know goodest."

"Well, just s'posin' that I was to tell her that our engagement was broke—what you reckon she'd do?"

Arnold gave vent to a nasty laugh. "She'd burn you up, li'l' man—an' how!"

"What you mean: An' how?"

(Continued on Page 70)

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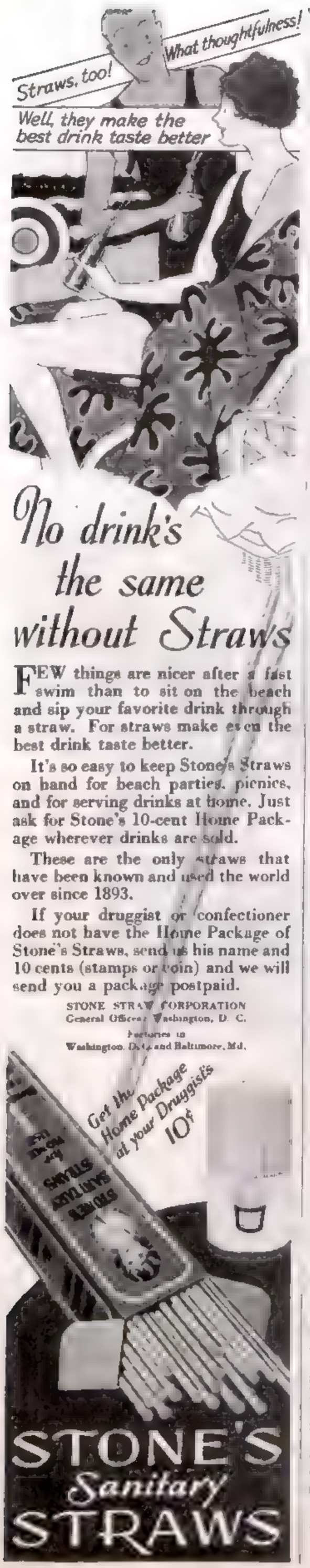
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(Continued from Page 68)

"Lawsuit. Breeches of promise. An' you bein' a rich man! Sweet papa!"

Semore quivered and temporized.

"Can you gimme a week to think this thing over, Mistuh Meckle? Jus' one li'l' tiny week?"

The visitor was agreeable. He explained jovially that he understood a thousand dollars was considerable money, even to a man of such vast wealth, and he was quite willing to wait. He even fancied that he would enjoy a week's vacation in Birmingham. And so he departed, leaving a crushed and stricken little man staring at a particularly black spot on the opposite wall.

Semore was up against it, and realized that grim fact. Supposing he went ahead and married Casaba—the thousand-dollar judgment would either take all her salary for a considerable time and cause the entire burden of her support to devolve upon his skinny shoulders, or else—which was more likely—she'd quit the job altogether in preference to paying the thousand, and let Semore do the suffering. Again, Semore had a vague, disturbing idea that perhaps this judgment might be collectible from the husband of the judgmentee. He wasn't sure, but he imagined he had heard something like that.

He was seeing Casaba in a new light. He was not so much in love as to be blind to any shortcomings she might possess, and he had a deep conviction that if he terminated their engagement she would sue him for heavy damages and win her suit. But suppose—and the idea impressed him as glorious—suppose Casaba could be induced to break the engagement! Publicly! Then he would be clear of the whole miserable mess and more than reconciled to a life of single, wealthy blessedness.

In his dilemma he went to the one person in all Birmingham whom he most hated and yet whose brain he profoundly respected. He sought Florian Slappey. He was quite genial. He informed Florian that he was experiencing a change of heart about many things, and that if Mr. Slappey would help him out of an embarrassing situation, he—Semore—would relieve Florian of any further necessity for sending flowers to Casaba Hyson.

Florian was willing enough to listen and so Semore explained—without mentioning Arnold Meckle—that he wished to become unengaged to Casaba, but that the breaking off must be done by her, and in public.

Florian listened attentively. He was no fool. He knew that there was something more behind Semore's sudden change of heart than the little money lender explained, but after all, Florian's problem was immediate and financial.

"You craves to have her break off the engagement with you, an' do it in public—is that it, Semore?"

"Uh-huh."

"Why?"

"'Cause I want things fixed so she cain't sue me fo' no breeches of promise."

"I see. An' why did you come to me when you know I hate yo' insides?"

"Because," wheedled Semore, "you know how to handle wimmin better'n anybody in Bumminham, an' also 'cause it means that you is gwine be emaciated fum having to send any mo' flowers."

"Is you willin' to put that in writin'?" inquired the canny Mr. Slappey.

"I is," answered Semore, and within five minutes an agreement was properly drawn and executed.

"I'll speculate on the best way out," announced the happy Mr. Slappey, "an' let you know by tomorrow mawnin'."

"That's great, Florian. But remember, it's got to be public."

It was not until the following afternoon that Florian reported to Semore. His face was beaming with a rapture that concealed the hate in his heart.

"Ise got ev'ything fixed, Brother Mashby."

"Pos.tivel?"

"Abolutely."

"Will Casaba break off her engagement to me?"

"Boy, she'll ruin it."

"In public?"

"I'll say."

Semore was impressed "How's this thing gwine be worked, Florian? I crave to know."

Florian dropped his voice to a whisper. He spoke long and earnestly, pausing occasionally to make queer noises with his lips. As Mr. Mashby listened his cold little face twisted into a grin of exultation and he slapped Florian on the back.

"Brother Slappey," he declared earnestly, "you is a genus."

Florian drew away. "I ain't doin' it 'cause I like you, Semore. I schum this scheme on'y so I could git free fum you."

"Just the same, Ise plumb grateful. Man, with yo' brain an' my ability, a feller could be a millionaire."

Florian shrugged. "Don't bother me with no compliments, li'l' man. You is the most person I hate."

"Tha's all right with me. An' now about this scheme; you reckon I'd better try it tonight?"

"Ain't no reason why not."

"All right," announced Semore, "I will."

All that afternoon Mr. Slappey circulated industriously through Darktown, advising his friends to attend the performance of In the South Seas at the Mashby Theater that night. He promised them some heavy drama which had never been planned by the playwright, and was so darkly mysterious that, when the overture started, every seat in the house was occupied.

Except three. Inquiry revealed the fact that Semore Mashby had purchased these three seats in the front row. The audience was curious, and Florian, standing in the rear of the house, was positively elated.

The curtain rose on what the scenic artist fondly believed was a perfect representation of a South Sea island. The characters appeared by twos and threes and commenced to strut their stuff, and eventually Casaba walked onto the stage, calm, confident, poised, an artist to the tips of her grass costume. It was then that the drama grew weighty.

In the middle of a tense scene a slight disturbance was caused by the arrival of Mr. Mashby. He was dressed to the ultimate—dinner clothes, silk hat, silver-headed cane and buttonhole bouquet. He walked down the aisle, looking neither to right nor left, and made his way to his three seats. In the middle one he placed himself. The silk hat occupied the seat to his right. The opera coat was given the post at his left. Casaba stepped out of character just long enough to flash her fiancé a smile of greeting from the stage, and then returned to her task of absorbing the audience into the stage illusion.

She did an excellent job. It appeared that her native lover objected strenuously to the stage naval officer who sought to carry her away, and was planning to exterminate the uniformed gentleman with considerable éclat. Casaba discovered the plot and hurled herself into a violently hysterical scene with true dramatic abandon.

She really spoke her lines well and the audience sat spellbound. Never had it seen Casaba rise to such superb heights. The scene was real and vital; the theater itself was forgotten. And finally Casaba flung herself over the body of her helpless naval officer and begged the villain to murder both or neither.

There was a chorused sigh from the spectators. The tension lightened and they prepared to applaud. But before even the first handclap could confer public accolade upon the great colored actress a terrible thing happened. The moment of tense silence was punctured by a large, forcible and sincere hiss!

There was a gasp of horror. Theater patrons looked about with anger and amazement. And just when they had decided that the thing had never occurred, the silence was again rent by a hiss, even more distinct and antipathetic than the first. This time there was no mistake. Even Casaba lifted her head from the bosom of her stage lover and stared angrily at the audience.

Then somebody looked at the first row, orchestra.

Not only one but two score persons saw the diminutive figure of Semore Mashby, straight as a ramrod, and even as they watched they saw Mr. Mashby's lips curl back and a third hiss—even more violent than its predecessors—escape from between his teeth.

The thing was astounding! It was impossible! The audience was shocked to silence. Casaba Hyson sat up on the stage and stared through wide and popping eyes at the colored gentleman to whom she was engaged.

Once more Semore gave vent to a sibilation of stern disapproval. Had he exploded a bomb the sensation would have been no greater. Lawyer Evans Chew, sitting immediately behind the little money lender, sought to remonstrate.

"Whaffo' is you hissin', Semore?" he asked indignantly.

Mr. Mashby's answer was loud enough to be heard in the farthest corners of the balcony.

"Because," he proclaimed at the top of his voice, "Casaba Hyson is a rotten actor!"

There was a moment of horrified silence, followed by a murmur of disapproval. From somewhere in the back of the theater came a voice which sounded suspiciously like that of Florian Slappey, and what it said was "At-a-boy!"

The play was forgotten. The hero shook off his bonds and staggered to his feet. The villain forgot his lines. And Casaba Hyson, shaken with fury, advanced to the footlights and stared down at the skinny little man who beamed up at her and deliberately uttered a fifth hiss. Casaba staggered under the impact.

"Semore Mashby," she shrilled, "are you drunk?"

He laughed harshly. "Me? I never took no likker in my life."

"Then what do you mean hissin' me?"

"Because you is a rotten actor," averred Semore. "An' I guess I got a right to hiss you if I want."

Several of Casaba's admirers commenced to move down upon Semore, but he did not notice. He sensed nothing except that Florian Slappey's brilliant scheme was working to perfection.

As for Casaba, she was so overcome that she could not speak. She merely stared at the little man and uttered incoherent, throaty sounds.

"I got two rights to hiss you," said Semore loudly enough for all to hear: "Fust off, I paid for these seats. An' second, I guess a man has got the right to hiss at the gal he's engaged to!"

Mention of their personal relationship seemed to restore Casaba to some semblance of sanity.

"Engaged to you?" she shrilled. "Me engaged to a human snake who cain't do nothin' but hiss? Why, you low-down, ornery, slab-sided, knock-kneed, wuthless, ugly hunk of nothin' at all!" She ripped a ring from her finger and hurled it straight at Mr. Mashby. "Tha's how much I is engaged to you, you insultin' runt! Tha's how much I is engaged ——"

Semore dropped to his knees and retrieved the engagement ring. Then, with that valuable trophy in his possession, he rose triumphantly to his feet.

"Does I understand," he inquired, "that you has formerly broke off our engagement?"

"I has! An' that ain't all ——"

"It's enough," declared Mr. Mashby. He picked up hat, coat and stick, and started gravely from the theater. He was really a very, very happy man—so happy that he did not notice that the crowd was in an exceedingly ugly mood.

But he learned very soon. Some mayhemistic soul forcibly extended an arm on the end of which was a clenched fist. This

(Continued on Page 72)

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The American Hardware Corp., Successor

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(Continued from Page 70

collided with Mr. Mashby's expression and the little loan shark went down. For a few minutes immediately thereafter plenty happened, but Semore was in no condition to understand what it was.

Keefe Gaines, scenting a professional call, rushed from the box office, took one look at the shambles and gleefully telephoned for his new ambulance.

The following afternoon Mr. Mashby struggled back to a linimenty consciousness at Dr. Lijah Atcherson's private infirmary.

His body was in agony, but his soul was free. Even through the pain which racked his frame he could see cause for smiles, and the worthy Doctor Atcherson concluded that his friend was fit subject for an alienist. But Semore reassured him.

"Just the same," maintained Doctor Atcherson gravely, "nobody only a crazy man would have acted like you did."

"That shows you don't know nothin' about it, doc. I had a scheme and it worked swell."

For two additional days Semore submitted to the ministrations of the hospital staff. He had furnished the greatest excitement which had visited Birmingham's Darktown in many years, and if he was no more unpopular by reason thereof, that was only because an enhancement of his unpopularity was a psychical impossibility. Eventually he returned to his office, and less than half an hour later he was waited upon by a committee headed by Keefe Gaines.

This committee was more direct than complimentary. It started off by expressing its individual and collective opinion of Semore, and then conveyed to him some news which was a trifle worse than terrible.

"The Bumminham Colored Residence Players, Inc., is closing," announced Keefe. Semore opened his lips; then closed them again, wordlessly.

"You has acted awful, Semore, an' you ain't got nobody to thank but yo'se'f on account you is gwine have a bum lease on yo' own hands fo' ten months."

"Wh-what you mean—a bum lease? Ain't you folks agreed to pay me th'ee hund'ed dollars a month fo' one whole year?"

"No! Us folks ain't, because there ain't gwine be no mo' us folks after The Bumminham Colored Residence Players, Inc., closes. We is a corporation, an' Lawyer Chew is drawing up all papers now fo' us to go into bankruptcy."

Mr. Mashby wrung his hands. "Oh, whoa is me!" he wailed. "Whatever is I gwine do?"

"Nothin'," sizzled Keefe cruelly, "except pay out two hund'ed good hard dollars ev'y month fo' the next ten, an' wish you hadn't been so insultin' to a swell cullud lady."

The bandaged gentleman could not immediately comprehend the debacle.

"Ain't you-all makin' money?"

"Sholy."

"An' woul'n't you keep on doin' such all year?"

"Mos' prob'le we would. Except."

"Except what?"

"Casaba Hyson is the pusson that draws crowds to our theater. An' since what happened the other night she said that she woul'n't play another show in no theater which was named after you or which you had anything to do with or was making money out of. She gave us two weeks' notice, an' at the end of next week she quits an' so do we, 'cause there ain't no use of us tryin' to run without her. So, Mistuh Semore Damfool Mashby, I hope you enjoy payin' out all that money fo' a house which there ain't no actors in, an' which never would make no profits as a picture place. Good-by."

The committee turned gravely to leave, but Semore stopped them. He was suffering now as contusions never had caused him to suffer. This time his pocketbook was hurt, and it was there that Mr. Mashby was most acutely sensitive.

"Listen," he pleaded. "Ain't there some way out?"

"Yes! One way."

"What is it?"

"Us has already held a solemn concave an' agreed that we is willin' to take that lease off yo' hands providin' you pay us five hund'ed dollars bonus. Then we change the name of the theater, bar you out of the house, an' furthermo' 'liminate you fum bein' concerned with us."

Semore protested, but only faintly. He knew that these gentlemen meant business, and he did some lightning mental arithmetic.

Should he refuse their terms, he was stung for two thousand dollars cash money. If he accepted, his net loss would be reduced to five hundred dollars.

Of course there was the ghastly, sickening thought that had everything gone smoothly, the ensuing ten months would have netted him a profit of a thousand dollars as against a loss of five hundred. But that was a thing of the past, and he found some small solace in the fact that he was, at least, clear of the temperamental and expensive Casaba Hyson.

The deal was closed. Lawyer Chew, a member of the visiting committee, drafted a formal contract. Semore wrote his personal check for five hundred dollars, and half an hour after the committee departed the electric sign of which Mr. Mashby was so proud had been torn from the front of the theater and eager colored Birmingham was assured that the great Casaba would remain in the city indefinitely.

And that afternoon Semore entertained another visitor. Mr. Slappey was gay as a May zephyr. He danced into the room and pumped the hand of the little man.

"Well, well, well," he murmured happily. "I sho congratulates us on how successful you was, Brother Mashby."

Semore looked up darkly. Florian was really too effusive, and Mr. Mashby was suspicious.

"Did you think," he asked, "that I was gwine git beat up?"

"Sholy I did."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"'Cause you never asked. All you wanted was to git free fum Casaba Hyson, an' unless my eyes an' ears was all wrong, you got mo' free than any man in this whole world."

"Hmph! Anyway, I got that lease offen my hands, an' most likely the stock company will fail anyway."

"Oh, no, it won't!" exulted Florian. "Folks is mo' excited than ever 'bout Casaba on account of the low-down way you treated her. An' they is glad that the theater ain't gwine be called the Mashby no mo'. The fack of the matter is, I can assure you, as a stockholder of this company, that us is gwine make plenty of profit fum now on."

"Yes, you is not!"

"What you mean—not?"

"Because," grated Semore, "I happen to know that there is a feller in Bumminham with a thousan'-dollar judgment against Casaba Hyson which the chances are she is gwine quit her job before she pays it."

Florian shook his head.

"We ain't worried 'bout that feller, Semore. He has done departed away fum Bumminham."

"Gone?" Mr. Mashby was dazed. "You mean ——"

"I mean this," explained Mr. Slappey: "The Bumminham Cullud Residence Players, Inc., settled with that feller fo' five hundred dollars cash, an' we done it no later than two hours ago."

Semore groaned. "Anyway," he said bitterly, "you was suttinly stung fo' five hundred dollars."

And then it was that Florian laughed long and loudly.

"Oh, no, we wasn't, Semore. Because the money we gave that feller was the very identical five hundred dollars bonus which you paid us for taking the lease off your hands."

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VILLA LAURIER

(Continued from Page 30)

"Some do. The jaguar that gave me this"—she laid her finger on her breast—"was thoroughbred enough. Paul was in a cold rage that night. He claimed that I should have had faith enough in him to have waited. Besides, Mr. Moran had been telling him quite a lot that he didn't care for."

"One can scarcely blame him, at that," I said. "At any rate, he was in no state of mind to be called down by your chauffeur. Perhaps you're right. Dimitri may have had just cause."

"Besides," Clytie said, with that naïveté that was, after all, sheer worldly sense, "Dimitri would be pretty certain to use the same self-defense toward me, and then I'd get the worst of it."

"Well, we must go," I said. "You will have to write Moran to say that you find it impossible to do what you agreed. Tell him anything you like. Then he will sell the Villa Laurier to Brown, and Tom and I will take care of the rest."

Clytie did not answer. We had reseated ourselves on the fresh, plushy turf, and were sheltered from observation by anybody passing on the road by the steep rocky ledge that was about five feet high, and formed the narrow shelf. A little breeze from the sea had sprung up and was rustling the small, crisp foliage of the olive trees that shaded us.

The day was warm, even there on the hilltop, and as Clytie had on a dainty dress I had slipped off my coat and spread it for her use as a rug. I rose and offered her a hand up. Instead of taking it, she shrank back, staring at something above and behind me.

I spun round and saw Smith standing at the top of the ledge that made a shelf of this spot we had chosen for our picnic. He bulked up there like a big malignant jinni or some sort of fairy-story ogre who, for the sake of a disguise, had rigged himself out in stylish tourist clothes. This costume made him all the more grotesque, like a gory pirate who has just murdered a gentleman of quality and rigged himself out in his victim's clothes.

This ugly intrusion on our privacy startled me, as it might anybody, and the chances are I showed it and Smith mistook my expression for panic. His mouth set in a sort of sardonic grin. Then the blood began to pump up into his face and to make it a mottled purple. Evidently his surprise at finding us there was wearing off, and rage gathering in its place.

There was no mistaking what he meant to do about it. The chances are that his backing down in the office had been rankling his vanity as a hitherto boss gangster whose mere scowl had been enough to terrify his hangers-on, to say nothing of peaceful citizens with whom he came in contact. He was not in the office now, facing husky Tom, and a nerve-racked boy who was almost in a homicidal mania, and a quiet but dangerous-looking Russian chauffeur and myself, to say nothing of an insecurely muzzled dog.

No, it must have looked to him as if he had fairly trapped the young man who had first offended and then rebuked him, with this beauty he was mad about, and that they had slipped off to this lonely aerie to make a fool of him.

It was plain enough that I was in for a bitter, savage fight, probably of the gangster sort, where everything goes, from eye gouging and ear chewing to putting the boots to the vanquished victim. No doubt Smith had taken his courses and graduated from all this sort of warfare to the dignity of ordering his mayhem and murder. He was a big, thick-muscled man, but not bloated, and his age not much more than forty, one would have said. I knew instantly that I was outclassed, with no great knowledge of boxing or wrestling or rough-and-tumble, and perhaps thirty pounds under Smith's weight. Also it was a poor place for a scrap, on that grassy shelf about twelve feet wide, with a sheer drop of about the same onto the broken stones of a slope that was nearly precipitous.

For a moment or two none of us spoke. Either Smith was working himself into a murderous jealous rage—and there seemed to be food enough for that—or else he counted on further intimidating me by looming up there over me in silence, like a destroying angel ready to swoop.

I got tired of this immobility. "Well, what about it, Mr. Smith?" I asked. "Is there anything you want?"

He found his voice then: "Come up here, young feller, and I'll show you what I want."

"And what's that?" I asked. "Suppose you tell me first, and then I'll know better what to do about it."

"I'm goin' to break every bone in your carcass and throw what's left down there on the dump for the buzzards."

Something in the sound of his voice was out of key with this promise. It did not ring true. The intention was all there, but not the assurance of putting it through. His eyes, too, struck me as unsteady. Looking at the man more closely I saw that his gaze was not fixedly on me, but on something a little beyond, and that he was breathing quickly. Then, as I studied his face, I discovered that his forehead was covered with a rime of sweat. Two little streams trickled down past the outer corners of his eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" I demanded. It flashed into my head that he might have fallen foul of Brown, done him in, perhaps, or possibly got a bullet in himself. He looked sick, whether from a mental or a physical cause. It seemed to me that he swayed a little as he stood there, about a foot back from the five-foot ledge.

His eyes rolled at me again, then went past me, as they had gone past Clytie.

He answered savagely, "Come up here, you bum, and I'll show ye."

"Come down here and show me," I taunted. "You might get shown something yourself, you big, speckled mutt."

It was not dignified, but perhaps if close records could have been kept we should find that knights exchanged similar compliments between the ground and the castle ramparts in the days of chivalry. What astonished me now was my own seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. Smith merely continued to bulk and glower and sweat, while his gaze flickered from ourselves to the empty void beyond.

And then suddenly I understood. That very void was the big man's *bête noire*. His trouble was height vertigo, and probably his most consuming dread that of a steep altitude. Probably his nightmares were not of gunmen and ambushes and stealthy forms of assassination, but of sheer, high places. The most horrid dream that he could have would be of clinging to the edge of a precipice with slipping fingers, and the dark abyss below.

From where he now stood it would look to him as if Clytie's and my bivouac was on a narrow shelf that appalled him merely to contemplate. Even if he could have nerved himself to creep to the edge and look over to see that there was only a drop of a dozen and odd feet before the steep talus slanted off, I doubt if it would have made any difference. To the victim of constitutional height vertigo even a one-to-one grade can be terrifying. I remember a school chum who had become panic-stricken and spent the whole afternoon on the ridgepole of the one-storied district schoolhouse. And I knew that if this dread is not overcome in youth it grows worse with age and lessening coördination.

This feature of our luncheon spot had never, of course, occurred to me, an ex-flyer, nor to Clytie, who had been a sailor in early youth and possibly had done some

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 75)

turns aloft aboard her father's vessel. But there could be no doubt about Smith. I understood the symptoms. Confronted with altitude, he became weak and flaccid. He disliked even to look at us with that emptiness beyond. Cruel and ruthless as he was, it is probable that he would close his eyes in the movies at the picture of a dare-devil doing his stunt on the parapet of a skyscraper.

The chance here offered was too good to be missed. Before Smith, standing there near the edge of a mere five-foot drop that unsteadied him, could realize my intention, I made an upward spring and tackled him football fashion round his thick legs. He went over backward with a startled bellow. As I was hanging partly over the brim of the drop I had no difficulty in sagging down, dragging the bawling Smith after me. We landed in a heap, not heavily, and before the terrified man could gather himself into any shape for resistance, I squirmed over and got a foothold and started to drag him toward the outer brink of the shelf.

He dug his hooked fingers into the turf, tried vainly to get a foothold with heel or toe. But here I had the advantage of him in wearing golf shoes that would grip the sward, and in being much more agile.

Foot by foot I worked him along. Smothered bellowings burst out of him. He did not try to grab me, because I was worming my way to the brink. It was a sort of specialized wrestling event, the effort directed toward knocking out any prop Smith might rig out to stop his progress. He must have weighed a good two hundred against my hundred and seventy, and yet I was able to keep him moving because his efforts were merely frantic, and my own purposeful and calculated, and I was better shod. My soles did not slip, like his own.

Clytie had shrunk back out of our way, crouched and staring. She must have believed that I meant to bundle him over, which could easily have proved fatal even in that short drop. But she did not make any effort to prevent such an act. It may be she was appalled or that her primitive nature was roused by the spectacle of this violence. Perhaps also Smith's lack of combativeness disgusted her. Not knowing his trouble as I had guessed it, the big brute must have looked to her like a screaming hog being dragged to the slaughter.

By quick, shifting holds and employing the leverage of arms and legs I got him within a couple of feet of the edge. Of course I had no intention of shoving him over, probably to be killed. My intention was to scare him within an inch or two of his life, and then to tell Clytie to go to his car and drive to the hotel at Grasse. I was quite willing to take my chances with him afterward, there on that shelf or anywhere else. His resistance was growing weaker and spasmodic. No doubt the poor stricken brute could already feel himself going down, down, down—a nightmare come true.

Then, as I was putting out all my strength in a fresh, violent tug that might haul him close enough to see the brink a foot before his eyes, a clear ringing voice called from behind me and above: "Charles! Stop that! You devil—let the man go!"

Looking back over my shoulder, crimson faced and breathless from the struggle, I saw Jasmin and Brown standing at the top of the ledge.

Jasmin called again with that same ringing imperious tone. "Let him go, I tell you! You're mad!"

It flashed into my head that this was not such a bad break. Smith would be more apt to stay cowed if he believed that I really meant to heave him over than if I hauled him to the edge and let him go with a few words of caution. I loosed my hold on him. He did not try to rise, but squirmed round and started to crawl back on all fours. My rough handling had ripped one sleeve nearly off his coat, torn it up the back, yanked off his collar, and he was shy one of his shoes. Also he was stained and the skin of his face had suffered. Reaching the ledge he appeared to lack the strength to climb up it, and sank down at its foot, panting heavily.

I got to my feet and looked at Jasmin. "He had it coming," I panted. "He deserves to get chucked over. See what he did to that poor girl."

Jasmin glanced at Clytie, who was sitting with her hands clasped in front of her knees, her dress still hanging off one shoulder. She roused herself and tugged it up in place. Jasmin raised her chin.

"That's none of your business, is it? I see now why you hurried me off to keep Mr. Brown from shooting Mr. Smith. You wanted to kill him yourself."

"Well, somebody ought to kill him," I said, "and somebody's apt to if I don't, and before the day's over. He'd better have stayed back home where he belongs."

"Say, that's right," Smith said bitterly. "This is a hell of a country, and a hell of a lot of people in it. Before I'm forty-eight hours on this here Riveera I get dog bit, and one guy swears he'll shoot me on sight, and my lady friend's chauffeur tries to knife me for wantin' to kill the mutt, and now this red-head bum does his best to shove me over a precipice. My home town ain't got nothin' on this shore front, I'll tell the wet world."

"There's a ship sailing from Villefranche for New York tomorrow, Smith," I said. "You better get aboard her before somebody gets you."

He clambered unsteadily to his feet and stood holding the top of the ledge with fingers that still trembled. It was too high for him to vault up in his shaken state, and he had only to walk a few yards to where the high step was broken to make ascent easy. But this was near the end of the shelf, where it slanted into the brim of the plateau, and although the slope beneath pitched down at about fifty degrees, Smith could not force himself nearer the edge, with nothing but the pale, blue swimming haze beyond.

Then abruptly Clytie was moved to compassion for him. This would not have surprised me if we three had been alone. Her nature was the sort to blow hot and then still hotter, but never cold. But it was a *beau geste* for her to go to the rescue of the man's broken nerves under the disdainful eyes of Jasmin, whose contempt obviously included all three of us.

Clytie sprang up, stepped to Smith's side and took him by the elbow.

"Come on, old silly," she said. "There's nothing to be in such a funk about."

Still clutching at the top of the ledge with one hand, Smith grabbed her upper arm with the other. It was her bruised arm, and although she winced with the pain of his grip, she did not protest. On shaking legs Smith permitted her to lead him shambling along the ledge to where he could climb to the top, and even there Clytie still assisted him. I slipped on my coat and followed, hot, angry and ashamed.

Well back on the plateau, Smith took a deep breath and pulled himself together. He was still unsteady and no fight left in him.

He said bitterly to Jasmin: "You got here just in time, young lady. Say, what've I done anyhow that all these guys are out to get me? I come over here for rest and quiet, and look the sort of raw deal I get."

Jasmin did not answer. Brown said in his thin cold voice: "Your bad luck, Smith. You didn't know what you were up against when you came growling and threatening into the office of two men like Mr. Charles and his partner. They've filled a lot of graves with better men than you, in the line of duty."

"Well, I understood the war was over," Smith growled. "You ain't much better'n a hop-head homicide yourself. I got fed up on the rough stuff back home and come over here for peace and quiet. And look what I run into. And for what?"

He made a downward gesture of disgust with one hand, then turned and started to walk to where his car was standing on the side of the road. There was nobody in or near it. Evidently he had got rid of Dimitri and been driving himself in quest of Clytie.

Jasmin looked after him for a moment, then turned to me. The color had come back into her face. She seemed to be in a state of suppressed anger and trying to mask it in cold contempt for the scene of violence she had interrupted, as she thought, barely in time to prevent a fatal issue.

"Mr. Smith isn't fit to drive over this road, and no wonder," she said in her clear, hard voice. "Don't you think that Mrs.—Clytie had better take him safely back?"

The cool scorn in her voice would have been hard enough to bear if it had been directed to myself alone. But it so obviously included Clytie that my temper was roused.

"No, I don't," I answered shortly. "He deserves all he got."

Jasmin turned to Clytie, who was standing in a dejected way. "Don't you think yourself you had better drive your friend back to his hotel?"

The contemptuous superiority of her voice made me suddenly angry, took away the little patience left me. Before Clytie could answer, I said hotly: "He is not her friend, but a pest that's followed her here. Haven't you any kindness at all? Why try to rub it into a girl that's had a raw deal?"

Jasmin raised her eyebrows. "I'm not trying to rub anything in. Just at this moment my kindness is directed toward the man you were trying so hard to destroy. I can't imagine what you're made of."

"Don't try," I said. "You would only get it wrong."

Jasmin was still looking at Clytie, whose beauty seemed to fascinate her. "I beg your pardon, Mrs.—or is it Miss ——"

I interrupted hotly: "It was Madame Paul de Grasse before your distinguished uncle left her flat and took himself off somewhere. Then she divorced him and married Brown, and his family lawyers changed all that."

"What?" Jasmin turned sharply and stared at me. "What are you trying to say?"

"She was Madame Paul de Grasse," I said. "She and your uncle were legally married in London. If he had not deserted her she would not have been cast adrift this way."

Clytie said wearily, "Oh, never mind all that, *mon ami*. It wasn't entirely Paul's fault."

Jasmin was still staring at her. Then she seemed to collect herself. "Do you know what became of my Uncle Paul?" She fastened her gaze intently on Clytie's amber eyes, and I was glad to see that Clytie met it steadily.

"No, I don't," she said. "It would have saved me months of misery if I had known at least that he was alive."

To my surprise this answer seemed entirely to satisfy Jasmin. She looked infinitely relieved. Then, to the surprise of all of us, I think, she said in a friendly matter-of-fact tone: "Since that's the case, you had better come and stop with us at Villa Laurier until all this mess is cleared up a little."

Clytie stared at her. "Do you really want me to do that?"

"Of course," Jasmin said. "After all, family is family. It has got to come first, no matter what's happened. Paul's to blame for all this."

"But what about your father and your sisters?" Clytie asked.

"Naturally, they will wish it just as I do," Jasmin said. "It is not very gay there. In fact, it is deadly stupid. But since you like the place so much as to want to buy it, you will probably be able to stand us for a while."

Clytie looked down at her feet, then said slowly: "You are asking me there from a sense of obligation. Your French *noblesse oblige* and idea of family first."

"Not entirely," Jasmin said. "If I had been in your position the chances are I'd have done something of the same sort myself."

This frank statement completely thawed the ice. Personally I was not surprised. For one thing, I had stopped being surprised at anything Jasmin might say or do, and for another I believed that she now spoke the truth. Of the two girls, Jasmin had actually, I thought, the more self-sufficient, self-governed nature.

But even to my enfranchised viewpoint and easy social tolerance, here certainly was a bizarre mess. It was in some respects ridiculous, absurd and at the same time reasonable, like a Russian biography, where the domestic relationships are all mixed up, yet amicable and reasonable. Jasmin herself stood on a sufficiently strong and orthodox platform, which was that of Family First, a splendid slogan. But Clytie's position was anomalous. The divorced wife of Jasmin's uncle, Paul de Grasse, and the annulled wife, if there is any such thing, of Brown, who was now himself, it looked, a suitor for Jasmin's hand, and at any rate enamored enough of her and her family to wish to buy their home for three million francs in the hope of keeping it in the family, while at the same time desiring to settle what he chose to consider alimony on Clytie.

As if all this were not enough, and to put the fool's cap on the whole outrageous farce, there over yonder was Clytie's last suitor starting off in his car after having, as they all believed, narrowly escaped being dragged to the edge of the cliff and tumbled over to his death by myself, the zealous agent and family friend.

Brown, at least, got all this, even if the two girls had not. He looked at me with his face tugging two ways, like a lyric mask in process of change from tragedy to comedy. I did not dare look back at him, but brushed the turf off my clothes and adjusted collar and tie and belt and shirt and stockings, tugged down under bare, bulging calves. While doing so I thought of Smith's bleating reference to Dimitri's attempt to knife him for having tried again to get Brig executed. The chauffeur had probably no more than acted on my own intentions—to throw a hard scare into Smith. Something told me if Dimitri had really meant to knife him, then Smith would not have been here for a second lesson in humane behavior.

Jasmin mobilized us by saying briskly: "We might as well go. You look a sight, Charles."

She eyed me with disfavor. Yet I seemed to catch a gleam of approval in her heliotrope eyes.

"I've been working hard," I said. "This real-estate racket is a field as well as office job."

"Yes," she retorted, "your costume shows that."

Brown said diffidently, "If you two don't mind, I'll drive Clytie back. There are several things I want to explain to her."

"Very well," Jasmin said. "Take her to the villa and she can send for her things. Come on, Charles." She walked over and got into my baby carriage. As we started off she said, "Now tell me all that happened over there. We have got to get this fearful mess straightened out."

I described briefly all that had happened, with one or two slight omissions. Jasmin did not interrupt.

When I had finished she said, "Then you think that Dimitri may have killed my Uncle Paul, and hid the corpse somewhere on the grounds?"

"It looks a bit that way," I admitted.

"Well, it wouldn't be surprising," Jasmin said. "Uncle Paul had a fearful temper. But there are two faults in the theory."

"That's good," I murmured. "What?"

"In the first place, if anybody had got killed it would have been Dimitri. Uncle Paul was tremendously strong and active and a fighter. No mere chauffeur could have got the better of him. He was like a gamecock. The second thing is that papa is convinced that Paul is still alive. He has reason to believe that he is in America, under an assumed name, perhaps."

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Everla

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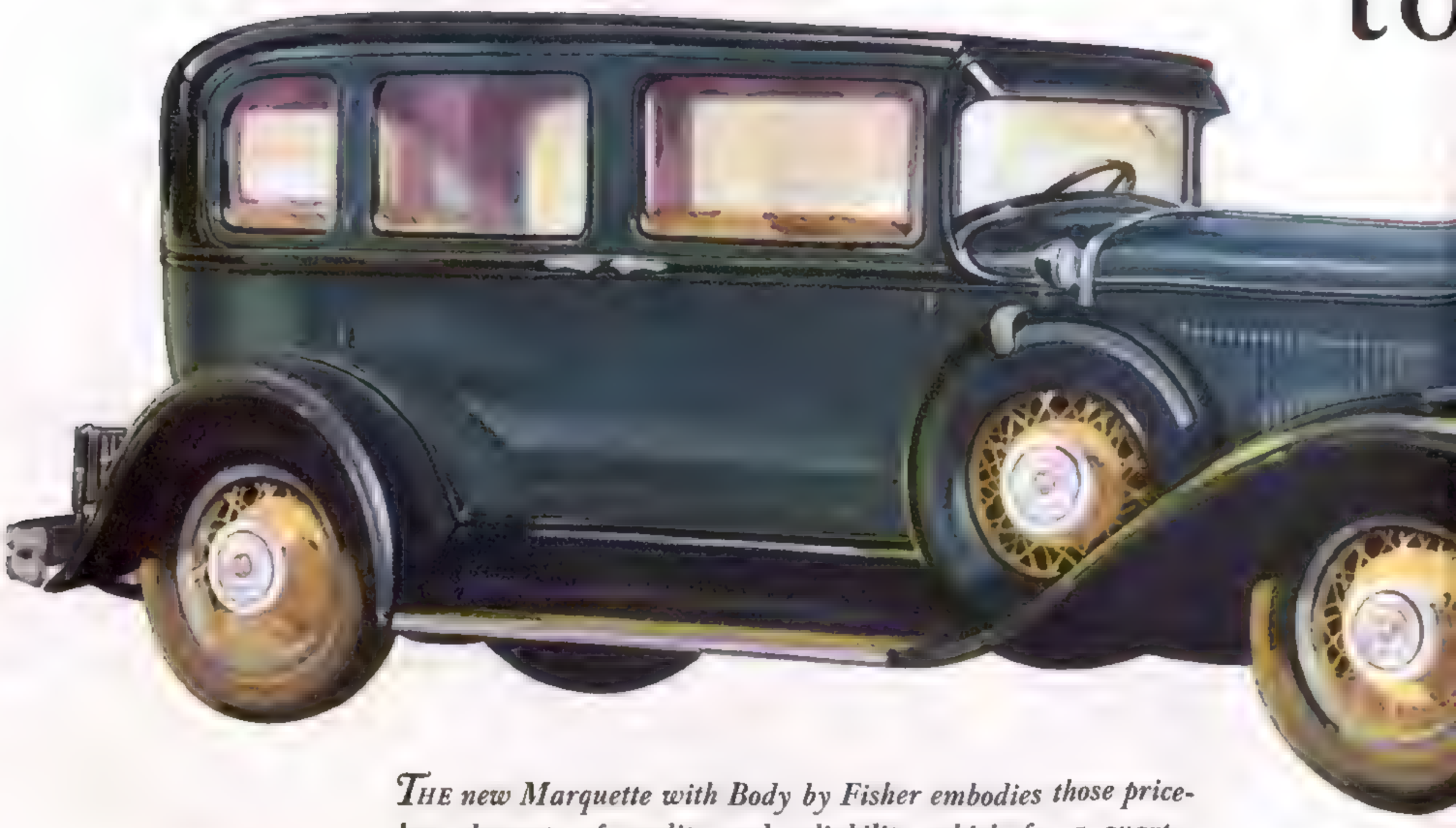

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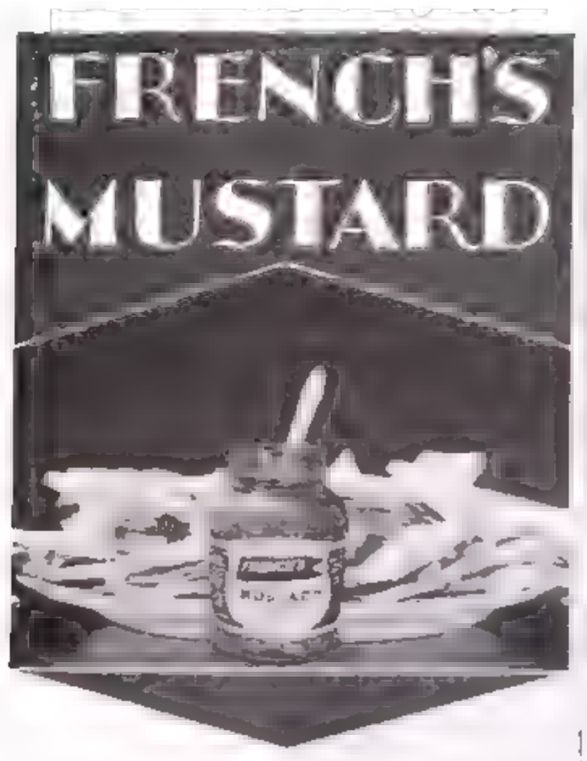

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(Continued from Page 77

"What's the reason?" I asked.

"A friend of ours told papa not long ago that he had seen Paul de Grasse in a cinema picture. It was one of some tests made by the United States Navy of a device for saving the crew of a sunken submarine."

"By gum," I said.

"This friend saw the picture in Nice," Jasmin went on. "He said that Paul was directing operations. He was able to recognize him before he discovered that the picture was being taken. Then he turned his back. But even then, our friend said that his figure was unmistakable."

"It looks good," I admitted. "But if Paul is alive, then what can this devilish Dimitri be after?"

"Perhaps somebody else was killed," Jasmin suggested, "and Dimitri saw his chance of making Clytie believe that it was Paul." She was silent for a moment, then said slowly: "The French police motto in a crime mystery is often right."

"'*Cherchez la femme*,'" I muttered. "You think that perhaps it was Paul who killed somebody and Dimitri helped tuck him away?"

"I didn't mean anything of the sort," Jasmin snapped. "Has Dimitri got a pretty wife?"

"Yes. She is Russian and quite a beauty."

"Well, then, why do you want to put it on Paul? Dimitri wouldn't be apt to work so hard to get rid of evidence of Paul's crime, would he?"

"No. I was thick. Your hypothesis holds water."

The expression distracted her attention. "I wish the cistern did," she said. "It seems to have sprung a leak. The water is getting low, and unless we have a hard shower pretty soon the garden is going to suffer."

I was not much interested in the garden, but asked, "Where did you go with Brown, to happen by so opportunely?"

"To Gourdon. I thought we would be less apt to run into anybody to recognize me."

"Will your father be cross?" I asked.

"He doesn't need to know anything about it. He never comes in for *déjeuner*. Lili takes his tray to the laboratory."

"Did you find Brown amusing?" I asked.

She gave me a slanting look. "Not very. He talked almost entirely about you."

"Thanks," I said dryly. "Were his commentaries complimentary?"

"Flattering, I should say. He is just a *petite goose* who has taken one big bite out of his apple and choked on it."

"I don't think he is apt to try it again," I said.

"Not from the same apple," Jasmin agreed, and gave me another slanting look.

"Clytie," I told her, "has never really been in love with any man but your Uncle Paul."

"Did she tell you that?"

"She didn't need to. She's not so deep. Paul treated her pretty badly at times, I should say, but it wasn't his cussedness that put her off him. It was his desertion of her. No love is proof against that."

"Mine certainly wouldn't be," Jasmin agreed. "No man can play fast and loose with me."

"No man, unless he's a fool, is apt to try," I said a little bitterly. "But when the man happens to be nailed to France by the spike of poverty and is silly enough to yield for a moment to the lure of you, the sooner he comes to his senses and casts loose, the better for you both."

"And then burns his bridges by a counter flame," Jasmin said. "You haven't much faith in me, Charles."

"Say in myself," I corrected. "Not where making money is concerned. In that respect I've proved myself a dub."

"Do you know why?" Jasmin asked. "It's because you persist in trying to do French business by American methods. You take people's word for things without realizing that they are merely trying to be agreeable. Any fool can get a French business man to agree to something, but it takes another French business man to make him sign."

"Where did you get all that?" I asked, surprised.

"I've heard papa and Uncle Paul discuss business. That's the only point on which they ever agreed."

"Papa and Uncle Paul are right," I said gloomily. It was precisely here that Tom and I had so often fallen down.

"In America," Jasmin said, "you could make loads of money."

"Thanks again for the good advice," I said caustically. "France suits me temperamentally if not financially.

"Besides, Tom and I are the only pauper members of families individually rich, and friends and acquaintances likewise plutocrats. There is nothing worse than that."

"Mightn't they help you?" she asked.

"I don't know. We never asked, and are not apt to."

She fell silent, evidently turning something in her mind. We came presently to the Villa Laurier. Brown and Clytie had not passed us on the road. Evidently he was driving slowly to tell her what he wished to do for her, and I had a hunch that she would decline his offer with due thanks. Clytie impressed me as the opposite of a gold digger, which I understand to be a young woman who gets something for nothing. Clytie would give a lot for nothing, I thought, if the recipient pleased her.

We found the two other girls and Mr. Moran in the garden. They had been sounding the cistern. Mr. Moran looked perturbed, but not about Jasmin's A. W. O. L. He greeted me absently.

"Curious about this cistern," he said. "My daughters tell me it has leaked another three feet since you kindly stopped the pump in the night. That leaves us only about six feet of water. Are you sure you measured it correctly, Mr. Charles? You are sure you did not let the line sag?"

"Positive, sir," I said. "I spanned the sounding line from the wet mark with my arms. It gave a good six inches more than once and a half. I span a scant six feet. That should make a full nine."

"Then there must be a crack in the cement just above the six-foot level," he said, "as it has not gone lower since Mimi measured it early this morning."

The cistern was on the level of the garden, but this was terraced on one side, not with a façade of fitted stones but in a steep bank that dropped away for about five meters, the slope covered with heavy laurel bushes. This was only about ten meters from the cistern, and the ground at the foot of the bank on a slightly lower level than its bottom, I thought.

To discover now if the water had been percolating through on that side I plunged into the laurel shrubs, beneath which the ground was rough and bare. I found almost immediately that about halfway down the bank there were two places where the water seemed to have been running out in a surprisingly full flow, as the dead laurel leaves were washed along slightly. The water had then run down into the gutter of an old lane leading up to what had been stables and court.

Mr. Moran looked disturbed at my report. "It may have been the jarring of the windmill that cracked the cement," he said. "The terrace was filled in with broken rock and is very porous. This means we shall have to drain the cistern to have the leak repaired. Most annoying."

Jasmin had taken her sisters into the house to prepare them for Clytie's arrival. It seemed a fitting moment to make the same effort with Mr. Moran, stressing the advisability of his concluding the sale to Brown. There is no time when a proprietor is so willing to sell as when faced by an annoying repair job to his premises.

I described, therefore, but even more briefly than to Jasmin, all that had just happened, not detailing my clash with Smith

"It is your own affair, sir," I concluded, "but if you were to accept this support from the former Madame de Grasse and cancel the sale the opportunity might never come again. Then if anything went wrong with your perfume process, your family situation would not be agreeable."

"Why does Mr. Brown want the property so much?" Moran asked.

"I think he meant to offer it to Madame de Grasse if she would break off with Smith. Now that she has done so she will probably get it anyway—unless he wants to offer it later with himself to one of your lovely daughters. I hope you don't mind my being frank. If it works out that way, then Villa Laurier stays in the family."

Moran knew nothing about our murder theory. The idea of a corpse on the premises had not entered his head.

He nodded slowly. "You are right, Mr. Charles. I must not let sentiment stand in the way of my children's opportunities. Go ahead with the sale. This is final."

"I am very glad, on several counts," I said; "self-interest aside, I am fairly sure that the amount Madame Clytie offered to advance is all the money that she's got."

"From what you tell me, that is probably the case," he said. "She impressed me as a young woman of pride and honest impulse. Paul did not tell me that they were married. I did not even know her identity, except as Mrs. Brown."

"Perhaps de Grasse might have told you if you had been less angry with him for having squandered the money you advanced him on an adventuress," I said. "But you can scarcely be blamed for that."

He nodded. "I had heard of his behavior at Deauville, wasting his time and my money on an adventuress, and reproached him very bitterly from the start of our interview. But that was not all." He paused, frowning.

"May I ask what else he had done?"

"He suggested a project that I considered as dishonest. This had to do with his deep-sea diving invention. I refused flatly to give it my sanction. We quarreled and we parted in anger. I told him that I hoped never to lay eyes on him again."

"Do you remember the date of that interview?" I asked.

"Yes. It was just after we had returned from America and two days before Brown's lease of this villa expired. We were in a cheap and crowded *pension* at Antibes. I had been obliged to spend much more than I had counted on or could afford on our visit to America and been disappointed in my hope of finding somebody to finance my perfume process. We moved back in here the day the Browns left."

"Were the chauffeur and his wife still here?" I asked.

"Yes, but that did not greatly matter, as they were lodged in the stables, or garage. The former coachman's rooms."

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Brown and Clytie. It did not matter, so far as concerned myself, as I was now in a hurry to get back and report to Tom; tell him to rush the sale through before some other fresh complication might arise. Then, as I rose to go—for we had seated ourselves on an old marble bench—I happened to think of a detail that for some reason suggested itself.

"By the way," I asked, "would you mind letting me have the pistol I loaned you yesterday? I don't think you are apt to need it, and I might."

He glanced at me in surprise. "But I gave it back to you last night, when I came down after retiring."

"Yes," I said, "and I laid it on the table. But when I came in after stopping the windmill it was gone."

"That's odd," Moran said. "I don't know anything about it."

"I thought you must have come down again and, finding me gone and the pistol lying there, thought you had better take charge of it," I said.

He shook his head. "No. Possibly Jasmin may have taken it."

"I'll ask her," I told him, and went into the house just as Brown drove into the garage. Jasmin had gone to the front to

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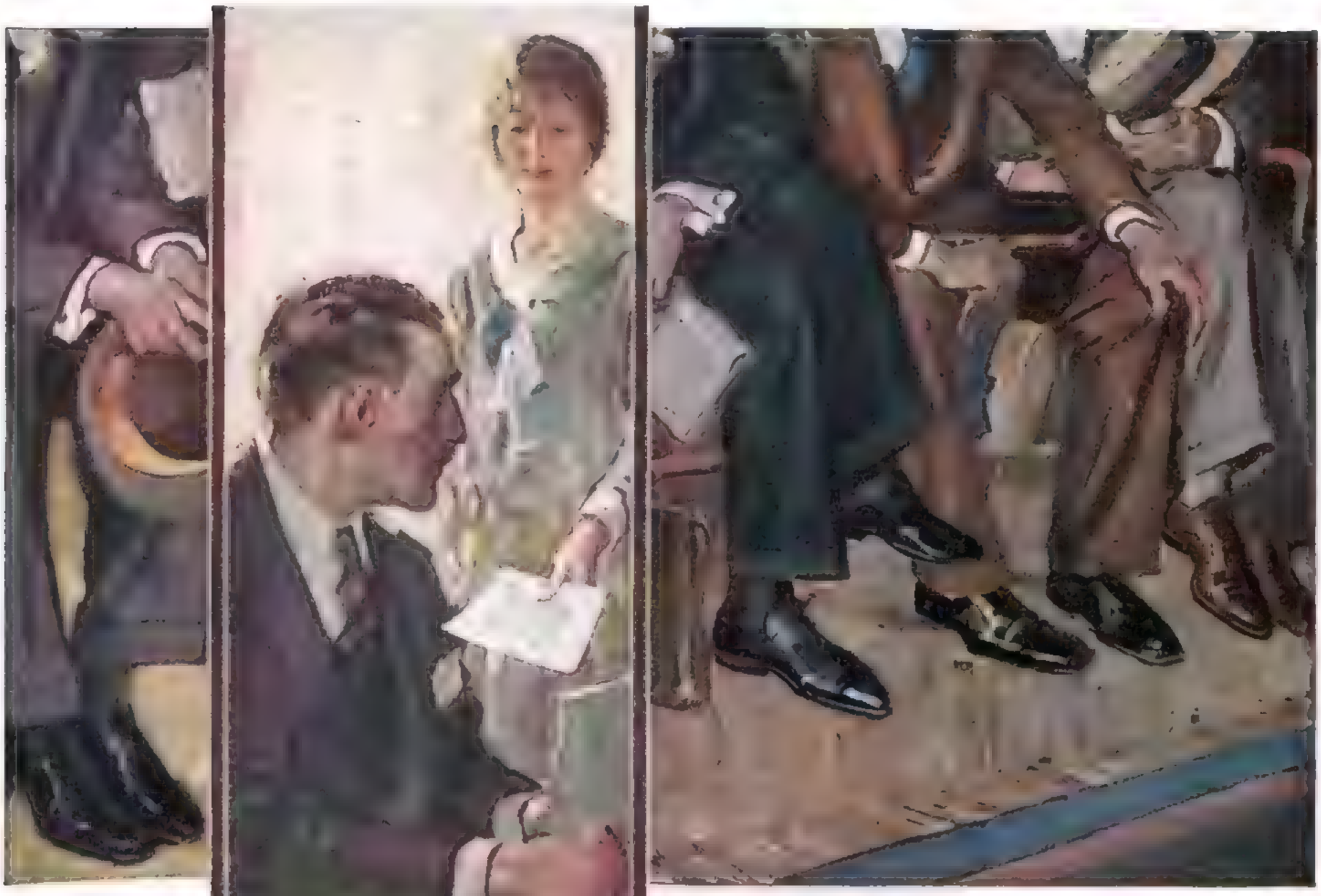

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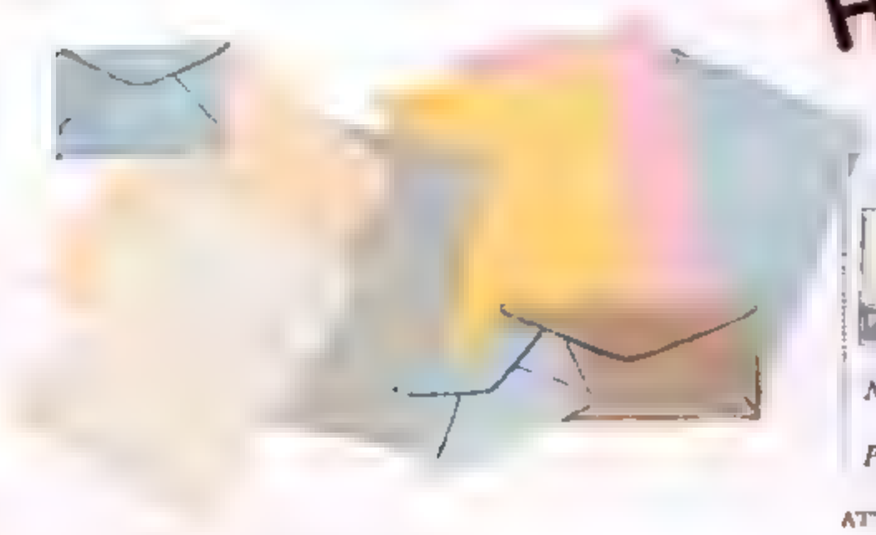

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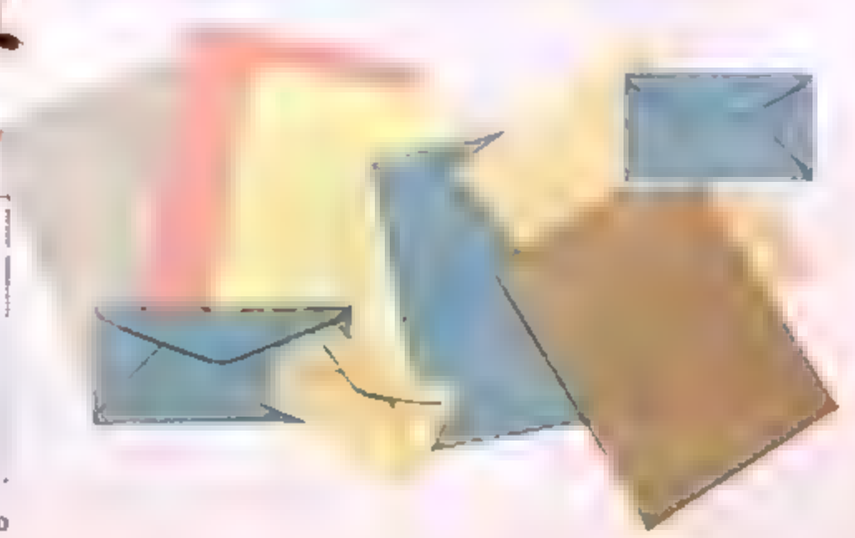

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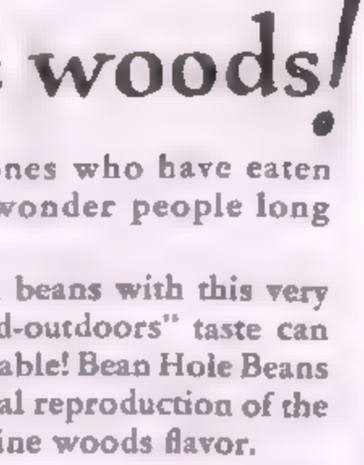

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meet Clytie, Lili told me, so I went through the house and found them on the perron.

"I've got to run along," I said. "Have you my pistol, Jasmin?"

She shook her head. "No. The last I saw of it was when I went up last night. It was lying on the table."

"It seems to have disappeared," I said. "Never mind, it will turn up somewhere." But I knew this would not be the case.

"I'll ride with you as far as Grasse," Jasmin said. "I've some errands to do." She turned to Clytie. "Mimi will look after you. I shan't be long."

She was a little upset about something, I thought. The low state of the commissary, perhaps, and the lack of servants. We went out and got into my car, which I had left in front of the perron.

As we started off, Jasmin said: "What do you think about the cistern, Charles?"

"It seems to have sprung a leak," I told her.

"Nothing of the sort," she said. "Somebody has tried to drain it."

"Nonsense. What makes you think that?"

"While you were down the bank I found two sections of big hose we use in the garden in the laurels on the other side of the cistern. We never separate them. Somebody took that hose apart and used the two lengths to siphon the water out."

I thought of the way in which the dried laurel leaves had been washed along. It had struck me at the time that the flow through the bank must have been curiously rapid to do that.

"When could it have been done?" I asked.

"After you stopped the pump and went back into the house. And the windmill did not start itself. It never has."

"You think that somebody threw it in gear, trusting to the noise of the wind in the trees to prevent its being heard?" I asked.

"I'm sure of it," Jasmin said positively. "More than that, I think it's all of a piece with papa's being struck down and those two we chased over the road and now the disappearance of the pistol. Somebody was watching by the window of the salon, and when you went out to stop the pump he slipped inside and got the pistol. Then when you came back he went to the cistern, and not daring to start the pump again, he used the hose as a siphon."

"You're a keen scout, Jasmin. He broke it and used the two pieces so that it should drain faster."

"Yes, it was lying there handy. He waited a little too long and didn't have time to put it back as he'd found it before we were up and about."

I turned this in my mind, then asked slowly; "What do you make of it—sabotage?"

"Don't be stupid, Charles. Whatever it is he wants is *in that cistern*. If it were somewhere about the grounds he could have managed to remove it in all this time."

Her reasoning was sound. Almost any night, preferably a stormy one, with this hard-working family sound asleep, a man could easily enter the grounds and carry off whatever he liked—one of the statues, if he had wished. This consideration had already puzzled me. But to remove something at the bottom of the cistern was a different matter. Every heavy shower filled it, thanks to the natural rocky gutter in the rift of the flanking slopes. As the Morans had not left the place even for overnight since their return to it, there could have been no opportunity to drain the capacious reservoir. Even with the methods we now believed to have been employed, it would take several nights to drain it, provided no shower fell.

I asked a little reluctantly, "Have you ever noticed any fetid odor in the water?"

"Not recently. We did not use it until about three months ago. The pump was out of order."

"Then it was filling and overflowing idly for about nine months?"

"Yes," Jasmin said, and added slowly: "Quite long enough to remove all possible taint, isn't it?"

"One would certainly think so. This is pretty awful, Jasmin."

"It's horrible. What are we going to do about it?"

"Well, let's first make sure," I said.

"How?"

"I'll come tonight when everybody's asleep and go down with a strong electric torch. I suppose you've got a ladder?"

"Yes. But there's still two meters of water. And it's cloudy. Like the water of the Var."

"That may be because the pump foot valve isn't tight and the back flow stirs up the sediment. It ought to settle clear if undisturbed."

"Perhaps," she admitted. "But it's dreadful for you to go down into that black hole, Charles."

"It's got to be done. Then we can tell better what course to take."

She was silent for a moment, then asked: "Are you going to bring Mr. Tom with you?"

"No need. It's a one-man job. The fewer mixed up in it the better."

"I'll help," Jasmin said.

"I'd rather you'd stay in bed and wait for my report. Where is the ladder?"

"I'll leave it on the bank under the laurels. I hate this, Charles."

"It doesn't bother me a bit," I assured her. "In fact, I'm cursed with curiosity enough to make it easy for me. Besides, I've seen lots of worse things than I'm apt to see there."

She was silent a moment, then said, "You are not an ordinary man, Charles. Would you have shoved Smith over the edge if I hadn't come?"

"Of course not. All I wanted was to give him the scare of his life. Jolt all the fight out of the brute."

She gave a short laugh. "Well, I'd say you did that."

We slid into town and stopped opposite the *charcuterie* where I had bought the makings of my picnic with Clytie. I refused to let Jasmin walk home with her purchases, so waited for her and then took her back to the gates of Villa Laurier.

"What time are you coming?" Jasmin asked before she got out.

"After midnight. Don't wait up."

"Hadn't you better leave the car some distance back on the road and come afoot?"

"Yes. I'll do a stalk. This fellow might have his siphons rigged again."

"I'll leave this door on the latch."

"No, I'll go round and make a flank approach."

"That might be better," she agreed. "Charles ——"

"What?"

"You're awfully keen about Clytie, aren't you? To do all this for her. Well, I should say she was pretty keen about you too. Not that I blame either of you."

"I'm in love with you, darn you," I said, "when I don't want to shake your saucy head off. But that's not apt to do either of us any good."

"Shaking my head off? It might though." She gave me her provocative smile. "You turn me all hot and cold, Charles. This morning it was cold. But at times I'm crazy about you—and this is one of them."

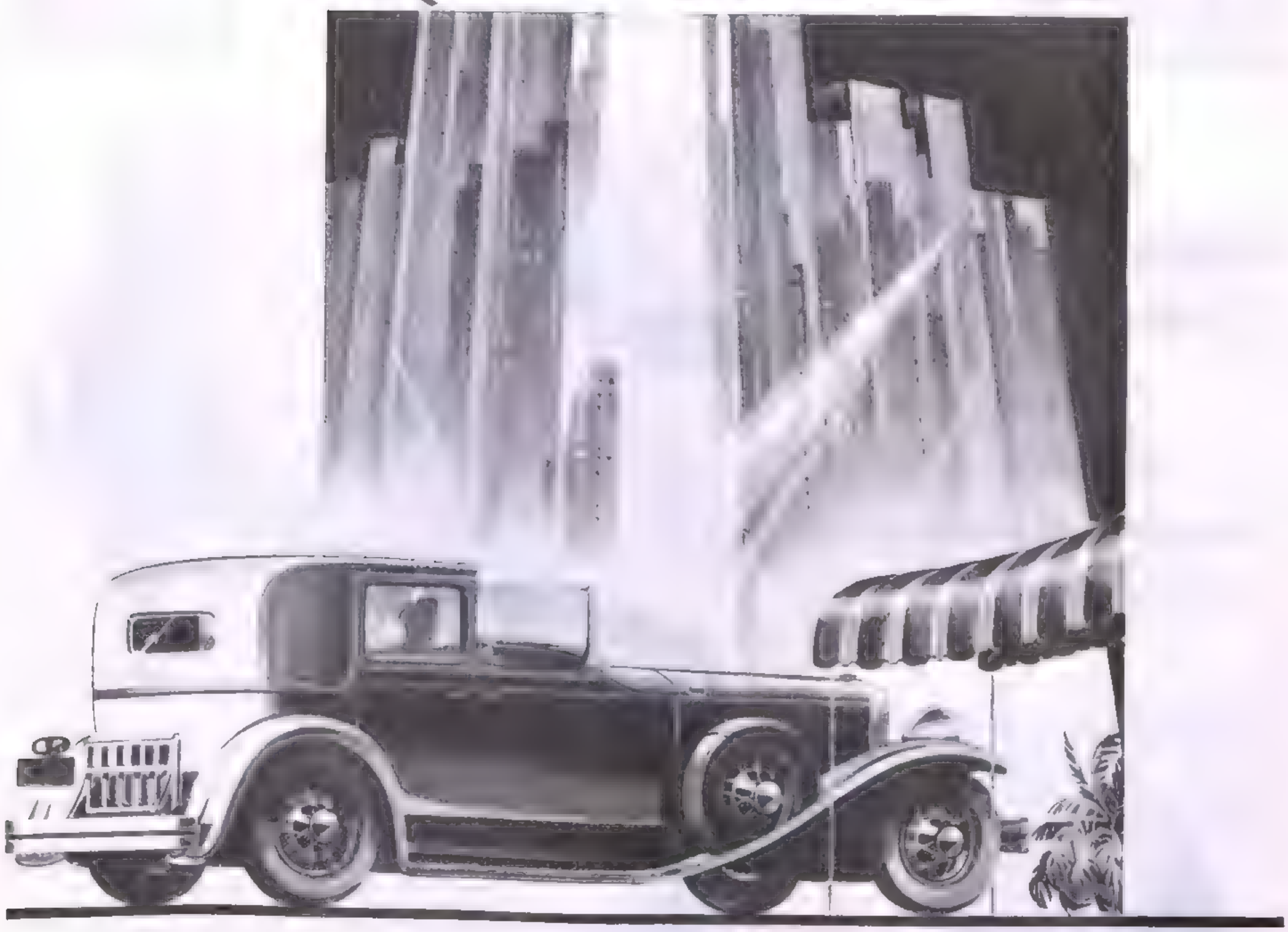
I twisted round on the seat and gripped both of her shoulders. She tilted back her head and closed her eyes, or nearly closed them, as I could see a thin gleam between the long lashes.

"Go ahead and shake," she said.

There was only one thing to do about it, and that was not to shake. When presently I drove off, the little car wandered back and forth on the road in a drunken sort of way. My mind was not on the direction, but wondering why it was that I had declined pay from lovely Clytie for a ghoulish undertaking, then accepted it from Jasmin for a similar service. The answer seemed to be that I was not in love with Clytie.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

QUALITY



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THE lovely French original pictured above, is one of the newest creations from Hellstern and Sons, famous designers, of Paris. The original price was $30 a pair. Montgomery Ward & Co.'s adaptation, *Belle Mode,* is so complete even a practiced eye can hardly tell the difference . . . the same color-harmony . . . the same design. Ward's price—exactly $5—illustrates how Ward's offers at very modest cost the very latest in Parisian Fashion.

The imported English custom shoe, from McAfee's, 38 Dover St., London, retails in a smart Fifth Avenue shop for $27 a pair. Ward's copy, of imported calfskin, is identical in design, and combines the smartness of the original with fine American workmanship. Yet the price is only $6.

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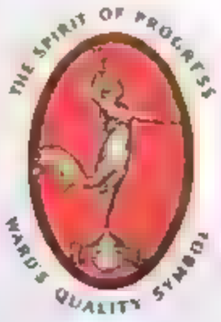

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SMALL FRY

(Continued from Page 13)

"Ah, better still, a winter vacation, eh? So many of the younger men make a practice of taking a week or so off in the winter season. And a very sound idea it is. May I ask where, Mr. Forster? Palm Beach, perhaps? Aiken?"

"No," Lloyd said, and hesitated. Well, there could be no objection to telling Mr. Minton where he was going. "A place called Thornton," he said.

"Oh, yes." Mr. Minton happened to have heard of Thornton. "A party of you, I suppose? Miss Henderson, of course."

Mr. Minton, apparently, had no thought of impertinence. It was impossible to be rude to him. . . . Lloyd admitted that Joan was going.

"And the others? Possibly they are among my clients," Mr. Minton suggested. He waited, smiling.

"Mr. and Mrs. George Hammond and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farrell," Lloyd said finally.

Mr. Minton shook his head.

"As it happens, they're not," he said. He wrinkled his brow. "I know of George Hammond, of course. I don't know him personally."

"We hope to get some skiing and that sort of thing," Lloyd said, to close the subject.

Mr. Minton picked up the attaché case. "To give you an idea of my service." He opened the case and took out a book handsomely bound in red, shining leather. "My clients," he said simply, and leaning forward, offered it to Lloyd.

Lloyd eyed it with distaste. Mr. Minton thrust it nearer, mercilessly. Lloyd found it suddenly in his hands.

He opened it at random. The plain white pages had a column of signatures running down the middle—nothing else. An unusual handwriting caught his eye.

"Drew Robbins," he read, "of ——"

"Pease and Robbins," Mr. Minton said carelessly. "You'll find the law well represented."

"Pease and Robbins," Lloyd repeated mechanically. "They do some of the Merchants' work."

"Lawyers can't advertise at all, at all," Mr. Minton said with a touch of brogue. He gave Lloyd a slow wink.

Lloyd turned the page and ran his eye down the column of names. Seymour P. Welling, of Barclay, Shattuck and Strong, one of the older, established brokerage firms. He had met Seymour Welling the first night he had dined with the Hendersons. He remembered him very well indeed, for Mr. Welling had done most of the talking that night and had, at the same time, kept an interested eye on Joan. Subsequently Lloyd learned that Seymour Welling was, as Lloyd's informant put it, the entertaining partner of Barclay, Shattuck and Strong.

Harvey C. Tilton. Remick L. Stone. Arthur Kean, the architect—Hubbard & Kean. Guy M. Savage. T. Mason Shaw. Homan Catt. Nicholas J. Boyle, of Orr, Steinman and Boyle, the law firm that did the trial work for the Merchants.

Lloyd read on, amazed. Some of the names he knew; many had a familiar ring. It wasn't possible. He turned the page and saw a signature which he knew to be genuine. Prescott Gray had an account at the Merchants; Lloyd had seen many letters from him. He looked closer—there was no doubt of it, that was Prescott Gray's writing. James M. Fitzgerald. Noel Shannon—wasn't he the interior decorator? Gardner G. Higgins. Thayer L. Swift. Wm. Olmstead Vaughn. The last name on the list was Joshua Fisher.

"Joshua Fisher?" Lloyd said. "Of Fisher Oil? I don't exactly see why he ——"

"Well," Mr. Minton said, "there's a Mrs. Fisher now, you know." He took a large, gold-mounted fountain pen out of his pocket, uncapped it and held it out to Lloyd.

"If you'll sign just under Mr. Fisher."

Lloyd looked down. Somehow, Mr. Minton had forced the pen on him. Lloyd stared at it, half bewitched.

Was it true that these men -was this one of the things that were done—perhaps as a matter of course—a strange, hidden phase of modern life that he had never heard of before, had never suspected?

Was it possible? Well, here were the names—Prescott Gray's signature. Vaguely he heard Mr. Minton saying something about absolute discretion . . . an established, exclusive service . . . to safeguard and promote this most vital force . . . essential to achievement in every sphere of endeavor. . . .

And in that same moment he remembered the brief notice in the paper of his new job with Stafford, Niles and Abbott -the erroneous, paltry paragraph—and Joan's amusement over his negligible rôle in the account of the engagement—was Joan wholly amused?—and the noble pedigree they had concocted, and Mrs. Henderson's flicker of interest when those two famous—and fictitious—ancestors had come to light. Publicity, the public eye, to be known, to be famous—perhaps this was the thing to do after all. Not that he cared, so far as he was concerned.

"If I do sign ——" Lloyd said, and smiled to show that he did not quite take it seriously.

"You will be entitled to our service for one year from today," Mr. Minton said briskly. "You may give me now, if you wish, the proposed itinerary of your wedding trip, which in due time ——"

"What I mean is," Lloyd interrupted, "how much—what does the subscription cost?"

"For one year, five hundred dollars."

"What?" Lloyd cried. "Five hundred dollars!" He took the cap off the bottom of the pen. "Good Lord!"

Mr. Minton snapped his fingers and showed his teeth in a silent laugh. "Stupid!" he exclaimed. "I forgot; you're not thirty yet, of course. You're twenty-seven, if I'm correct." He paused. Lloyd said nothing. He still held the pen.

"For clients under thirty," Mr. Minton went on, "it's two hundred and fifty dollars"—he watched Lloyd with a fixed smile—"that is, after the first year that's the regularly yearly retainer. For the first year, two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars," Lloyd repeated. "I don't believe ——"

"Very well, Mr. Forster." Mr. Minton opened the attaché case. "It's certainly not my business to coerce." He gave Lloyd a friendly smile and held out his hand for the fountain pen. He went on, still smiling: "When you consider what the service involves and the price of advertising ——" He paused. "If it's not worth it to you, I certainly don't want to sell it to you. It's simply a question of values. Two hundred dollars for what Prescott Gray I think it was—calls obscurity insurance." He pursed his lips, elevated his eyebrows slightly and again reached forward for the pen.

"Well!" Lloyd looked down at the open page. Gardner G. Higgins, Joshua Fisher—if men of that sort thought it worth while —— A great weakness came over him. He murmured, "I might try it for a year, I suppose."

"Oh," Mr. Minton said indifferently, "if you're not satisfied after a year, there's no obligation—none whatsoever. If you'll sign just under Mr. Fisher."

And Lloyd signed his name under that of Joshua Fisher.

"Thank you. Here's a blotter." Mr. Minton took a blotter out of the attaché case. "If you will make the check payable to Minton and Blakeslee ——"

Lloyd went over to the desk and wrote out the check. Mr. Minton returned the book to the case and snapped the case shut. He rose.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Forster." He took the check and fountain pen from Lloyd. "It's not our custom to have you fill in any subscription blank or give any receipt. You understand, of course." He smiled. "Also" his face was suddenly grave—"I need hardly point out that the fact of your being a subscriber is treated by us as a matter of the utmost discretion." He spoke slowly, impressively. "It must be so treated by you. Our results are due in a measure to the small number of our clients; to perhaps an almost too-rigid exclusiveness—a point upon which Mr. Blakeslee and I have always insisted. Though our methods are in no sense illegal or unethical, you will appreciate that our service is not one that—that—well, that can be shouted from the housetops." He stared hard at Lloyd. "You have, Mr. Forster, just joined a quite unique secret society—a society, however, which is necessarily never referred to among its members."

"If someone mentions advertising, I leave the room," Lloyd suggested facetiously.

"What?" Mr. Minton's face was blank.

"Never mind. I understand," Lloyd said.

"And now, Mr. Forster, good-by and thank you." Mr. Minton picked up his hat and coat. Turning and once more looking Lloyd piercingly in the eye, he thrust out his hand.

"Good-by." Lloyd shook his hand and walked with him toward the door. "In case I should send anything ——" he remarked as Mr. Minton stood poised on the threshold.

"Any bits of news concerning yourself, any traveling you may do during the year, incidents of your wedding trip, pictures —— Take a camera along with you, Mr. Forster."

"All right," Lloyd interrupted. "What I mean is, to whom—where should the—the stuff be sent?"

"Stupid!" Mr. Minton snapped his fingers. "Of course. I haven't given you our address." He produced a card from a wallet and gave it to Lloyd. "Keep us busy, Mr. Forster."

On the card Lloyd read, "Mr. Charles P. Minton"; in one of the lower corners, "Minton and Blakeslee," in the other, an uptown address.

"Good-by again, Mr. Forster." Mr. Minton smiled engagingly.

"Good ——" The door closed. Mr. Minton and two hundred dollars were gone.

Lloyd's first thought was that he would tell Joan about it that evening. Joan would be greatly diverted. As the day wore on, however, that interview with Mr. Minton became, to his mind, less and less amusing. It would make a better story, Lloyd thought, if, when Joan asked, "And did you subscribe?" he could say "Did *I*?" instead of "I did." The payment of the two hundred dollars rather took the edge off it. And then, after all, there was the pledge of discretion—as Mr. Minton had put it—to which he had tacitly, at least, committed himself. By evening he had decided that it would be best to say nothing about Mr. Minton.

III

TWO days later, on a warm, rainy afternoon, Lloyd sat in the parlor of the Thornton Inn playing bridge with Lucy Hammond and the Farrells. Joan was writing letters at a desk across the room. In a corner sat George Hammond, reading the New York papers, which had just arrived from the village. They were the only guests at the inn. George's face, Lloyd noted, had a grim look. There was no snow in Thornton. There had been an embarrassing scene at the railroad station the day before when their six pairs of skis and twelve poles were unloaded from the train. One of the loungers on the platform had broken into loud, native laughter and asked George, with native wit, if they were going to slide on them. The streets of Thornton were deep in mud. George, who was wealthy and had wanted Lucy to go to St. Moritz, had turned on him viciously. It was going to be dull for George, Lloyd thought.

At this moment George sat up suddenly in his chair. "Listen to this, will you?" he exclaimed.

He read from the paper, "'Floyd M. Forster' -just a slight error there—'Floyd M. Forster party leaves for winter sports.'"

"That was my trick you trumped," Lucy Hammond observed pleasantly.

"Was it?" Lloyd said. "So it was," he added. He had a strange, tight feeling in his throat. Joan had turned round from the desk and was staring at George.

"'Floyd M. ——'" George began.

"Wait a minute, George," Bob Farrell said. "Wait till the hand's over."

George waited, watching them with ill-concealed impatience.

"If you'd led me a club, Lloyd," Lucy began, as the hand was finished, "we would ——"

"Listen to this," George spoke from the corner. He read again from the paper on his knees: "'Floyd M. Forster party leaves for winter sports.'" He paused. "How's that?"

"What do you mean?" Lloyd said, clearing his throat.

"What do I mean?" George repeated loudly. "Here it is." He went on: "'Floyd M. Forster, accompanied by several friends, left New York yesterday for a week's stay at Thornton, where they will partake in the usual round of winter sports ——'" He was interrupted by a burst of laughter.

"Wait!" he cried, holding up his hand. He read: "'Mr. Forster, who is well-known among the younger generation in the banking world, having recently resigned from the Merchants Trust Company to join the firm of Stafford, Niles and Abbott, is taking a well-earned two-weeks vacation. Others—others,'" he repeated, "'in the party are Mr. Forster's fiancée, Miss Joan Henderson, the daughter of Mrs. Lathrop Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farrell, and,'" he added slowly in a whisper, "'Mr. and Mrs. George Hammond.'"

"Well!" Lucy Hammond said.

"That's nice!" Joan exclaimed. "Where do you suppose they got that?"

"Good work, old man," Bob Farrell said feelingly. "They've made you a partner. Put her there!" He held out his hand.

"Thanks," Lloyd said shortly, disregarding it.

"'Accompanied by several friends,'" George read, frowning at the paper. "'Others in the party.'" He looked up. "That's what we are, if you don't know it," he said gloomily—"the Floyd M. Forster party."

"Well, I think it's awfully nice of Lloyd, that's all I've got to say," Mary Farrell said. "Bob and I certainly expected to pay our share and well, I think it's terribly generous of Lloyd," she finished.

"Sporting of you, old man," Bob said enthusiastically. "I can't tell you how much I appreciate ——"

"Don't mention it, old man," Lloyd said. "It's nothing, I assure you."

"You must be making big money," Bob observed admiringly. "Do you mind telling us to what particular qualities you attribute your success?"

"What I want to know is," Joan broke in, "where it came from."

"Well" -George looked at Lloyd—"I don't like to suggest ——"

"It's your deal," Lloyd said, cutting the cards for Bob.

"—— that the article was inspired by anyone present," George continued. "On the other hand ——"

"They won't let me alone," Lloyd said "these reporters. Confound them."

(Continued on Page 89)

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The illustration on the opposite page shows the B. V. D. Union Suit. Its famous one-piece construction insures comfort at the waist-line —at the shoulders—at the crotch. It is tailored to fit the body—at rest or in motion. There is a size for every build.

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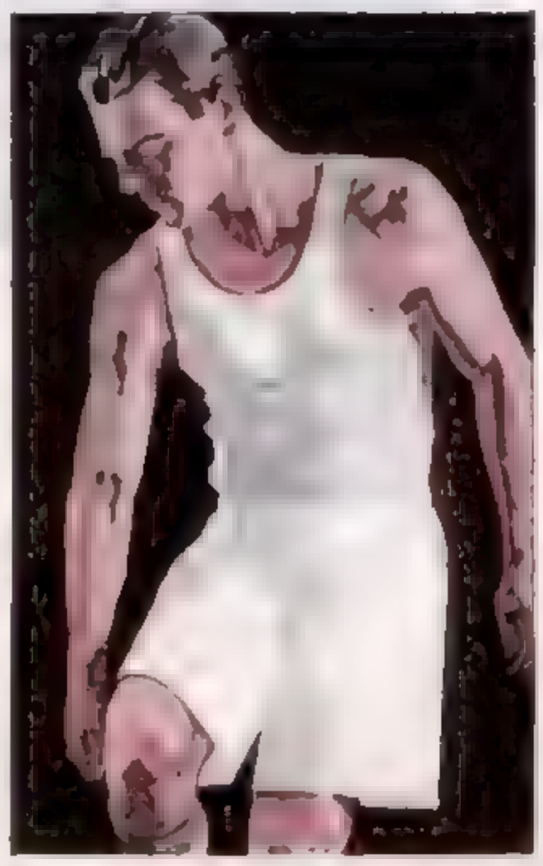

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The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc. It will pay you to look for them.

Judge Hoffman *decides on* #7337

FREDERICK L. HOFFMAN *is Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Hamilton County, Ohio. A discerning critic of values, in clothes as well as in men, he is one of the thousands of members of the learned professions who live up to the dignity of their callings in Nash clothes.*

REALLY, it's no wonder that Judge Hoffman chose Pattern No. 7337. For it is in keeping with the responsibilities of his office—firm as justice in its texture, conservative as justice in its tone, dignified as justice in its appearance.

And, as might be expected, this pattern is a favorite with the judiciary as well as members of the other professions. They have found that it not only looks dignified when first worn, but that it also maintains its dignity under hard service. And, most conveniently, it is suitable for either day or evening wear.

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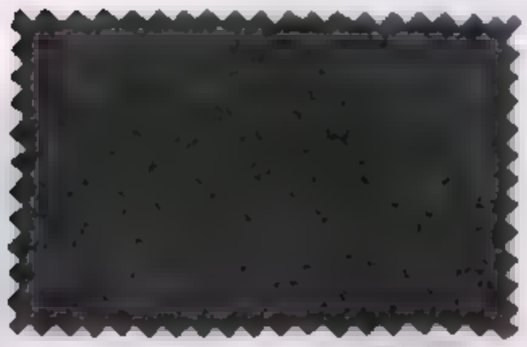

If you like a cloth that will hold a crease well, that looks good—feels comfortable and easy when you wear it—then we suggest this black, unfinished worsted No. 7337.

NASH

394,111 Suits and Overcoats Custom-Tailored in 1928

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(Continued from Page 85)

"He sent it in himself!" Mary cried, teasing him.

Lloyd glanced up from his cards and saw Joan looking at him a queer, doubting look that he had never seen on her face before. Instantly she dropped her eyes, turning the pen in her fingers. No one spoke for a moment.

Then Bob said, "Two spades."

"Sure I did," Lloyd said. His voice sounded strained. "And made myself a partner in the firm, and everything!" He forced a laugh.

Bob said, "I'll bet old Collier sent it in." Mr. Collier was proprietor of the inn.

"In that case," George observed, "the Thornton Inn would have been mentioned. And how does Mr. Collier know about Mr. Forster's success? And if it came from here, why the reference to winter sports ——"

"After getting off the train with six pairs of skis!" Joan interrupted. "After the exhibition you gave at the station!"

"There is no snow in Thornton," George began in a singsong voice.

"You don't suppose they're going to advertise to New York that there isn't any snow, do you?" Joan asked scornfully.

Lloyd's heart went out to her.

"I've bid two spades," Bob said.

In the corner George went on turning the pages of the newspaper, smiling slightly. After a moment, Joan returned to her letter.

IV

LLOYD'S first act on starting work with Stafford, Niles and Abbott was to speak to Stanley Niles about the item in the paper. He had written requesting that the statement about his having "joined the firm" be corrected, but no subsequent edition, so far, had mentioned the matter. Niles, who had not seen the paragraph, told him to forget it; the papers were wrong half the time, anyway. And they were all too busy to worry about things like that.

Lloyd decided, also, to forget Mr. Minton's unique and exclusive service. Its first functioning, aside from the embarrassing error of fact, had served, with the aid of George Hammond, to make Lloyd signally ridiculous. For during that snowless week in Thornton, George, lacking other diversion, had persisted in keeping the jest alive. He spoke constantly of the "Floyd M. Forster Party," referred to Lloyd as "the young banker," asked him to explain the difference between a bond and a debenture, whether, if he turned over his fortune to Lloyd he could be sure of 6 per cent with safety. And always there was the faintly veiled suggestion that Lloyd himself had been responsible for the paragraph. As a matter of fact, Lloyd had never thought seriously about his own obligation to Mr. Minton—to keep Mr. Minton advised. But he knew now, definitely, that Mr. Minton would receive no advice from him, no "interesting bits of news," no pictures. He regretted, briefly, the two hundred dollars, but he was through.

Some nights later Joan and he were dining with the Hammonds at the latter's apartment. Toward the end of dinner, George, true to form, asked Lloyd how "the young banker" was, adding, with a weighty look, that he had been meaning to drop in and consult him about something of importance. Lloyd was about to tell him, in the same manner, to make an appointment with his secretary, when George said suddenly:

"Speaking of things in the paper, did you read about that fellow they arrested?" He left the dining room and returned with an evening paper, smiling broadly. He read:

"'"Publish and Be Damned," said Brockway.'"

"What?" Lucy asked, frowning.

"That's the headline," George explained. He sat down, pushing away his plate and smoothing the paper out on the table in front of him. He continued: "'"So they've got him, have they?" said Mr. Charles J. Brockway, of Greenwich, an ominous gleam in his blue eye. "Well, tell him to look out for me, for I'm going to tear him wide open, no matter who's the goat!" Mr. Brockway's proposed victim, a gentleman calling himself Charles P. Minton, was arrested early this afternoon '"

"Lloyd!" Joan said sharply. Lloyd, reaching for his water glass, had knocked the knife from his plate on to the white doily. He dipped his napkin into the water and dabbed mechanically at the stains.

"Never mind it, Lloyd," Lucy said.

"'—— on a warrant sworn out by Mr. Brockway. The charge is extortion.'"

"You're only making it worse, Lloyd," Joan said, eying the spots. George glanced up, frowning.

Then he continued: "'The charge against Minton—but let Mr. Brockway tell the story in his own words: "Three days ago," Mr. Brockway said, "this man who calls himself Minton came to my office, after making an appointment over the telephone, through some woman who called herself his secretary. He started off by giving me a high-pressure song and dance about some service he was selling—publicity service, he called it. The idea was that I was to pay so much a year and he was to see that my name got in the papers all the time. Keep me in the public eye, he said. He had an elaborate sort of book with a list of his customers. All I had to do was sign my name in the book and pay him five thousand dollars. It seemed high," Mr. Brockway observed, "and it looked phony. I'm not in the movies—yet. So I told him I wasn't interested in the public's eye. Well, he kept on talking and finally he let out something about his service working both ways—that sometimes it was worth a good deal of money to keep certain things out of the papers. I asked him what the devil he meant, and he said that some people might prefer not to have a picture of himself and a Miss —— I've forgotten the name now—taken at Atlantic City last summer, published. My first idea was to kick him out of the office. I didn't know any Miss —— whatever her name was. He'd got the wrong man," Mr. Brockway explained. "I haven't been to Atlantic City since I was five years old. Then I thought, 'This is a pretty funny business; I'd like to get this straight,' so I said, 'You mean if I pay the five thousand dollars, this picture won't be published?' And he said that that was the idea—that his service, in such case, would protect me. No, he didn't say what the publication was. Well, I pretended to be worried and said I'd like to think it over. I asked him where I could get in touch with him and he gave me a card with his address. After he'd gone I went straight to my friend, the district attorney. When the police got to Minton's office they found it locked. That was two days ago. What happened, in my opinion, was that he found out he'd made a mistake, got frightened and beat it. The police are to be congratulated in getting him so quickly. It was fast work," Mr. Brockway commented. Questioned further, he replied, "Sure, I saw the list. Yes, I remember some of the names." When asked if he thought the signatures genuine, he said he felt sorry for the writers if they were.

"'Mr. Brockway did state that the list included ——'"

George paused to take a drink. Lloyd, although he had just eaten the best part of an excellent dinner, felt a sudden, terrible emptiness in the pit of his stomach.

"'—— included a number of well-known business and professional men, many of whom are members of socially prominent families. The book containing the list, however, has not yet been found. Assistant District Attorney Morris D. Collier, who, it will be remembered, secured the conviction in the famous Ticknor blackmail case last year, commenting on the arrest, stated unequivocally that the list would be made public as soon as the book is discovered. "Necessarily so," he explained. "So far as Mr. Brockway is concerned, there was nothing more than an attempt to extort. But in the other cases, the clear inference is that there was factual extortion. Now those gentlemen who paid hush money may be unwilling to furnish the necessary evidence to indict. Very well. If necessary we shall subpœna everyone on the list."

"'Minton was held pending ——'

"The rest is about bail and so forth." George folded the paper and dropped it on the floor. "To be continued, I hope. Isn't it great?" he asked, delighted. "We're going to find out all about our friends."

"They'll never print the names," Lucy said.

"Don't you believe it!" George exclaimed. "This fellow Collier's a red."

"Collier—" Lloyd began, clearing his throat. "Collier," he repeated, "isn't running the district attorney's office, is he? I guess the district attorney will have something to say."

"Well," George said, "the district attorney's slightly pink."

"It may not all be extortion or blackmail or whatever it is," Lucy said, "just because he tried to get money that way from Mr. Brockway. It may be some sort of a publicity agency."

"Bunk!" George said scornfully. "Why would he go to a man like Charles Brockway for a thing like that? The men on this list aren't movie actors! Use your head, Lucy. You don't suppose they're going to pay out several thousand dollars on any such asinine thing as that! This fellow Minton's got something on every one of them and they paid him to keep it quiet."

This, indeed, seemed unanswerable. They were silent. George's bright assurance made anything but a nice juicy scandal preposterous. He gloated. It was the moment, Lloyd thought, to inform George that he—George—was an ass, and prove it. And yet not the moment. It was a rather long, complicated story. There were, also, certain considerations. . . .

"This is one of Lloyd's quiet evenings out," Joan said about an hour later. Lloyd's contribution to the night's gayety had consisted in spasmodic and spineless assents. "I think I'd better take him home."

In the taxi she asked, "Don't you feel well, Lloyd?"

"Perfectly," he answered. But there was no heart in it. So, he supposed, did the condemned man who has just dined on roast chicken and pie à la mode answer.

V

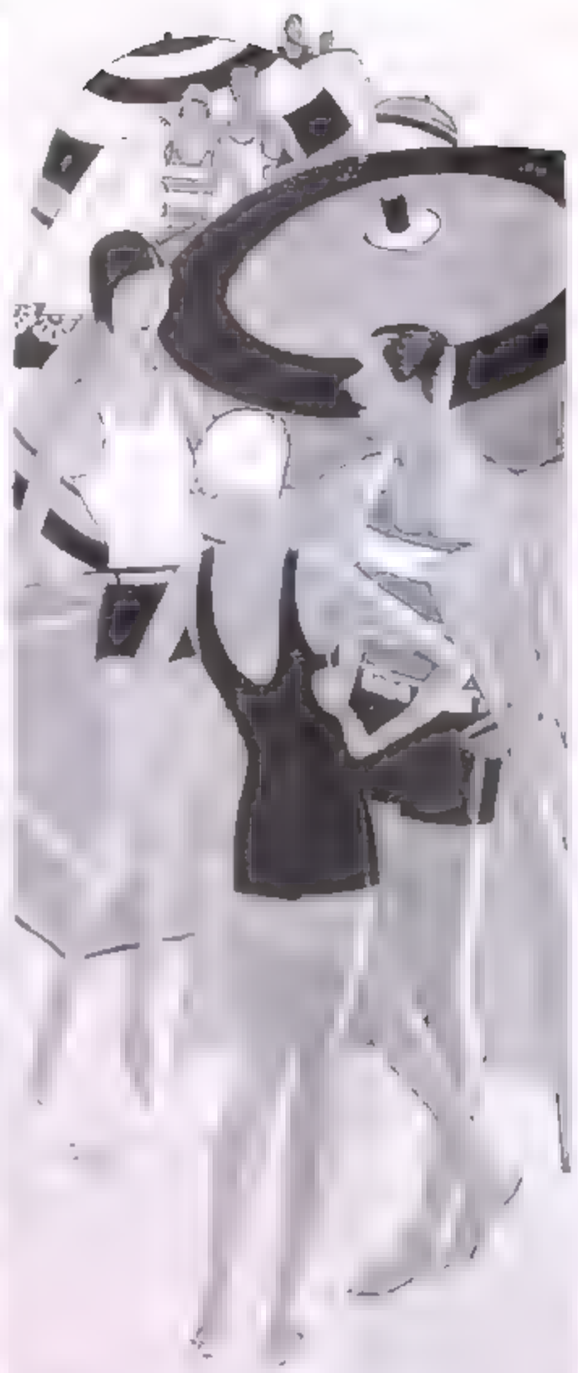
AT BREAKFAST the next morning Lloyd went swiftly through the paper. Part of a column was given to Mr. Minton's arrest. No names. Nothing new. Mr. Brockway's resentment was still frenzied; he reiterated his intention to go—accompanied by the Law—get Minton. If it were not for Brockway, Lloyd thought bitterly, the thing might die out.

In the Subway, on his way downtown, he bought another paper. Waiting for a train on the crowded platform, he unfolded the paper and saw the thing on the front page. He run his eye down the column—names! The names were in! There they were: Drew Robbins, Seymour P. Welling, Harvey C. Tilton, T. Mason Shaw, Prescott Gray, Thayer L. Swift.

A train roared in. The crowd surged around him. He lifted the paper above their heads: Joshua Fisher, Lloyd M. Forster. Oh, yes, this time his name was quite correct.

Wedged into a corner of the car platform, the paper crushed against his chest, his first thought was of Joan. He must see her right away, tell her the whole story from beginning to end. What a fool he had made of himself! He would telephone her before he went to the office, go right up to see her; but he was supposed to talk to Stanley Niles the first thing that morning about the new issue. He would have to telephone to Niles and explain—explain what? What could he say to Niles? Explain that he wasn't being blackmailed, that he had thought he was subscribing to—to a publicity service. Good Lord! He could hear Niles, who was serious-minded and upright, saying: "This is a very unfortunate thing

(Continued on Page 92)



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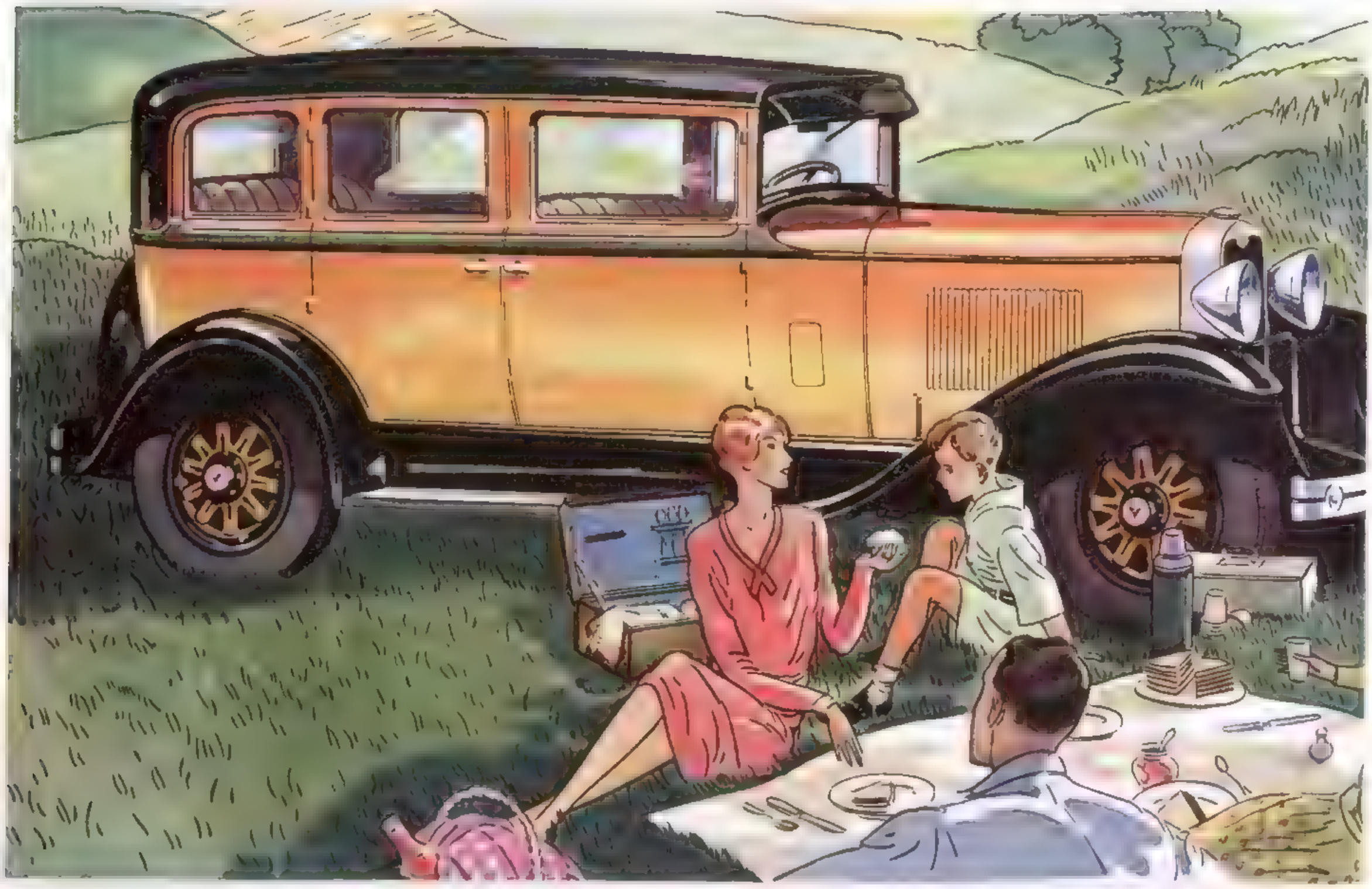

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OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 89)

for the firm, Forster—most unfortunate." They might suggest his resignation. Nobody would believe him, even if he did explain, if he could bring himself to explain. He saw himself, an exposed and acknowledged rake, a fellow who had paid hush money to conceal some disgraceful episode, a hypocrite of the first water.

It struck him suddenly that he was ruined, that all his work, all his striving to do right and to succeed, had been destroyed at one blow. Even Joan—Joan might not believe him.

The train stopped, people crowded by him. There was more room now. He unfolded the paper again and started to read the article. Evidently this was what was known as a scoop.

"Hullo, Forster," a voice said suddenly, loudly. Lloyd looked up, shaken. A young man of about his own age named Francis Lawton, whom he knew slightly, was standing beside him.

"Hullo," Lloyd said heavily. Lawton, he saw, was reading the same paper, open at the front page.

Lawton grinned at him.

"Well, I see you've been elected," he said. "Congratulations!" His voice was unnecessarily loud. Some men standing near glanced at him.

"Thanks," Lloyd said, his eyes on his paper.

"I'm surprised they printed the list," Lawton went on conversationally. "I should think Harvey Tilton or Pres Gray could have shut them up." He spoke the names familiarly. "Pres" Gray, he called him, not "Prescott." Several other men looked up from their papers. "I suppose you fellows did your damnedest," Lawton said, grinning. "Funny sort of game!"

Lloyd stared at his paper. He was surprised. Strangely, there was no ridicule in Lawton's comments, no suggestion of a decent condolence, even. Lawton's manner, for some reason, implied an intimacy which their previous acquaintance did not warrant. Lloyd glanced up at him. Lawton, in fact, was eying him with a certain amount of respect.

"I see they got Josh Fisher too," Lawton remarked.

"Did they?" Lloyd said coldly, opening his paper to the second page. "Josh" Fisher. Lawton, he thought, would ultimately find a nickname for God. Lloyd simulated a deep engrossment. Lawton, after two or three further overtures, returned to his paper.

As he issued from the Subway Lloyd decided that he would go straight to the office and then telephone Joan. The thing had to be faced sometime, and all his training urged him to meet it at once.

He entered the offices of Stafford, Niles and Abbott with much the same feelings that he used to experience when he ran out on to the field to take his place for the kick-off; and found, as he had often found before, that his fears were baseless. The other young men, already busy dictating or at the telephone, did not even glance up as he went to his desk and began to open his mail. The fact that he sat calmly among them seemed to cause no appreciable effect. Except for Miss Dolan. Miss Dolan was Stanley Niles' elderly, super-refined secretary. She came up to him now and said, austerely, that Mr. Niles wished to see him. She glanced at him and then quickly away, pressing her lips together.

Stanley Niles, when Lloyd entered his private office, began at once to talk about the new issue. They had had a big day yesterday; today was going to be bigger. Niles talked steadily for a few minutes and then turned to his desk to indicate that the conference was over. Lloyd hesitated.

Then he said, "I don't know whether you saw that thing in the paper."

"What was that?"

"That thing about—about a man named Minton getting arrested."

"Oh, that." Niles smiled slightly. "Yes. Very amusing." He nodded and picked up some papers.

"I ——" Lloyd began. He burst out suddenly: "My name was on the list."

"Was it?" Niles finished reading and then looked up. "Well, I'm sorry I can't sympathize with you." He spoke incisively: "Let it be a lesson. I have never heard of anyone paying money of that kind where it did the slightest good. The thing's bound to come out."

"But I want to explain," Lloyd said, reddening. "So far as I'm concerned, it ——" He broke off. "The firm ——"

"My dear fellow," Niles said impatiently, "the firm is not interested in the private lives of its associates unless they reflect in some way on the firm's integrity. 'Explaining,' as you put it, will only waste your time and ours. What you do outside business hours is not our business so long as it does not bring the firm into ill repute. If we attempted to run down every rumor, every breath of scandal—well, we would have to close our doors. No, the firm is not interested." He paused, smiling slightly. "Perhaps 'interested' is not strictly accurate. The firm does not concern itself with the private peccadillos of its employes or its associates, or, I might add"—occasionally Stanley Niles allowed himself a mild joke—"of its partners."

He picked up another paper from his desk. Lloyd hesitated an instant and then turned to go. As he did so, Niles said suddenly:

"I wouldn't worry too much about it if I were you. You seem to be in good company."

Lloyd stared at him. The note of sarcasm in Niles' voice had been almost congratulatory. There was, certainly, a very faint smile on his face.

Lloyd went back to his desk. He put in a telephone call to Joan. . . . Miss Henderson was out; would not be back until sometime in the afternoon. The maid did not know where she was.

Well, he had better get to work; he had a lot of people to see. As he got up, his telephone rang.

"Forster speaking," he said into the transmitter.

A booming voice came over the wire: "Never darken my doors again, you wolf in sheep's clothing, you whited sepulcher, you ——"

"Who ——"

"I saw you on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. This is Hammond speaking. And you told me it was your aunt, you ——"

"Oh, shut up!" Lloyd said, his mouth close to the transmitter. "Look here, I'm busy, just leaving the office."

"Busy! I should think you ought to be busy. Where're you going—to a meeting of the creditors? I'm coming down to see you; I want to consult you. I'm going to put my patrimony in your hands. I—how about lunch?"

"I'm sorry ——"

"Tomorrow then. I want to hear all about it. I'll be there at one tomorrow."

"All right. Good-by." Lloyd hung up the receiver and left the office.

As he went along the street he reflected that evidently George Hammond considered it a great joke. Well, that was about George's mentality. And yet, there was Stanley Niles. Niles had spoken of "peccadillos"—a sprightly word, suggestive of gay philandering. "You seem to be in good company," he had said, almost as if Lloyd had just formed some profitable connection. Even in George's loud raillery over the telephone there was nothing to indicate that the joke was exclusively on Lloyd. And Lawton, in the Subway—there had been—well, something like envy in Lawton's eye. It was funny enough, Lloyd thought. He had expected ridicule, had pictured disgrace, ruin. This was something else. And suddenly Lloyd thought he saw the reason. It was because of his fellow victims. It was because their personalities, their reputations, their importance, for one cause or another, forbade an attitude wholly derisive. They were not to be laughed at.

His experience during the day did nothing to negative this conclusion. There was chaff, but without malice; good-natured commiseration, never the cold shoulder; occasionally, in fact, he perceived an undercurrent of tragedy, of blank bewilderment, as if some time-honored, cherished institution had suddenly been proved corrupt. Several men upon whom he called made no mention of it—markedly, Lloyd thought, for the subject was on everyone's tongue—and he recalled Mr. Minton's conceit that, as one of his clients, Lloyd was a member of some highly desirable secret order, the mention of which was, by etiquette, forbidden. It was incredible, but there it was. By a queer, backhanded stroke of fate, he walked for the moment among the exclusive elect. He was one of them. The white light was focused. Mr. Minton had come through!

If it had not been for a saving sense of the comic, he might have taken on a somewhat mysterious air, as of one to whom interesting, tragic things had happened. Almost he found himself moving with the dignity of a conscious achievement, almost regretting, in a disordered moment, that his inclusion in that select category was so utterly spurious.

As it was, when he left the office that evening he was half committed to the refreshing cynicism of Stanley Niles, soothed by the pleasant, almost flattering banter of his friends, by the thought that the ill wind, for him at least, was not entirely in the wrong quarter.

There was more about it in the evening paper.

On his way to Joan's house he played with the thought that perhaps it was just as well he hadn't been able to get her on the telephone that morning. The rôle that had been forced upon him, which he was now resolved to play, was one requiring a stately silence. Well, he thought, Joan, like her mother, was a woman of the world. She must realize that there were things in a man's life ——

It was Mrs. Henderson who came into the sitting room as he stood waiting for Joan. Lloyd went up to her, smiling.

"Joan is upset," Mrs. Henderson said coldly.

Lloyd stared at her blankly.

"She says she cannot see you," Mrs. Henderson went on. "She asked me to give you this." She held out her hand. In her palm was Joan's engagement ring.

"But ——" Lloyd stopped. There seemed, for the moment, nothing to say. Mrs. Henderson stood motionless, offering him the ring.

"I don't want it," Lloyd said miserably.

"Well, I'm sure I don't," Mrs. Henderson said. She made a quick motion with the ring. Lloyd took it.

"I want to see Joan," he said suddenly, in a firm voice. Mrs. Henderson regarded him in silence. "I want—I want to explain," he stammered

"Explain—explain!" Mrs. Henderson made a vague, hopeless gesture. "Men always want to explain. I dare say there's a lot of explaining going on today." She paused and then said sternly, "You're much too young to begin explaining. Joan's in the library." She nodded at the closed door; then turned suddenly and left the room.

Lloyd, the ring in his hand and the evening paper under his arm, opened the library door. Joan, who had been sitting by the window, stood up.

"Joan ——" Lloyd began.

"I told mother," Joan said in a low, tense voice, "to tell you that I never wanted to see you again."

"Listen, Joan." Lloyd went toward her. She sat down suddenly on the arm of the chair, bowed her head in her hands and began to weep softly.

"Joan, let me explain!" he cried out.

"There's no need to explain." She looked up, her eyes bright with tears. "I know what men are in this world. I thought you were different."

"Will you listen to me, Joan?" Lloyd stood facing her. "In the first place, I'm a fool. If that's why you want me to take the ring back, I'll take it. But you've got to listen. Do you remember that thing in the paper at Thornton?" She was silent. "That thing about"—Lloyd swallowed—"about the 'Floyd M. Forster party'? The day before we went to Thornton," he began. He told her the whole story from the beginning: Their joking about his minor part in the announcement of their engagement, the invention of those famous ancestors for Mrs. Henderson's benefit, about his name being wrong in the paper, and then Mr. Minton's call, that shameful interview, the shiny red book with the list of names—everything to the bitter end.

"At Thornton," Joan said finally in a low voice, "someone said you had sent it in to the paper."

"And I denied it."

"You ——"

"Oh, not in so many words," Lloyd said. "I know. Technically. . . ." He paused. Joan sat perfectly still, gazing down at her clasped hands. Lloyd said: "It was a lie. I was a liar, among other things." He waited. She did not speak, did not raise her head.

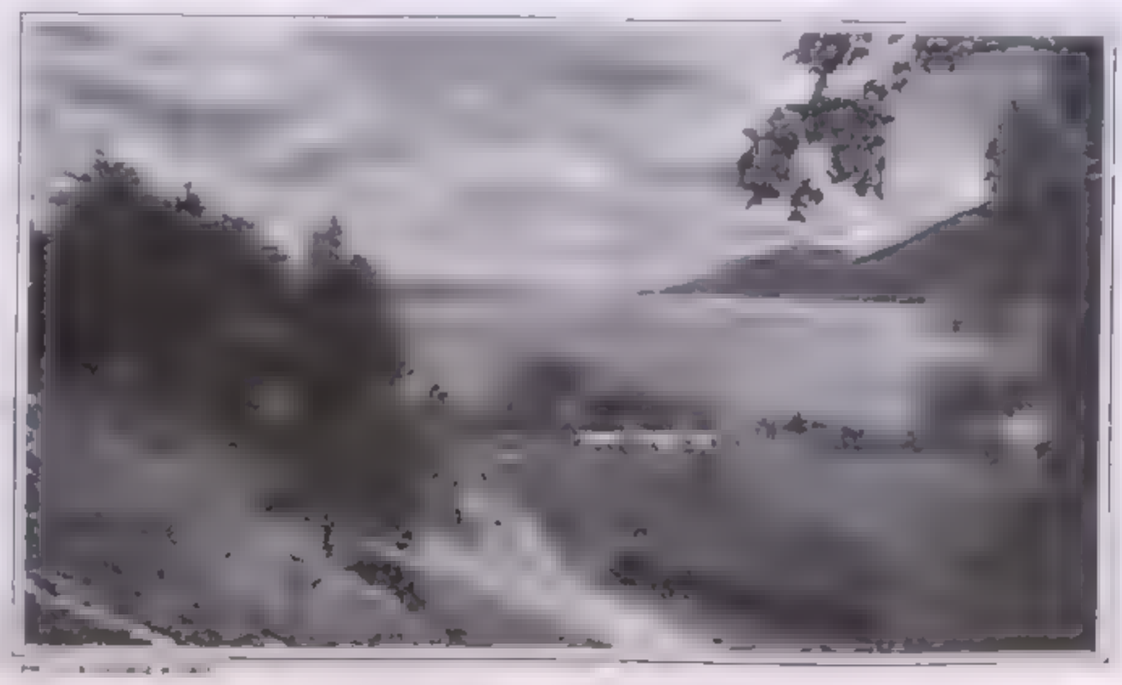
Lloyd unfolded the evening paper and ran his eye down the column which contained Mr. Minton's full confession. Near the end he found what he wanted.

"Listen, Joan." He read: "'Minton was asked finally whether any of the men included in the list had paid him money with the idea of securing the sort of service he had first mentioned to Mr. Brockway, or whether, in fact, his profits derived solely from extortion. "Oh," Minton answered, "we had a kind of small side line out. I had the idea of reversing the usual method—using the big fellows as bait and picking up some small fry now and then who really thought they were going to get their names in the papers."'"

"That was me," Lloyd said.

"What?"

"Small fry. One minnow," he added, half to himself. He looked up. Joan was smiling.



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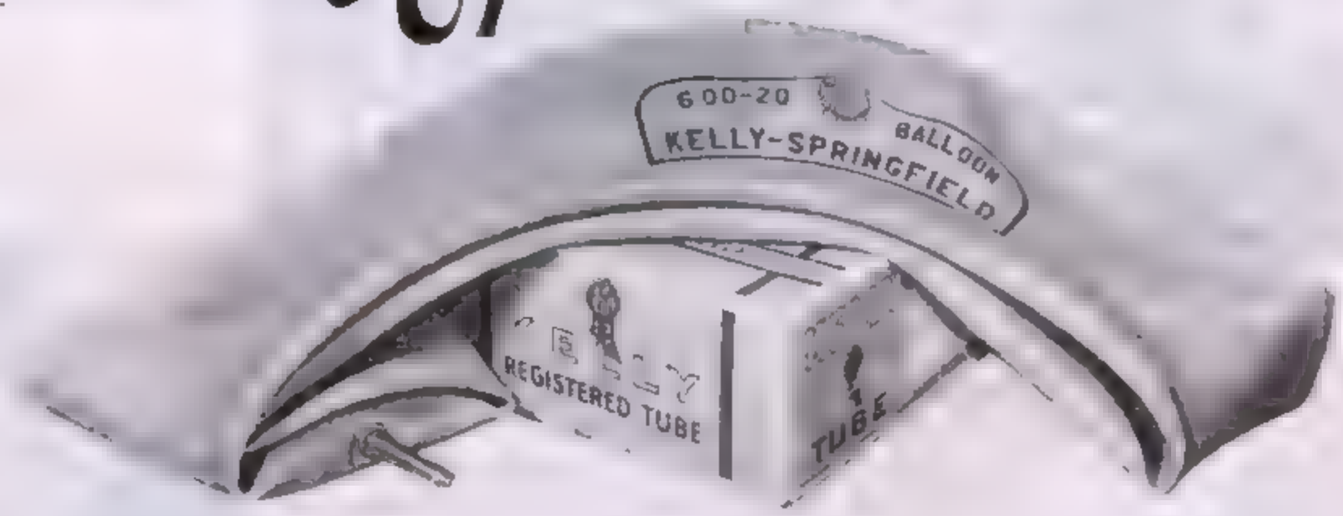
If you are the average driver, used to cruising at 35 or 40 miles an hour and running up perhaps ten or twelve thousand miles a year, you can't go wrong on the regular standard Kelly balloon, known everywhere, until Kelly brought out the Registered balloon, as the best it was possible to buy. The regular Kelly balloon is better today than it ever was, yet sells at a price no higher than those of the so-called "standard makes."

The Buckeye tire, built by Kelly-Springfield workmen in the Kelly plant, is a lower-priced tire for car owners who don't feel that they need the extra mileage of the higher-priced Kelly lines. Though modest in price, it is well built and will give surprising mileage.

Kelly-Springfield quality is known wherever motor cars are used. You pay *no more* to get it.

The New KELLY *Registered* GREEN TUBE



Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., 1775 Broadway, New York

THIS IS THE AGE OF ALUMINUM

Swift as the sunlight..smooth *as a mirrored pool*

IT RACES by—swift as the sunlight—the power that speeds it on as smooth as the mirrored pool which flashes back its fleeting image. It's the car that's built for today—and tomorrow. It spurns the road as if on wings. Steep hills cling vainly to its heels. It's off like a hare in front of the pack and once in flight it's never caught. It's the car whose pistons are made of LYNITE strong aluminum alloys.

¶ This is an era of greater speed, more power and quicker acceleration. First came good roads—broad smooth ribbons of concrete that cross the country from east to west and north to south. Then came the motorists' demand for cars as modern in every respect as the roads they travel. Then came LYNITE.

¶ As much as any other single contribution to automotive engineering, LYNITE has established the present fine standards of automobile performance. The record of 50,000,000 LYNITE strong aluminum alloy pistons is a guarantee of their superior quality.

¶ LYNITE is a fact, not a fad. It is a logical sequence in the march of motor progress. Insist on LYNITE strong aluminum alloy pistons in your automobile.

LYNITE PERFORMANCE

Greater Speed—more pulling power. Quicker acceleration. Less wear on cylinders and bearings. Vibration reduced to a minimum. Less weight—greater fuel economy. Cooler motor—with less carbon.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALUMINUM - IN - EVERY - COMMERCIAL - FORM

LYNITE weighs only one-third as much as iron or steel. That means a smoother running motor with less vibration, lower bearing pressures and reduced gross weight. LYNITE strong aluminum alloy pistons have an exceptionally high heat conductivity. That makes possible higher compression without knocking, with less carbon and less destruction of oil. You are entitled to LYNITE performance. Demand it.

LYNITE

ALUMINUM ALLOY PISTONS AND RODS

LONE TREE

(Continued from Page 23)

shrewd appraisal of Miss Ellis, at least seven-fifty; she mentally named the shop it came from.

Miss Ellis appraised the visitor item by item, from the adorable glossy wave of his hair to the correct spats. Coming from sleep, with a mind freshly blank, this resplendent stranger was deeply etched upon it, more deeply than the lines formerly graven by internes or practicing surgeons or strolling bond salesmen.

And all this Miss Ellis knew even before the stranger demanded, in a voice hushed but vibrant—his wonderful eyes searching, she felt, her very soul—"Mr. Carcross!"

Was that all? This perfect being, a member of clubs, probably of that fast hunting set on Long Island, merely asked for the battered wreck she nursed. She had suspected him of mistaking this room for another; had even beheld herself setting him right, guiding him down the corridor with grave, faintly smiling, yet wistful assurances that it was no trouble at all. You never could tell. Things happened quickly in her experience, and anything might have happened in that imagined chatty stroll to the right room. If this refulgent being had been the sort to say something about a party that night—or any night—it would have been seriously considered by a girl in her right mind.

She did the inevitable, and began to wonder and wonder when the newcomer effusively, not to say obsequiously, greeted the man on the bed.

"Well, well, well, Mr. Carcross! This was certainly a surprise to the office. What do you mean by deserting us? Well, well, well!" He surveyed the room. "Not so bad, though; nice sunny room, a nice nurse." His lively eyes ever so casually bathed Miss Ellis with their splendor.

"Nice nurse!" Miss Ellis would rather he hadn't said it in just that offhand way. And to her further displeasure her patient did not seem overwhelmed by this superb visitor. He acted grumpy; the old grouch not only shut off a lot of thoughtful inquiries by his visitor—into which the nurse could have been gracefully drawn—but when asked, "And how are we progressing?" the old boy actually growled, "Don't begin that. I've had enough 'we' talk this morning. This trouble is all mine."

"Priceless!" the visitor exclaimed, and laughed tactfully. Indeed, he was always tactful, ingratiating, one might say, throughout the tragically curtailed interview.

The old man did practically all the talking, while this Greek god merely listened and smiled or amazingly said, "Yes, sir; yes, sir, I understand," actually saying "sir" to the old hick. He handed over letters and what Miss Ellis knew to be cablegrams; also a flat packet of yellow-backed bills with a paper band about it.

But this didn't satisfy the patient; he wished shortly to be told if the doctor hadn't mentioned clothes. The visitor admitted that belongings at the hotel had been mentioned, but he hadn't stopped for clothes in a matter that might be life or death. And to this courteous explanation all the old grouch could say was, "I want my pants. I don't feel right without 'em."

"To be sure, to be sure," agreed his caller. "I know just how you feel, Mr. Carcross; and what else can we send you? Of course I'm only one of our vice presidents; W. J. himself will come up when he gets a moment off. He was in conference when I left, but especially said I was to get you everything."

"'Only' a vice president!" Miss Ellis marveled at the modesty of it.

"Now let's see: we must liven up this charming little den a bit." His glance sparklingly roved. "You will want flowers—some of those priceless daffodils, I'd say. And how about a radio to help while away the tedious moments? That will be priceless."

"I want my pants," the patient gruffly retorted.

"Oh, naturally! But the radio will be company."

"All my things from the hotel, mind you. I left some money on the bureau and my new watch and my keys and my glasses and my fountain pen and my ——"

"Trust me, Mr. Carcross." The caller draped the expensive topcoat gracefully across an arm, took up the perfect hat, the shining stick and practically new gloves, and had begun a respectful bow of adieu, when he was halted by a sort of yelp:

"Hey, wait! One thing more: I want a good barber up here every morning—the best you can find in New York—one that's got all the dewdads, like that fellow in the hotel."

"I will see to it in person, Mr. Carcross," Melcher assured the patient earnestly, and concluded his leave-taking.

Miss Ellis went to open the door for him and even stepped outside. There might have been a moment of confidential talk about the interesting and delightful Mr. Carcross. But the caller, with a murmur of thanks, pattered swiftly down the corridor.

Returning to the bedside, she found herself about to ask in wheedling tones, "And how are we now after seeing our lovely friends?" She checked this because the curious old gentleman looked crossly busy with his mail, holding the sheets of a letter almost at arm's length from his eyes. Instead of speaking, she revolved a crank at the foot of the bed, raising his head and shoulders, then thrust a pillow beneath his knees, "To keep you from sliding," she meekly explained when he growled at her.

"What a pleasant gentleman that was! Melcher was his name?"

"Yeah, Melcher or Mushwush. Something funny."

"I suppose of course he's married." Miss Ellis looked brightly conversational. Her patient opened one eye to regard her with mild interest.

"What you want to know a question like that for?" The eye closed. "That gent could be married a-plenty and I wouldn't know it."

"A real vice president," murmured the nurse incitingly.

"I guess so. He seems to rate about a two-spot in that Imperial Trust Company."

Miss Ellis was hurt. A two-spot! Surely it couldn't be that this distinguished person, so beautiful and refined-looking, was merely a drip. Of course you couldn't always tell. There was the one that looked nearly as good that she and a girl friend had met one night, bubbling with talk about his swell apartment, his limousine and his steam yacht, and about a couple of loose three-carat stones he was going to have set in rings for them; but he let the other man pay for the gin and later had been pinched by the narcotic squad. Life was certainly fierce for a working girl.

Her patient, arousing as if from a troubled reverie, wished to be told what it meant to "shop" anything. "She says in this letter from Paris that she shopped an ermine coat. And she says it's a very clever garment."

"That means she's bought one." Miss Ellis became animated.

"A clever garment." Mr. Carcross pondered the phrase. "Sounds like it could jump through a hoop or do tricks or something."

"Why, Mr. Carcross, aren't you the tease!"

"Her other letter says she got a wonderful bargain in a string of pearl beads from a Russian lady that had them from the Czar's private jewelry."

"How perfectly wonderful!"

"Yeah, maybe. Anyway, it's the first time pearls ever happened to this family. She did get a diamond straddle bug to pin on her chest before she went to Europe, but it wasn't any bargain that I could see."

Miss Ellis was for the moment unequal to speech. And she had been afraid that this dear old gentleman might not be so hot; not even good for paltry nurse hire. She wondered who "she" was. It seemed a bit prying to ask him, even after he added, "She's gone hay-wire. All of 'em gone hay-wire." He appeared to doze on this, and Miss Ellis, murmuring "Soft cushions!" to herself, went to manage an exhilarating cigarette in the bathroom. She might have known from the first that the old bird wouldn't have had a private room with a bath if he hadn't been pretty warm.

She'd certainly have an earful of hot dirt for Doyle that night. Doyle would get a nice boot out of it. And the patient was so easy to get, now that she had a few clews. From the screen experience of Miss Ellis he was, clearly enough, one of those strong silent men who do big things in a big way and have Wall Street at their mercy. She found herself wondering if he wouldn't have a wayward son, the way they always did have on the screen; good stuff in him, but a gin head at first, until finally he would tire of night life and make good out in the great open spaces under the influence of a beautiful young nurse who administered to him in the alcoholic ward of this very hospital. It was a lovely dream—still, you never could tell.

She was recalled to duty and groped a way out of the faërie realm she had builded. The aged and delightful Mr. Carcross, who, she was now sure, had a heart of gold beneath the rough exterior that Wall Street knew, wished to be read to because that fool had forgot to send up his glasses. Miss Ellis forgave the blighting reference to a vice president.

"I'll shuck this paper and you read out loud," he directed, handing her what she saw to be the Branlock Advertiser. "Begin at the top and read every single thing. Don't skip."

Miss Ellis glanced at City Jottings. It hardly seemed to be the matter that a Wall Street magnate would crave. The first item occupied a line:

"'Measles are a popular ailment hereabouts.'" Her patient was pleasantly impressed. "Well, well, just think of that, now." She continued: "'Mr. and Mrs. Clayte Tarpey Sundayed here with her parents.'"

"Clayte Tarpey in town, hey?" satisfied the listener as a comment.

"'Mrs. Gus Pringle is laid up with a broken wrist cranking the flivver last Tuesday A.M. Hard luck, Sister Pringle, but progressing nicely at this writing, under the care of P. J. Snell, M.D., office in Empire Block over City Pharmacy.'"

"Doc Snell will soon have her mended."

The reader continued: "'Brad Bailey drove in a bunch of choice two-year-old stuff Thursday and loaded on Number 6. He reports a good stand of feed over Bear Paw way.'"

From the bed came: "I told Brad a thousand times, if I told him once: 'Sell off your yearlings and hold back the top of your heifers to replace your dry cows.'"

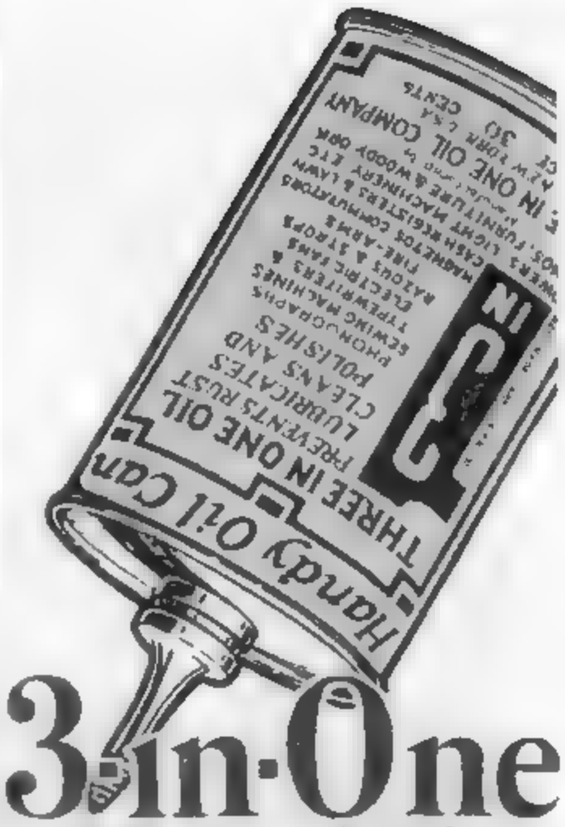
The reader sighed. She could have picked livelier reading matter, and it didn't seem the right stuff for a big operator who held Wall Street in the hollow of his hand.

"'Mrs. Peru Jackson and family visited our metropolis Saturday P.M. They were running one to a bunch when seen by ye Ed. on business and pleasure bent.'" The listener chuckled wryly at this.

"I'll bet Bernie Jackson was bent on getting his spring drinking done up."

The reader clicked her tongue in deprecation. "'Ora Bartle is down with mumps at his mother's home, and he's riding forty hard. What detained you, Ora? P. J. Snell, M.D., office in Empire Block over City Pharmacy, in daily attendance.'"

The indisposition of Mr. Bartle seemed to find the listener callous.



3-in-One

The Triple Toil-Saver

Instead of several preparations, each for a different purpose, you need only 3-in-One for many purposes.

Oils

Use regularly on all light mechanisms—sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, electric fans and the motors of washing machines and electric refrigerators; also on clocks, locks, hinges, bolts, tools, roller skates, bicycles. Penetrates tightest bearings instantly. Works out old grease and dirt. Stays put. Oils perfectly.

Cleans and Polishes

Try 3-in-One on fine furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum. Removes grime. Restores original beauty of grain and finish. Polishes beautifully.

3-in-One on a soft cloth or an ordinary mop converts them into excellent dustless dust cloth and polish mop.

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Rubbed on any metal, 3-in-One penetrates the microscopic pores of the surface, forming a protective film that prevents air and moisture from causing rust and tarnish. Use frequently on kitchen and bathroom plumbing fixtures; also on all ornamental iron. 3-in-One polishes nickel.

By scientific blending, several high quality oils contribute their various properties to make 3-in-One decidedly different, and far better than ordinary oils. Get a Handy Can or bottle today.

Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, notion, department and general stores everywhere. Look for the Big Red "One" on the label. It's your protection.

Manufactured since 1894

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William Street New York, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLE—
also illustrated dictionary of uses. Request both on a postal.

What if your teeth are HARD TO WHITEN?

try

IODENT No. 2

The action of this special tooth paste—IODENT No. 2—is positively astonishing.

It makes yellow teeth sparkle with pearly whiteness, and erases stubborn stains and unsightly tartar with almost magical swiftness.

Apply a brushful to your teeth and you'll understand why. Without excessive foaming or liquefying and without the use of harmful grit or bleaches, No. 2 goes vigorously to work on every tiny surface, maintains an effective body and clings 'till it thoroughly cleans.

You'll like its taste, too—the refreshing sense of purity it brings to your mouth. And if your gums are soft and spongy, notice how soon they become pink, hard and healthy again!

For both IODENTS (No. 2 For Teeth Hard To Whiten and No. 1 For Teeth Easy To Whiten) contain calcium and potassium iodides in easily soluble form—one of the finest tonics known for unhealthy, bleeding gums.

Dentists everywhere recommend the Iodents. Try a tube today.

IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY
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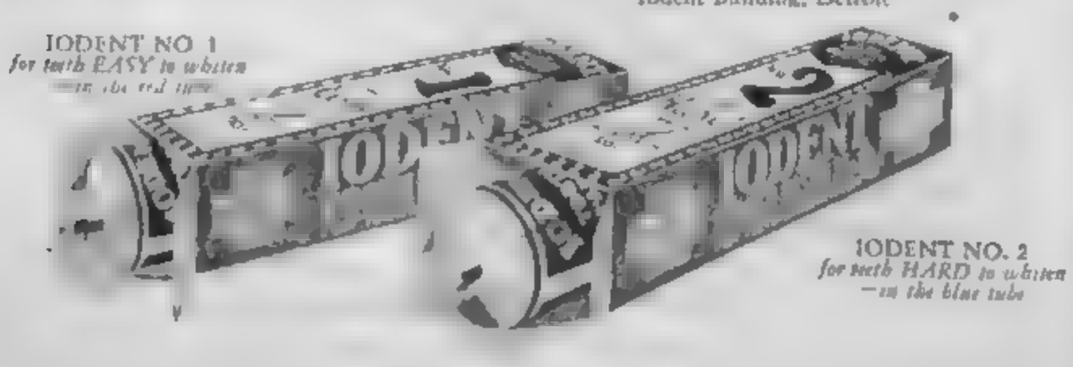

"Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Hartop entertained Saturday eve in honor of their daughter Maude's graduation from a city business college, a sit-still party for the old folks and dancing for the youngsters, with choice refreshments served at a buffet supper. A grand time was reported. Maudie has accepted a situation at the B. & J. Creamery, and will be an ornament of our younger set." This report animated the listener:

"Well, I'll be darned! Little snub-nosed Maudie Hartop! You wouldn't believe it, but I remember when her folks got married. Neither of 'em had much, so they decided Mat should get a good tailor-made suit to get married in—one that would last forever for weddings and funerals and parties—all such blow-outs—and she'd make up something cheap. She did so, and got through on six-eighty. Mat's suit set him back seventy-five; and the paper described her outfit for half a column—mentioned every single ruffle and dewdad on it—but when it came to Mat's outfit, that ran into real money, it just said that the groom was dressed in conventional black. Wouldn't that get you?"

His listener clicked a sympathetic tongue and murmured "Priceless!" after the manner of the late Mr. Melcher.

"But you ought to hear Mat tell it"

"How I wish I could!" Miss Ellis sighed wistfully.

Her patient was no longer a grouch; radiant now, boyish.

"Nothing like getting back inside your own stakes, back among old friends of your home country," he told her.

She was reporting two-weeks'-old quotations on Western beef cattle when relief came with the promised radio. This was installed by a competent and romantic-looking young man who obviously prolonged his task because of the near presence of Miss Ellis. From a conference with this personable expert she was recalled by arriving flowers, the priceless daffodils, a package of magazines and, a moment later, a bit of modest luggage from the swell hotel.

She procured the reading glasses, and her patient began to read over for himself the gossipy Branlock Advertiser, so that the young radio expert was enabled to leave with a telephone number warranted to evoke Miss Ellis any time she was off duty and not dated.

Ben was drawn from the dear reminders of his home-town paper to find the radio a going concern.

"You are listening to Burnheim Brothers Vesper Hour," he heard, in a voice nobly resonant. "Remember where you can obtain America's best knit-jacket value." Followed the flat tinkle of a banjo, abetted by instruments of wind and percussion, notably a hoarse-toned and apparently unguided saxophone, in a jerky and reasonless rhythm.

Ben thought it was terrible, still the scamper seemed to find music in it.

"Wouldn't you know that was the Melody Mad-caps?" she demanded, feet stirring to the rhythm. "Crazy Elbows! Wouldn't that make you roll back the rugs? Or maybe I can get you the High-life Hots." She went to twirl something on the machine, eliciting a jumble: "The Fordham Soda Water Works want you to think before you drink"; a blithe ballad, "I hope I don't meet Mollie on the day I marry Flo"; "The home of lucky wedding rings"; "Society hard candies; the utmost in confections are ready for your dream house"; "Is your night wear styled for comfort?" The operator listened appraisingly to each outbreak, passed on to "When baby fingers go mussing through your hair," warbled by a tenor too obviously in tears; hurried past "Pete's special cold suggestions" to halt with the undeniable High-life Hots.

"Here they are, right at the start of Sugar Face," the delighted Miss Ellis announced. To Ben it sounded like the other one—equally objectionable. He'd rather be hearing again about toiletries or the right tooth paste.

He pretended to sleep and Miss Ellis thoughtfully reduced the pestilent uproar to "When day is done and shadows fall."

v

MADDEN came, finding Miss Ellis busy with the priceless daffodils. The patient hadn't seemed to care greatly for this flower. He said they were too fussy. If the room had to be trashed up with flowers, he would prefer something that looked as if it grew out-of-doors. These looked like they had been made in a tin shop. With the air of one gifted in the ways of silent suffering, Miss Ellis removed the bowl of golden bloom from the bedside table to the dresser.

The patient was grouchy again with Doctor Madden; kind of vicious, in fact, merely because the doctor hurt him a little while doing something needful.

"We got an outlaw horse, a cockeyed roan, that rolled on me once. Hurt me just the way you did then. The boys call him Doctor."

"How does he get that name?" Madden politely wished to know.

"Oh, because he's killed so many men."

The doctor was above noticing this, but a moment later the patient emitted a whole-souled "Ouch!" for which no apology was tendered him. The doctor was able to give assurance on leaving, however, that he was doing as well as could be expected, though compelling the inference that expectation had no really free play.

Ben didn't care. He had his glasses back and again refreshed himself with Branlock morsels. He was thus occupied when Miss Doyle came at 7:30.

Miss Ellis at once manipulated the radio into the Personality Twins Half Hour of Mirth and Melody, sponsored, through a bull-voiced announcer, by someone in furniture who promised to make your dining room a more fitting background for your hospitality—"Yours today. . A year to pay." She then pantomimed Miss Doyle to the bathroom, closed the door and regaled her with the day's distractions, all of them seeming to emphasize the hitherto unsuspected importance of their charge. She began with a word painting of the spectacular but belittled vice president. "Hot, what I mean; coaled up! Personality plus! Not a day over thirty-five and a genuine vice president—and you'd have thought he was an office boy the way old Santa Claus in there ritzed him. Honest, Ginger, he was one that would simply sweep any girl off her feet."

Doyle patted a plump shoulder of Miss Ellis and called her "Little old Good Will to Men."

"And a clever ermine coat shopped in Paris and a pearl necklace shopped from a Russian princess right out of the Czar's private jewels! Now, what do you know about that, my wild Irish rose?"

"I knew all the time he was a dear."

"Sure, you always do. But while I'm thinkung he must be the wolf of Wall Street, what does he do but have me read a hick-town paper, all about Mr. Whoosis having a few measles, and somebody else pulling a party and selling off his heifers. Had me read it to him, then read it himself, and now he's giving it a third over. Ermine coat and pearls and Paris, France, and him so simple—now I ask you!"

Miss Doyle remained unruffled under what had been a tirade; even after a final disclosure that the radio had been put in by a swell-looking boy. "You poor little party hound!" was her dismissal of Miss Ellis, evoking, as a good-night retort, "Oh, not so poor!"

Ben Carcross had explored his newspaper to the last precious advertisement, the smallest-typed tax notice. He could have recited from memory the choice bits; although the glow induced by them still lingered, it was fading. He felt stampedey again. But now his clothes were in the middle drawer and he had money. He saw himself leaving a train at Branlock, getting into a car and streaking it for the ranch. He'd put her down to the floor board and

(Continued on Page 100)

"Ethyl would have made your car run cooler"

A MOST remarkable thing about Ethyl Gasoline is that, in eliminating the "knock," it makes the motor run cooler, and at the same time yield more power. The reason is that only a certain number of the heat units in gasoline are converted into power by the engine. The rest must be dissipated through the cooling system and the exhaust.

Ethyl Gasoline changes more of those units into power, thus reducing the number that enter the cooling system and exhaust. Therefore it makes the engine run cooler.

The extra power it produces eases strain on the engine. Reduced gear shifting and faster pick-up contribute to cooler, smoother, more comfortable motoring.

Ethyl is good gasoline turned into *better gasoline* by the addition of Ethyl fluid. This is the anti-knock compound developed by automotive science after years of research to increase the efficiency of gasoline as a motor fuel.

Leading oil companies mix it with their gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline because they know Ethyl improves the efficiency of any car whatever its type or age.

Start riding with Ethyl today. Look for a pump bearing the Ethyl emblem.

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AMERICAN KAMPKOOK

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CAMP STOVE

For Outdoor Appetites

Out in the country for an afternoon of play!

Fresh air, swimming, riding or hiking through the woods. How it invigorates—and how it develops appetites—healthy appetites that demand solid food and plenty of it.

And how the American Kampkook does meet that demand. It's a real outdoor range—yes, a gas range because it makes its own gas from gasoline. With Kampkook you can prepare a big meal right outdoors. Broiled or fried chicken, baked potatoes, hot coffee—anything you like. With its handy, built-in folding oven Kampkook bakes, roasts, broils and fries as quickly as your kitchen range.

Kampkook folds compactly for traveling with everything packed inside. Sets up and is on the job in a jiffy and it's weather-proof. Has large capacity, detachable easy-fill safety tank with a large handy filler opening and a strong pump built right in it. Nearly a million motor campers use and recommend Kampkook. Write for folder showing all five models and your copy of "Kampkookery," a valuable book for out-o'-door folk.

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The American Ready-Lite lantern is brighter than 15 oil lanterns and storm proof. Lights instantly—no generating.

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Send me copy of Kampkookery and information as checked.

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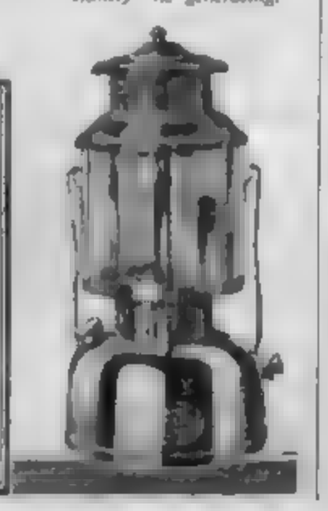

(Continued from Page 98)

go a pace that would make the telegraph poles look like fence staves.

"Fill up with Essdee oil and let your engine be our salesman," wheedled the radio, and went on to sing that if you wanted the rainbow you must have the rain.

"Fair enough," commented the listener, watching the nurse, who had come back. Peacefuler than the other one, he thought. She had a lot of happy teeth and sort of hungry-looking eyes.

"Hello, buckskin!" he greeted her. She smiled and put a hand on his forehead.

"I know how hard it is." Her hand was cool over his tired eyes.

This was something like a nurse; he ventured to tell her about those hellish gas pains. "I thought they'd hurt me to death. Seemed like they'd simply bust through every rib I own."

She knew about gas pains, and didn't try to tell him they were nothing. This was a girl you could talk to. So he reached for the Advertiser and his glasses and read bits to her, and explained all about them. He told her about the ranch, that many-acred barony; the flat green meadows he had marked with his dominion so many years ago.

She had never seen a ranch, she said—only a garden. Once when she was a little girl her family had a garden and her father was interested in it at first, but after the seeds didn't come up right he called it hell's half acre.

They had a vegetable garden at the ranch, Ben said, and a dairy herd, and a spring house to keep the milk in, and they churned butter. And there were chickens. Did she ever know how funny young chickens were, the way about a hundred of them would follow you all over the place, no matter where you went, if you were the one that fed them? And had she ever watched a young half-feathered rooster, looking sort of scraggled and moth-eaten, give his first crow? He'd get it out all right; then look scared of it himself, not having known that his voice was changing.

And old Snooper, the dog—a funny time he had with two coyotes one night. They'd come up close to the ranch buildings and yip at him, and he'd chase 'em a ways, but not far, because he was too wise; then they'd come yipping back at him. And one of these times when Snooper was backing up he slipped a hind paw into a can that had been opened and the tin points caught him and he lost his head—thought another coyote sneaked around behind and caught him by the foot. Snooper would always remember that night. He yelled bloody murder and crawled way back under the bunk house, still thinking one of these devils had him by the foot. The coyotes, of course, had sat there in the moonlight and laughed their heads off at the old fool. Coyotes had sense—more than some folks.

A long silence, but a good friendly silence.

And if he was at the ranch tonight, the first thing he'd have a long powwow with Art Dugdale, his foreman—Art had a kid nine years old and would whale him good if he caught him swearing on a Sunday—and after he'd got caught up with things on the ranch, he and Art would likely have a game of cribbage.

"Cribbage!" echoed Miss Doyle, and their eyes widened hopefully on each other. Miss Doyle slipped out to borrow cards and a cribbage board and they played five joyous games. He beat her the odd game, but by no wide margin. She had coyote sense herself, that woman.

When sleep didn't come to him she worked the radio until it played the piano, a fancy piece by someone the velvet-voiced announcer called Showpang, who seemed to be employed by the Considerate Dye Works—"We clean 'em clean; as good as the best, better than the rest." Then she found some nice soft songs. This nurse didn't seem to care any more than he did for the noisy ones that would make you roll the rugs back.

"Doyle"—evidently part Irish, but part coyote, with tempered steel for a backbone. That other pernikity little dickens, cute as a bug's ear with her sassy red mouth and long eye winkers; but this was one he could neighbor with.

The soft music gave way to a strident and jerky piece; all chewed up and sour, Ben thought, and she changed it quickly. The little shop with the big reputation—just around the corner from everywhere—was offering a male quartet; Ben liked that best of all. "Weep no more, my lady ——" He tried to blend with this, but his notes were too croaky. Then the daunting gas pains came back and the girl knew it even though he didn't make a fuss. She came to put a hand on his forehead.

"They're just about the last straw that busted down the camel," he admitted on a short breath.

"Yes; I know they're hellish. But this will be the last. Tomorrow you'll hardly remember them. That's a wonderful thing about pain—we forget."

"All right; I guess I'll have to do the way they do back in Kansas."

"How is that?" she dutifully inquired.

"They do the best they can."

They both laughed at this and she wiped the moisture from his face.

"Maybe we can play crib every night," he said. "It's one of my favorite pastimes."

"Mine too," she agreed. "Feeling better?"

"Big-boned stock, coming out of the winter strong," he assured her. It was great to have her mother him up.

He had turned his head aside and at the top of the window he could see one bright star. He had been here so long—years, it seemed—he had forgotten there was any more outdoors. But of course the same old stars had been there all the time, with the old darkness back of them. He began to wonder about this darkness that must reach on forever. He had vaguely supposed you went somewhere off there when your time came. Off to nothing—or was it something? He wondered what this buckskin girl believed.

"What do you guess happens when we wink out?" he demanded.

"You're still all right," she replied, evasively, it seemed to him.

"You don't think the game is crooked?"

"I'm sure it isn't."

"Well, I don't know. If I had to go right now I wouldn't be expecting the worst of it, but I don't throw in with a lot of people that have it all cut and dried. You take a notice in my paper there—resolutions of sympathy about the death of Aunt Selma Davis, put in by her lodge, one of those Daughters of something—kind of hen Masons they are. Starts off: 'It having pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our dearly beloved sister' and so forth. You know, I don't hold with that. Aunt Selma was the nicest old thing, always sitting up with folks, sickness or babies or anything. That old dame never had a thought about herself, and nobody can tell me Almighty God could have got any fun out of removing her. At least, if He did, He was hard up for a good time. But what is Aunt Selma getting out of it? That's what puzzles me. Do you reckon she was snuffed out like an animal?"

Miss Doyle considered the question with brightened eyes. "Well, I'll tell you ——" she hesitated, seeming to suspect the confidence she was about to make might be ill-advised. "This is just between us; it's only what I think, and I'd be ashamed to tell it to most people. Probably you'll call it silly." She paused again timidly.

"I bet it won't be silly if you studied it out," he encouraged.

"Don't ever tell anyone on me, but I've always been wicked in my beliefs. I think we're saved in the hereafter by the people still here that cared for us. If you go out with nobody caring for you ——" Miss Doyle gestured oblivion. "But if somebody did care, even if just one person cared a lot, why, that keeps you alive."

"Where?"

She grinned at him. "You tell me," she said. "And isn't it time you slept?"

"Sure, it's time, but I don't feel to do it yet. Tell me some more stuff."

And presently, because her mind had been slipping off to that nursery upstairs, she was glowing with a description of it. Babies! What she wanted was to be in charge of the trainers up there. She called them trainers. She pictured the bathing of a multitude of babies on a warmed metal table—sometimes forty of them.

"Great guns! The trail boss must have to get a corral count on 'em."

She explained about the adhesive tags on their wrists and backs.

"Sort of like branding and ear-marking," he agreed.

"Sometimes I steal up and take a look. I did last night," she confessed; "just in time to see a new one getting his bath of olive oil."

"And getting fed?" he wanted to know.

"Of course not; no food for eight hours. Karo water then, or an ounce of formula if the mother isn't ready."

"Sometimes do they yell all at once?"

"Certainly they do."

"Well, every fall I listen to a big bunch of white-faced calves that's being weaned. I bet it isn't any worse than that."

"It isn't bad at all," she told him. "You ought to listen in sometime. And there's a children's ward only two doors away," she went on. "Boys on one side, girls on the other."

"How many head?"

"Oh, a dozen or two, usually."

"Well, now, think of all those little skeeziks getting sent to a hospital. I thought only old folks went there." He pondered a moment; then, with sudden animation: "I tell you; take a look-see and sneak one in here for a minute."

Doyle drew a quick breath. "It's against the rules."

"Aw, what do we care?"

They grinned guiltily at each other and Doyle was at the door, a cautioning finger upraised. She tiptoed to the narrow hall between the wards. Poor Thelma slept as usual, her head at rest on the Materia Medica, her heavily framed spectacles escaping from a lax hand.

Three minutes later the entranced Doyle escorted to the bedside of Ben Carcross a small woman child in a pale blue bathrobe and white mules. The caller pushed the tumbled yellow hair from wide, sleepless blue eyes as an introduction was performed.

"Belinda, this is Mr. Carcross."

"Pardon my left hand," said Belinda, extending it and the sticky peppermint it still clasped. "You see, my right one has to be in a cask." The member she named was attached by a sling to her left shoulder.

"My great goodness!" exclaimed her host. "Did some mean horse throw you? That's the way I broke mine once."

"It was my scooter threw me, and robbers came and stole it out of our basement that very night. My mother says so—a band of robbers with knives and guns and pistols."

"My, my! And I bet they never bring it back," said Mr. Carcross.

Doyle here lifted their guest to the bed, where conversation was easier. Belinda reeked of peppermint candy. "Now tell Mr. Carcross why I found you awake just now."

Belinda brought her eyes from little darting surveys of the strange room. "A lion!" she said.

"A lion? My stars!" Mr. Carcross was horrified. "Where was he?"

"He was under the bed and he poked his head out at me and he was all furry and had shiny eyes and growled and opened his mouth—like this." Belinda opened wide her mouth, darting her tongue swiftly in and out after the manner of lions.

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Mr. Carcross. Belinda nodded vigorously.

"But you weren't afraid—a big girl like you?" suggested Miss Doyle.

"Well"—Belinda seemed anxious not to convey a false impression—"well, I thought I was afraid, but maybe I just imagined I was."

Mr. Carcross spoke up brightly, "Now, say, I'll bet it was that old hospital lion they have for sick folks to play with. He was in here all afternoon and I was throwing a ball for him to catch, and ——"

"Where's the ball?" demanded Belinda.

"I was just going to tell you about that. He hit it too hard once with his paws and knocked it out that window over there, and ——"

"It's shut—that window is."

"We keep it open afternoons. And then I gave him a good scolding and I guess he got scared of me and crawled under your bed."

Belinda eyed Mr. Carcross very, very closely. "What's the lion's name?"

Mr. Carcross hesitated a moment. "Now, let's see—what is the name of that old nuisance? Oh, yes—his name is Sidney."

"Well, he looked awful hungry and he growled at me. He growled right at me—like this." Belinda growled, producing shudders which she construed as demanding an encore.

"But that's because he's got a terrible cold, poor old thing; he's hoarse. And hungry. Why, all he can have to eat is tea and a little broth; I was going to give him some custard tomorrow—just a spoonful or two—but I won't do it if he goes around crawling under beds. Let him go hungry, let him starve."

"Oh, no, no, no, no!" pleaded Belinda. "Give him some cereal if he'll promise not to splash it."

But it seemed that Sidney was probably the worst cereal splasher in the world. The last time Mr. Carcross had trusted him with cereal the whole front of him and the tablecloth was a sight. Also he gumbled his food, this being considered a terrible crime by all nice people. And, anyway how old was Belinda?

"Guess," she urged. Mr. Carcross studiously felt her arms and legs, looked at her teeth and prodded her stomach.

"Well, you're a long five or a short six."

"I'm five and a half since my arm was broke, and my doll has two front teeth."

Mr. Carcross was charmed to hear this and held up both hands to show his delight.

"And her name is Baby Dimples—it says so on the little sign on her sweater—and when her teeth drop out she's going to put them under a rug, and the next time she looks for them she'll find some money there."

"My sakes alive! I wish I could get money for mine that way."

"You try it once," Belinda encouraged him. She was here persuaded to sit in Doyle's lap in the big chair, denying vigorously, though with no accusation to justify it, that she was going to sleep.

"Of course not," agreed Doyle as the yellow head fell back on her shoulder. In the ensuing quiet Ben noticed that Doyle's face had changed a lot. Commonly it was rather stern, sometimes forbidding. Now it was gentled up and her eyes—he had never decided if the eyes were grayish-green or bluish-green—were no longer hungry-looking. As she bent and brooded above the now sleeping child, they seemed to overflow with some celestial surplus. When she arose presently with her slumbering burden, Belinda's left hand, stiffly projecting, still inclosed the dissolving remnant of her peppermint.

"Next time try to cut out a boy from the bunch too." Thus a hoarse whisper from the bed.

VI

BEN awoke regretfully from his final dream the next morning—a dream of being at table confronted by a spreading platter, a vast and glorious panorama of ham and eggs. Beyond this lovely lowland arose a noble mountain of hot cakes, golden to its cloud-piercing summit. Discovering the insubstantial character of the vision, he shut his eyes in a vain effort to recapture it. All the morning he was haunted by this dream festival. He suffered visual hallucinations. This proved, in his opinion, that he was a lot better and should be allowed

(Continued on Page 105)

RODS THAT WILL BE YOUR PRIDE

WINCHESTER

BEAUTIFUL—yes, rods as beautiful as you have ever longed to see. And with a beauty that isn't just skin deep—a beauty that plays a vital part in the glorious action and strength you will only know when you have played the gamiest of fish with a Winchester.

There's something about a Winchester bamboo rod you sense the moment you take it in hand—an added thrill in the handling from strike to net—a confidence that your rod, like a Winchester Gun, will "play the game" right through with you from start to finish.

Note the rich, brown colored stock. It's a special Winchester treatment that adds mightily to the backbone of the rod.

Note the serrated, water-proofed ferrules, used on all Winchester bamboo rods except those of the lowest price class.

Most fly rods, and many of the others in the line, have the Winchester lock-tight, screw-type reel seat—made with specially coarse threads that assure workability under all conditions.

All Winchester bamboo rods are made of the choicest butt cuts of Tonkin cane. All strips are carefully matched and fitted. They are wound with the finest of silks. A special rod varnish, that will not check or crumble over the winds, seals the beauty and action of all Winchester Rods.

There's also a fine selection of Winchester steel rods, precision-built reels and luring spoon baits—all of Winchester quality. Give yourself the joy of angling with Winchester tackle over your next week-end. Look it over today at your favorite sporting goods or hardware dealer's. And ask him or write us for—

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When hiking home, be guided by a Winchester Headlight. It fastens to your head, throws light wherever you look and leaves you both hands free. One of the new-style lights introduced by Winchester, a modern type of light for every need.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY
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What a verdict

TO PROVIDE adequate facilities for its tremendous production, to assure uniformity in its high standards of quality, and to effect the economies that lower the price you pay, the International Shoe Company owns and operates—

43 *Specialty Shoe Factories,* each making just one particular type and grade of shoe, together producing 50,000,000 pairs a year.

14 *Tanneries,* each specializing in one particular type of leather, producing 25,000 sides and skins a day.

1 *Rubber Heel and Composition Sole Plant,* producing 125,000 pairs of heels and 30,000 pairs of soles a day.

1 *Cotton Mill,* to produce 7,000,000 yards of lining fabric a year.

59 *Auxiliary Plants,* producing welting, dyes, chemicals, shoe boxes, shipping cartons, trunks, gloves, etc., to the value of more than $30,000,000 a year if purchased from outside sources.

for shoe value — —

fifty million pairs a year

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that the best shod nation on earth should wear fifty million pairs of International Shoes a year. One pair out of every seven produced by the entire industry is an International Shoe. This is the equivalent of two pairs for every home in the nation.

This fact measures in definite form the leadership that has come to the International Shoe Company through the things it has done and is doing for shoes.

It is a comparatively simple problem to elevate quality when price is no consideration. But to elevate quality and definitely lower price at the same time is an achievement. It is this that International has accomplished.

Today the International Shoe Company stands at the head of its industry. It is the world's greatest producer of shoes. It is the world's largest tanner of leather. Likewise it is a large producer in many related industries where its factories manufacture in tremendous quantity the many materials required to make and market its shoes.

From the selection of the hides themselves, through their tannage and on beyond the building of its shoes, International follows a policy of manufacture that embraces the production of its own rubber heels, composition soles and lining fabrics. It manufactures its own chemicals, dyes and finishes. It produces its own shoe boxes, shipping cases and similar supplies.

All this is done in order to bring better quality to its products and make possible a lower price for those who purchase them. International Shoes sell in the merchant's store at the prices of grades beneath them in quality because International manufactures shoes under conditions that definitely lower the cost of producing quality footwear.

Fifty million pairs a year reflect the verdict of this nation on the value to be found in an International Shoe. It is as great an endorsement as has ever come to a product of industry.

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ATWATER KENT RADIO SCREEN-GRID

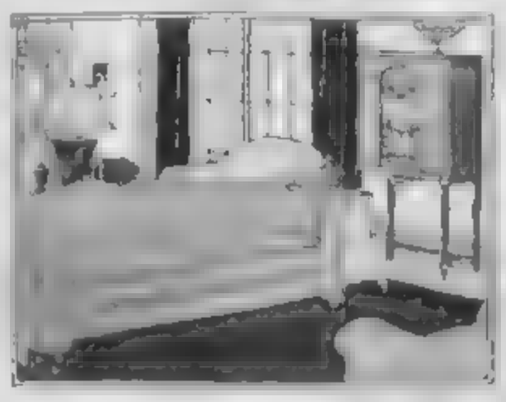
FOUR HANDS: "I want opera!"... "I want dance music!"..."I want good talks!"... "I want the game!"

ONLY a few years ago, people huddled around one big reading lamp.

How different now. Lights in every room—in fact, right at your elbow, upstairs and down.

Radio convenience is moving swiftly in the same direction, and this is the reason:

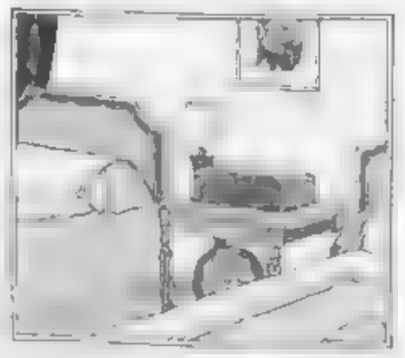
Most radio receivers, you know, are owned *not* by an individual but by a family. If there's only one family set it is called upon to serve many tastes—all the way from church services to dancing, from opera to sports.



In the living room—this is one of the places in the modern home where Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio belongs

This your radio does willingly, but it can't possibly do it all at the same time.

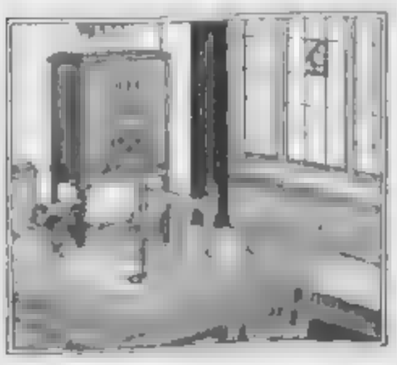
Perhaps your own family do not always agree on programs. And perhaps the members read, rest or play in different parts of the house. You can't please everybody with just one set.



In this bedroom we found an Atwater Kent Seven Grid table model which fits so easily anywhere... 11 screen tube $95. Electro-Dynamic tube speaker $34

So the real way to enjoy radio is to have more than one Atwater Kent in the home—but one in every room in which people spend much time. Hear the programs YOU want at the time YOU want in the place YOU want.

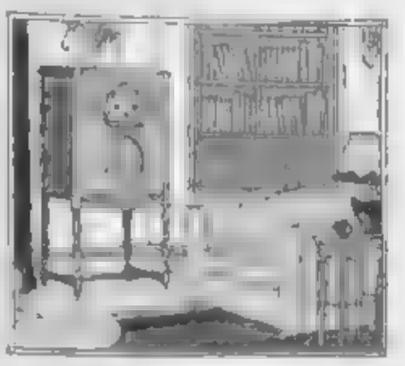
In the living room, of course. The dining room for dinner music, without the inconvenience of leaving the table to change programs. The porch for summer evenings.



For soft music when you dine

The bedroom for slumber music and setting-up exercises—or when you like to read in bed. One for grandmother's room, of course. The library? The playroom? And the maid? Radio in her room lightens a problem in many homes.

The new Atwater Kent Screen-Grid is so adaptable. In cabinet models there is a wide variety of designs and sizes. You could have an appropriate cabinet set in every room and still not exhaust the possibilities of this new freedom in choosing a radio. There is also a compact table model which fits into very small space. Slips into corners where nothing else would do. There is no better radio yet the price is so low that it is now practicable to have as many radio sets as you need



The library, too, has a Screen-Grid Atwater Kent in a radio-equipped home

ON THE AIR—*Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday evenings, 9:15 P.M. (Eastern Daylight Time), WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-West Program, Thursday evenings, 10 P.M. (Eastern Daylight Time), WJZ network of N.B.C.*

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO
A. Atwater Kent, President
4703 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa

(Continued from Page 101)

regular food, but all the flouncing Miss Ellis would permit him was the custard promised the day before. The merest dab and, at that, not a custard to send up any cheers about.

He had words with Miss Ellis about this, or tried to. He did his part. But the girl, he was quick to note, had lost a lot of her pep; wouldn't send in snappy come-backs the way she did at first. She was not only respectful, she was meek and persuasive. Ham and eggs would be fatal at this juncture. He didn't want to die, did he?

"That's my business," he growled at her. He could think of a lot worse ways of dying. She promised one egg with toast for tomorrow, and merely looked hurt when he growled again.

She was still the gentle and considerate nurse when Mr. Melcher, self-confessed vice president, brisked wonderfully in with more mail that afternoon. She shot this gentleman the lancing look as he revealed his lacquered hair by removing the perfect hat. It was probable that today he would notice how efficiently his grouchy friend was being cared for by an unusual type of nurse.

He did not. After greeting the patient he looked only at the priceless daffodils and the radio, exclaimed "Capital, by Jove!" and began to chatter to his friend in a vivacious but refined manner about a certain oil merger. He became spirited in this, yet he invariably said "By gad!" or "Dash it all!" where common persons would have used coarser speech. Stony-faced Mr. Carcross put his spectacles in place and opened a fresh copy of his hick newspaper. Yet no sooner had the rare Mr. Melcher bowed himself out—he hadn't even put down the stick, hat or gloves this time, or sought a moment of confidential chat with the starry-eyed nurse—than the old grouch was grinning and chuckling over his paper; probably reading about someone who had some more measles.

Miss Ellis was out of patience with the old crosspatch. Still, she had learned something. He was an oil man. A big oil man, it seemed, and therefore probably an Indian. From her occasional reading of the daily press, Miss Ellis had formed a belief that big oil men of the present day were likely to be Indians from Oklahoma. This one had high cheek bones and grunted like an Indian—a half-breed, anyway. By the time Doyle came to relieve her she had concluded that she must have mistaken her vocation.

"I'd ought to have kept up my dancing," she told Doyle. "I might have been with Ziegfeld by now."

Doyle grinned cheerfully.

"Darling, I know just two things about our lovely sex. Every woman that isn't actually a cripple thinks she would have made a wonderful dancer, and after they get to be thirty they're all afraid their hair is coming out."

"And he's an Indian." Miss Ellis gestured to the outer room.

"Yes?"

"Yeah, one of those big oil Indians from Oklahoma. Probably snared into marriage by some white woman. I read such a case the other day."

"No use trying to keep anything from you, is there?" returned Doyle fulsomely. Miss Ellis departed, sniffing.

When night drew in and Doyle's active duties of the hour were discharged, Ben regaled her with morsels from the new Advertiser. Beef cattle were up a cent; Yengling Brothers had just finished a swell job of painting on Bud Simpson's new hot-dog stand south of town on the highway—red and white stripes and blue stars and across the front, Buddy's Better Barbecue—Just a Good Place to Eat. There were other items of a personal nature that seemed to renew the reader's nostalgia.

"I'll fool you all sometime," he warned; "now that I got my pants and a get-away stake."

He read that the Broken Dollar store had just stocked a new line of imported novelties, and that Neil Brothers, the popular and up-to-date morticians, were conducting funerals with economy and refinement—"Give them a call." He broke off in the middle of an item about Geerwood, that jeweler, to explain about the wrist watch he wore.

He'd had a good watch, carried it thirty years; a nice quartz chain with a solid-gold steer for a charm. But she had coaxed him into getting this wrist watch. "She" said it had more class. But it hadn't stood up in the cow business. After you had headed a few that were trying to leave the bunch and come up so sudden you could have stopped on a dime, this flimsy little thing had quit. He'd taken it to Geerwood and told him it would probably have to be pared down under the hoof or something to keep it from stumbling; and Geerwood had put a pepper box in one eye and looked a long time and fiddled with tweezers and said it was probably an all-right watch for a lady or even a man that sat at a desk. He wore the old watch now when he was riding the range.

He went on to read that Mrs. Amanda Barnes had given birth to bouncing twin boys, all three doing fine, said P. J. Snell, M.D., office in the Empire Block over City Pharmacy.

"Twin boys!" Doyle interrupted the reading. She seemed quite sane on every subject but babies. She arose with gleaming eyes and went quickly out, returning a few moments later with Belinda and a boy, whom she proudly exhibited.

"Well, well, got one of each kind!"

"I caught them before they went to sleep."

The boy was chunky, a rather solid lump, slow of speech, in a voice prematurely bass. He now bluntly rejected the dogma that fairies took teeth from under a rug and left money in their place. "It's only your parents do it," he declared. Mr. Carcross then took him upon the bed and inquired if he had ever ridden a horse.

"Ho! I should think I have. I've rode every single pony in Central Park."

Mr. Carcross was impressed. "Some bad actors in that bunch, I'll bet."

The boy wasn't quite sure about this, but if he had a gun he could shoot a deer over there any day. The old nurse had taken his pistol away from him when he happened to hit another boy's head with it. It was a good pistol and made a noise like anything.

Belinda's eyes glistened. "She smacked him good too."

"If I ever catch that old nurse in the park!" said the boy. He left dirty work to be inferred.

"Ho! There's a policeman in the park," Belinda taunted.

"What'd I care for an old policeman?" demanded the boy.

"Sure! You'd tell him where to head in," confirmed the host, and told of a pony of his own that liked to have boys and girls ride him; a spotted pony that was named Diamond Jack and would come right up to anyone who held out a hand to him.

"Could you keep him up here for me?" demanded the boy.

"Well, I'm not so sure about that. He'd have to be pretty sharp shod for these floors."

"I don't care so much about ponies," said Belinda firmly. "I think tigers are better."

"That ain't any way to talk," rebuked the boy.

"It is, too, isn't it, Mr. Carcross? My tiger that you wind up his stomach with a key can growl and jump at you three times."

"I bet you never had a tiger at all," ventured the boy.

"There's a tiger cat at my house," their host tactfully intervened, "and when it catches a rat it wants to show off to everyone, so it comes and jumps on a window sill and tries to meow with the rat still in its mouth; and it can't meow without dropping the rat, and it has an awful time." The diversion was but momentary. The

"Mother—let me sew!"

Even a child is tempted by the ease of sewing with a Singer Electric. For there is no treadle to reach and pump with tiring feet. A tiny motor does all the work. You have only to press the speed control and watch the stitches flow like magic. ... Mothers like this portable model because they can pick it up, carry it, use it anywhere—upstairs, downstairs, out on the porch while the children play. Then set it away in any small space when sewing time is done. They find it, too, the quick and easy, inexpensive way to have all the clothes the children need. ... Try one of these convenient portables—or any modern Singer—on your own sewing. A bonded, authorized Representative will bring it to your home. Or telephone or call at any Singer Shop and ask for a machine on the Self Demonstration Plan.

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boy and girl were striving not too amiably for the exclusive attention of their audience when Doyle removed them.

"Thank you so much for a lovely evening," said Belinda at parting, but the boy only mumbled hoarsely about a pony as he shook the hand of his host.

When Doyle came back her patient was staring at the one star that showed at the top of the window. "I never had a boy," he told her.

"No?"

"I never even had a girl."

"Not even a girl? Why, you said—I'm sure you did—when you were speaking of your family coming home—'Mother and the girls.' I'm sure you said something like that."

"Uh-huh. Likely. Most men call their wives mother, when they get about so old. Guess I do sometimes. I never noticed."

"But then, who are the girls?"

"Oh, them? Her sisters. Vannie and Gail. They're all right. Used to teach school before the money come. Good company for her. Glad she's got 'em to be with her. Huh, mother and the girls. No, I never had any family. Only a tree."

Her look was a little startled, but she said mildly, "Was it a nice tree?"

"I'll tell you about my tree." He grinned up at her rather shamefaced. "But don't ever let on to anyone. They'd laugh."

She smiled, and her eyes promised secrecy before she dimmed the lights. The star showed plainer now, and he kept gazing at it as he talked.

And it wasn't really his tree; he had adopted it, kind of, when it was a baby. "The ranch-house yard didn't have a sign of a tree; only a little fringe of bushes along the ditch. I was twelve or so. I found this tree about a mile off up a side draw; a sassy, pert little cuss about two feet high—a fir, I found out. I lugged a spade over and took it up, careful not to cut any of its baby roots, and I brought some of its own dirt along in a flour sack and planted it in a corner of the yard where I could look out from my bed and see it on moonlight nights. I planted it good and I mulched it with leaf mold and watered it from the ditch every time it come sundown. And right away it got to be a fat little rascal putting out new feelers. Everyone joshed me because I made kind of a pet of it.

"I planted it in the spring and it was all right that summer; then we had a hard winter and come spring again; it looked puny and ailing, some of the branches showing burned. So I set to nursing it again; cultivated the roots and got it to going fresh. It gained about two feet that summer.

"I used to sneak out at night and whisper to it and jolly it along. I'd tell it if it kept up that lick it would grow to be one of the finest trees in the whole world. I thought then it could understand me—ain't so sure now it didn't. Anyway, it grew and grew, and I was prouder of it than I ever dared tell anyone. It's a great tall tree now, but it still gives me kind of a warm father's feeling, if you can understand that. Of course, everyone else that sees it thinks it's just a tree. How would they know?"

"Of course, they wouldn't know," agreed Doyle, and said no more.

This copper top was certainly one you could talk to. You could unbend to her and she'd understand.

Ben looked out at the star. It was nearly to the bottom of the window now, but three other smaller stars were showing at the top—always more stars! His thoughts turned from a bannered past to a future that didn't seem to flaunt banners.

"She wanted a big house with gold chairs in it and a tea wagon."

It sounded irrelevant, and Doyle laid a cool hand over his eyes.

He was still for a moment, then chuckled richly. "I bet General Pettigrew ain't having to iron his own silk hat any longer. He used to upset the whole danged outfit doing that, back at the ranch, whenever he was going on parade some place." On this cryptic but cheerful pronouncement he lapsed gently into sleep.

"You and your little-boy tree," whispered Doyle.

VII

THIS Doctor Madden was not a person who seemed likely to whet Ben's relish for life. He was a hindersome body, nothing but a trouble sign, as Ben had suspected from the first. Just when the patient was getting good after two weeks of quiet, Madden got nasty.

"I don't like the way you're reacting," he announced. Ben thought he was reacting fine and said so, but the doctor sent in a young busybody in a white suit and gold spectacles who asked all sorts of personal questions and put the answers in a little book—that is, many of the answers.

Then the patient must have a blood count; another one, it seemed. That, of course, was plain funny—counting a person's blood! What wouldn't they think up next?

The next thing—Madden thought it up after he had read the notebook—was to poke a kind of puffy little spot under his left eye. It wasn't anything and hadn't hurt until poked. That made a sharp pain in his cheek and Madden said, as if he had a good joke on Ben, "I thought so!"

Then, being still bedfast, what did they do but hoist him to an indoor wagon with rubber tires and truck him off to another room downstairs where they went through all that old nonsense with the X-ray dingus.

The resulting portraits of his jaws were again nothing to look at if you asked Ben. But Madden in an irritating way tapped some pale spots with a pencil point and chirped, "Just what I thought," for all the world like the other slicker in San Francisco. Only this time they had him hogtied.

In another room, a stern-faced, relentless-looking girl clamped something on him so he couldn't breathe right, and pretty soon he was riding Dandy Allen along the lower end of the south field taking a look-see to make sure the spring ditch cleaning was going right. He returned shortly, minus two back teeth—pretty good lookers, if he did say so himself; but Madden and another outlaw, holding a shiny tool, wouldn't let him touch them. Madden said he might clear up now—that is, after he'd had his eyes tested.

Wasn't that a hell of a note! You went to an eye man and he sent you to a dentist; then you went to a dentist and he sent you to an eye man. They nicked you going and coming. He muttered something of this grievance.

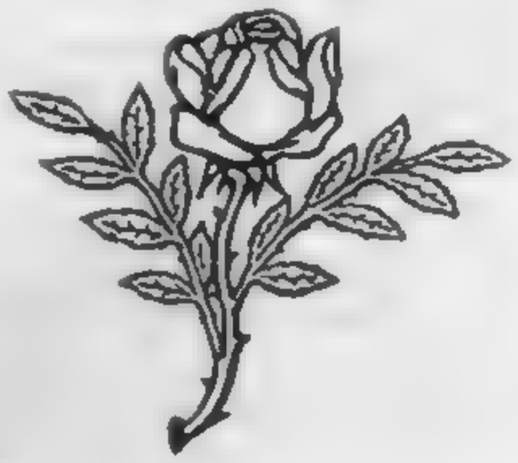
"How long since you had your eyes examined?" Madden wished to know.

"Just this last year," Ben stoutly told him. Madden was frowning in a puzzled way at Ben's glasses. "Are these what he gave you a prescription for?" he sharply asked. You would have thought he was a lawyer and Ben was up for sheep stealing.

"Well, not precisely the same. I kind of lost his prescription; these are just as good. I only need glasses to do a little reading with. My eyes are great. I'll spot you fifty yards right now and read a brand farther than you will, for fun, money or marbles."

"But where did you get these?" Madden wasn't to be turned aside.

"Well, I picked them out."



"Just what I thought!" These wise boys! Always just been thinking something after you told them! "Well, I'll pick them out myself now"—and Madden put Ben's glasses into his pocket. He had his nerve.

Then they sent him a man who measured his eyes again and made him a pair of glasses to order, like a tailor. They weren't bad, he was bound to admit. In fact, they were right good glasses and didn't make his eyes burn after a spell of reading, as the others sometimes did. Anyway, it was over now. They had herded him into a dehorning chute, yanked a couple of as good teeth as God ever gave to man, if he was any judge; and he was wearing their glasses and he hoped they were satisfied. He had said as much to Doyle, adding: "This Madden is certainly one man like I ain't ever seen before. I hope I don't have to pester with him much longer. Having him around is like being in a bunch of bull nettles."

"Maybe you wouldn't have had to come here at all if you'd had those infected teeth out before," Doyle told him.

Of course it might be so if Doyle said so, but things certainly went on in this place that Pete Snell would never believe.

They were giving him a little human food at last. Into a bowl of fair-looking soup he crumbled crackers to fine bits, glaring defiantly up at Doyle as she rearranged the dishes on his tray. Then he remembered it wasn't Doyle who had told him he shouldn't do that.

It was at this meal, eaten in his very own way, that a new idea came to him. Addie and the bunch were in Paris now, liable to return any time. If they got back on him too soon—her dear old father, Gen. Rufus Pettigrew, her sisters, Gail and Vannie, and her brother, Presh, who was really Rufus Pettigrew, Junior, called Presh into his manhood because he had been Precious as an infant—he might even find this hospital a valued refuge. Here, they couldn't badger him. Like making him eat artichokes, for one thing. He regarded these as a vegetable pest and believed that the best anyone could do was to spoon up mayonnaise dressing with their leaves. If that was all they wanted, why not use a real spoon? He would lead his own life, even if he had to become a regular boarder here—eat what he wanted, wear the good old watch with the quartz chain and the solid gold longhorn, and his big soft hat. God had meant him to be a cow man. He was an oil man by accident.

And he wouldn't have a secretary. Addie wrote of acquiring a wonderful secretary and companion, a lady by the name of Madame St. John Smythe, an American from Chicago, but who had lived in Europe so long that she pronounced her native state Illinwah in the cutest way. She was doing wonderful things for all of them; they would soon be able to think in French—Ben paused on this for a certain cynical reflection—and he must have a secretary of his own; someone like that wonderful Mr. Melcher who dressed so beautifully and was yet so calm about it all. Someone like Melcher for him to copy? Not while there were any good hospitals left!

He pondered rebellion and smoked the first cigar of his convalescence. He'd tell a few Pettigrews where to head in at. He opened a new Advertiser and caught an item that sickeningly fogged his dream of independence: "Work on the swell new Carcross mansion is progressing and same will be an ornament to our city. The family is still visiting different portions of Europe, except Ben, who writes Doc Snell that he had an operation in New York."

All right for the swell mansion with little gold chairs and a shiny tea wagon and whatnots and so forth. Let them have their fun! He'd still have the good old ranch house. They couldn't lay a finger on that. He brooded savagely above the cigar, and Doyle told him, "Your eyes look funny—like two lumps of ice."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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HOBOKEN NIGHTS

(Continued from Page 15)

to inspect each passing car. Had he mistaken the rendezvous? Then rolled up an Olympian vehicle and—one had to smile—its radiator emblem was a crystal snail. Some months later, when imitations of the Hoboken Idea had become fashionable, there was an item in the papers about a young newspaperman who announced that he was going to put on "a revival to end revivals." This was his first venture as a producer, the story said, and he was only twenty years old. We smiled a little grimly to ourselves, remembering some difficult moments, and said, "He will age rapidly."

Such anxieties, however, the management had the good sense to keep to themselves. And I'm bound to admit that they never interfered with the incomparable fun of the thing. For full pressure of excitement there's nothing like a stock company putting on a new show every week. There isn't much time for brooding. While you're playing one piece you're already rehearsing the next and forgetting the previous one. Every Monday night you have all the thrill of an opening; after which we used to get together in some neighboring hostelry and sing. After the midweek matinée, in those simple days, we held a tea party on the stage, at which we served grape juice—in paper cups—and encouraged the small audience to come up and meet the players. At first our cautious Hoboken matrons were a little suspicious of this, or else they were in a hurry to get home for supper; but the genial cop detailed for duty at the Rialto used almost to force them up on the stage. He would stand in the aisle, arguing them back. "Come on, girls; don't cost you nothing!" he would cry. "Go on upstage and meet the folks. Have a glass of punch."

Giggling and bridling, these worthy dames would comply; eventually they had to be urged away so that we could get in our rehearsal before the evening show. Under the constant energy of our talented director, Harry Gribble, not a moment was wasted. Sometimes one smiles a little sadly at the pious layman's idea that the theater involves a life of delicious wickedness. At least in a stock company work is too incessant to allow any Paphian aberration. Members of the cast rode to and fro in the Hudson Tubes, muttering lines and poring over those little blue pamphlets of "sides."

It Pays to Advertise

My most precious souvenir of those early days is our first little dope sheet on which the figures for each performance were jotted down day by day for thirteen weeks. The first two weeks' take was almost infinitesimal, as we expected. The third week, with The Spider, was highly encouraging. We had ballyhooed it hard, and the local audience was out in force. None of us will forget that opening night. A considerable part of the action of the play takes place in the audience itself, and this novelty, plus frequent black-outs, roused the house to such halloo that we were frankly startled. William Faversham, the distinguished actor, was there to watch his son Bill Junior, play the leading rôle for us, and remarked that not since Elizabethan times had there been an audience with such participative instinct. It was our first foretaste of Hoboken's zest for joining in with the show.

The Spider was followed by four heartbreaking weeks, each showing a decline. One of the plays we pleased ourselves by putting on at this time was The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, whose suave comedy at least helped to rid us of some of the less congenial elements in the Rialto's former clientele. At the end of the first act a buxom young woman came out, peered fixedly in at the box-office window, and remarked, "Say, this is surely one hell of a show," deposited her gum on the glass and left. For the decrease in business there were the usual abundant alibis. The weather was warm or the weather was wet; the election was coming; the Broadway theaters were also in the red; but these explanations didn't help. We ventured our first advertisement in a New York paper, in which we said that Hoboken was "the last genuine novelty, unspoiled by psittacine and psophist." We counted much on that word "psittacine," which we had hunted out in the dictionary. We fondly imagined it would arouse inquiry and comment. It means, to save you the trouble of looking it up, people who behave like parrots. No one except the ever-shrewd Variety, the professional stage weekly, noticed it. We then altered our tactics. We paid a high rate to the New York World to advertise on the page opposite editorials every Monday morning. This was our only New York advertisement, appearing regularly once a week in the same place, and always ended with some variation of the phrase: "Save these precious memoranda; you know perfectly well we can't afford to advertise often." This was painfully true, and its candor tickled a good many people. On Columbus Day Mr. St. John Ervine, made a pilgrimage of discovery to Hoboken and shortly thereafter gave us his blessing in three full columns. Ervine never wearied of crying up Hoboken, whether for drama or for pig's knuckles; he preached the gospel constantly throughout the winter, and we owe him much.

A Week or a Fortnight?

Mr. Ervine was prompt to discern what we ourselves believed—that, whether success or failure, the Hoboken foray was the first step in an entirely new movement toward decentralizing the theater. He entirely agreed with us in our desire to hold plays for longer than one week. Obviously, when there is less than a week for rehearsal, performances are bound to be bumpy. The problem was whether, if we held a play on for a fortnight, there would be any audience at all the second week. Hoboken's curiosity in regard to a play was pretty well satisfied in one week, and New York was not yet coming in any numbers. It was a dangerous experiment, but it had to be attempted. With Pleased to Meet You, a tryout of a new piece, we gritted our teeth and stayed for two weeks. This crisis was made the more poignant by the sudden death, during the first week, of one of our best-loved players, Dennis Cleugh, who was playing heavy parts for us with a charm and distinction all his own. By one of those horrifying coincidences that do happen, we had called a rehearsal late one afternoon for the express purpose of putting some new lines into his part, one of which involved some jesting about angina pectoris. While the rehearsal was in progress he was taken ill with a heart attack and died on his way home in a taxicab. He trouped gallantly with us in the difficult days; I wish he might know how often we have missed him in the larger time that followed.

With Broadway and with Old Heidelberg we continued the same policy of running the piece for two weeks regardless of protest. The drop between the first week and the second was severe each time, but the interesting thing was that the second weeks showed a progressive tendency to build. It was on the first Saturday night of Old Heidelberg that we first passed $600 at any one performance and really felt that we were on the upgrade. It was about this time also that a rimed prologue was written,

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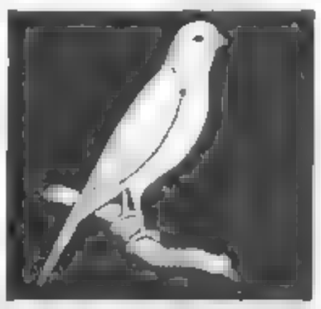

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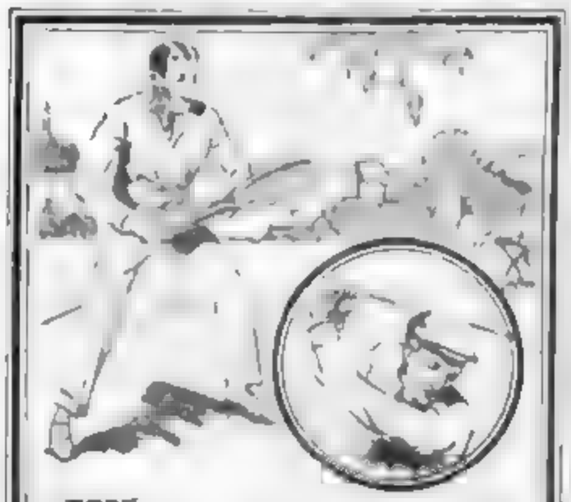

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in Johnsonian couplets, celebrating the glories of the Rialto's picturesque old curtain. This used to be recited by the spokesman instead of the impromptu ballyhoo.

Omitting the odd cents, and to be candid rather than politic, this is what our weekly box-office reports looked like up to the production of After Dark:

The Barker	$1096
What Anne Brought Home	872
The Spider	2340
The Squall	1868
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney	1616
The Poor Nut	1586
Bulldog Drummond	1478
The Octopus	1702
Pleased to Meet You (1st week)	2646
Pleased to Meet You (2nd week)	1423
Broadway (1st week)	2177
Broadway (2nd week)	1602
Old Heidelberg (1st week)	2484
Old Heidelberg (2nd week)	1669

So you can see that in fourteen weeks of incessant work we had taken in less than $25,000. Our net position was, roughly, something more than $20,000 in the red. It didn't look cheerful, so we borrowed a little more money and decided to go ahead.

Collaborating With Boucicault

It was a Sunday afternoon in November when Throckmorton and Gribble drove out to Long Island in great excitement. They had the long-awaited photostat copy of After Dark, Dion Boucicault's famous old melodrama. Throck, rooting around in the public library, had run across an old script of the play, carefully written out in the Spencerian calligraphy of its time, with director's annotations and figures of positions as used in the original American production in 1868. Our experiment of holding plays for two weeks now made it possible to tackle this job. An old-fashioned drama of this sort was entirely strange to almost all our young cast, and it would require heroic work on Gribble's part, even in ten working days, to instill into them some notion of mid-Victorian stage business. But first the script needed some adaptation, and we set to work with enthusiasm. I can admit here what I have not told anyone before—that, carrying the photostat copy about, I forgot it in the Hudson Tube train—where much of our editorial work has always been done in transit—and made a special secret trip from Long Island to Wood's Parcel Room in the Hudson Terminal to retrieve the precious parcel. The original title was After Dark: A Play of London Life; obviously a revision was advisable to shift the scene to New York and New Jersey. I myself plead guilty to the new subtitle—Neither Maid, Wife, Nor Widow. In the photostat sheets, as usual, the writing appeared white on black paper; the changes had to be made in white ink. I remember hastening out from Throck's studio on Third Street and hunting all round the neighborhood for a bottle of white ink—not an easy thing to find in a hurry. With that bottle of white ink, which I shall always think of affectionately, the changes were made; every allusion to English locale or detail was covered by an appropriate Americanism. "Some drunken people are returning from the races," for instance, became "Some drunken people are returning from Long Island." "I have walked here from London" readily turned into "I have walked here from Hoboken," and I always listen with special pleasure to the audience's response to those very simple bids for mirth. Boucicault himself would have been much pleased by our work on his script, for he never invented an original plot in his life and was unsurpassed in his ingenuity in adapting other people's ideas. In the public-library copy the fourth act was entirely missing, but there were a few of the individual part scripts for that act, and from the cues we were able to reconstruct a fourth act quite in the spirit and tone of the original.

Rehearsals went forward with much zeal and laughter, mostly at Meyers' Hotel in the old basement room which the success of the play afterward transformed into a Tyrolean Cellar where waiters in peasant costume now yodel and play the zither. But in spite of our own enthusiasm we had occasional qualms about the old piece. We loved it, and we saw what unerring and dexterous theatric sense lay behind its naïveté of dialogue; but what an audience's reaction might be to it we could not guess. At the final rehearsal we were pretty desperate. I remember the director's last agonized bulletin posted on the call board the opening night—something like this, but a trifle more profane:

> Whatever you think about it, play it straight. Anyone trying to kid his part will get a notice at once.

We had decided, come what might, to try to hold After Dark for three weeks; and the first two of these were the lean fortnight just before Christmas. Our original capital was exhausted. Neither Eliza's leap into the river nor the famous locomotive scene had ever been rehearsed with the sets. The first scene went with dangerous calm; the audience seemed puzzled. But from the time our adorable Eliza—Miss Marcia Hanan—came on in the "poor lodging" of the second scene, the charm of the antique began to work. When we reached the cabaret scene in the third act and Larry Bolton sang We Never Speak as We Pass By, we had that queer but unmistakable tingling knowledge that the thing was a hit. Hissing the villain and marking time to the songs with hands or feet grew up spontaneously from the very first performance.

It has been implied, in many editorials and critiques, that we revived After Dark with a tongue in the cheek, to smile at its simplicities, and that we deliberately encouraged our audiences to make merry at its expense. Certainly that is not so. We revived it because we thought it magnificently good theater, with a plot as cunningly contrived and colored as Broadway, and with all the ancient technic of soliloquy and aside which Strange Interlude adapted rather solemnly for psychoanalytic purposes. We soon learned that modern audiences were for the most part quite untutored in the conventions of the older melodrama, and our most perplexing problem ever since has been tactfully to persuade our patrons not to mar the play for themselves by too undiscriminating enthusiasm. It has frequently been humorously suggested that what our audiences really need is a rehearsal, so that they will better understand just when applause is desirable and when it is a nuisance. At any rate the problem of having to appeal to an audience to discipline its approval is something unusual in the age of supposed sophistication.

Turning Them Away at Last

I suppose the greatest real happiness we have had was in the early weeks of After Dark, before we were swept off our feet by New York that came down on us like an avalanche. Those were perfect audiences. Standing in the wings, listening to the delightfully stilted old lines and relishing every perspective of those stage pictures, it was worth all the anxieties we had ever had to hear a houseful of people having more sheer enjoyment than they had ever imagined possible in the theater. There was a real creative unity between the actors and the house. It was as though the footlights had vanished; our accomplished young actors never by any false gesture allowed anyone to see that they themselves knew all this was amusing; and the house, subconsciously perceiving the delicacy of this equilibrium, thrilled with laughter that had its overtones of fine appreciation, and even a sort of tender wistfulness for the old Currier and Ives era the play symbolized.

But we had given hostages to Publicity, and now Publicity with all her irritating bedevilments seemed to be upon us. By the time After Dark had been running six weeks we had to stop making reservations by telephone. In spite of four telephones in the little box office, the Hoboken exchange reported that they were receiving 4000 more calls per hour for us than could be connected. We still advertised only once a week in New York, but we had to change our catch line to "We daren't advertise often; the Old Rialto is doing all she can." We had to open a suite of offices on the water front, largely to deal with mail and—alas—to send back checks for seats we couldn't supply. In that office, looking out over the ships of the United States Lines, we coined a new slogan: Hoboken—Where Your Ship Comes In.

We suffered all the outrageous pangs that happen to a small semi-amateurish group that has, overnight, to transform itself into some semblance of business organization. And I should like here to pay tribute to the constancy and good sense of our little acting company. Undismayed by audiences of such participative fervor as actors rarely see, just as undismayed as they had been by weeks of half-empty houses, they continued serenely to do their best. We tried to tackle each problem as it came along. First there was a wave of tossing small change on the stage, which some of our patrons imagined was traditional as a mark of appreciation. This, by convincing them it was dangerous to the performers, we managed to stop. Then we found ourselves embarrassed by a tendency on the part of a few to forward their sense of hilarity into mere noise. This we had to deal with in various ways—sometimes by a speech from the stage, sometimes by partially raising the house lights, and by distributing with the programs a printed slip asking our patrons "to draw the line between appreciative merriment and mere noisy interruption."

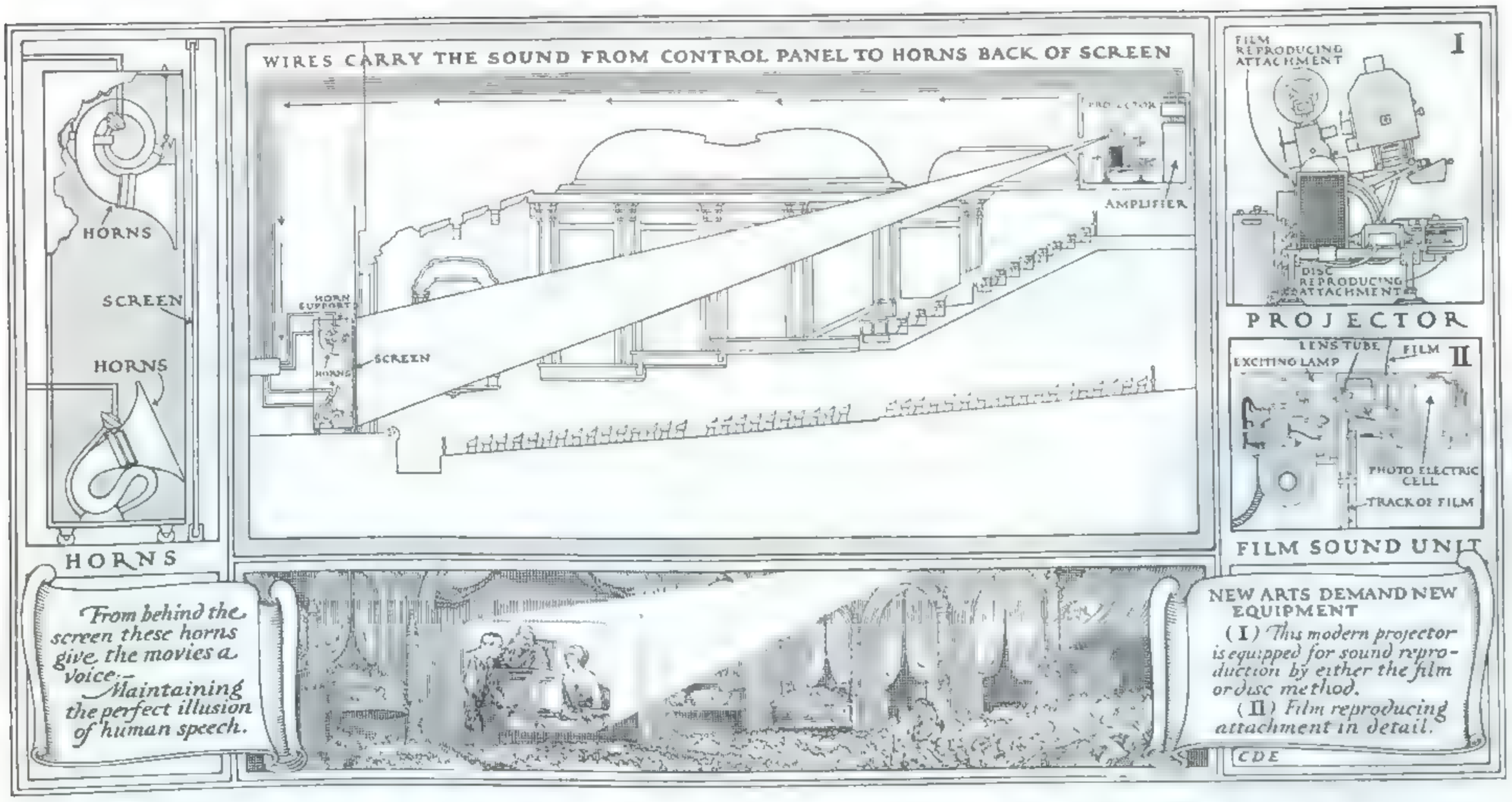
Thanks to Mr. Whalen

It is easy to discuss these problems in cool print, but it is a very genuine perplexity when you are faced by an audience of 1000 or 1200 people who are having so hilarious a time that they forget their manners. There was never an atom of malice in our patrons' enthusiasm, but it sometimes constituted a real difficulty.

I confess that I had never before realized what happens when New York takes the bit between its teeth. Between January and June 150,000 people packed themselves into that shabby little old playhouse. Mr. Whalen helped us by scrambling up the Broadway motor traffic, so that many gave up going to New York theaters and came to us instead. Hudson Street was a miracle those clear winter evenings. Along four blocks, on both sides of the street, it was lined with fine motor cars. Hoboken put mounted police on Hudson Street, and their fine soldierly bearing added much to the glamour of America's most truly bohemian byway. One Hoboken chophouse built a new wing. An old hotel which had been well content with a traditional business of $10,000 a month reported a gross of more than $52,000 in March. If we had wanted to profiteer during those peak months of the season, we could have charged almost any price for tickets, and got it. But, rightly or wrongly, we visualized the whole venture not as a mere flash in the pan, not just as a lucky strike, but the hoped-for beginning of a permanent and honorable enterprise. We bought the Old Rialto, whose dingy and glamorous fabric means more to us than we could easily say. And we persuaded an enthusiastic bystander to purchase for us an old ironworks on the river front, which we hope to develop into an amusing clubhouse. Then, gluttons for punishment, we turned our new resources into another experiment, far riskier than anything hitherto.

From the beginning we had had a hankering to revive The Black Crook. I'm afraid it was only a name to us; if we had really studied the matter we should have recoiled from the heavy cost of such a production. But ever since boyhood we had heard rumors of the famous old extravaganza, of the prodigious scandal it caused in its

(Continued on Page 112)



WHAT MAKES THE PICTURE TALK?

Your enjoyment of a Sound Picture depends largely on the quality of apparatus used. It pays to go to theatres equipped by the makers of your telephone—the Western Electric Company

A

B

C

The sensitive "condenser type" Sound Picture microphone (C). Especially designed for studio recording. A development of the familiar broadcasting microphone (B) and the telephone transmitter (A). It is one indication of many how "Sound Pictures came out of the telephone."

WHEN you go to hear a Sound Picture you wish to be certain that the voices will be clear and natural; that the musical accompaniment and sound effects from the screen will be thoroughly pleasing.

Near you is probably at least one theatre which assures just that, because it is equipped with the Western Electric Sound System. This apparatus is made by the makers of your telephone, and it is installed and inspected by engineers trained in this new art.

The reliable quality of this Sound System has been recognized by over 2,000 theatre exhibitors—exhibitors who have a habit of considering their patrons' satisfaction and who therefore believe that it is worth a little extra investment to secure equipment of proved results.

To Theatre Exhibitors

People know good Sound reproduction when they hear it. They are quick to appreciate the high quality assured by Western Electric equipment. If your theatre is thus equipped you will render a service by displaying that fact in your advertising and in lobby and outside signs. For additional information address Electrical Research Products, Inc., 50 Church Street, New York.

In selecting Western Electric these exhibitors knew that the correct transmission and reproduction of sound is an extremely difficult problem, as is evidenced by the wide differences in quality between various radios and phonographs. They knew that it was Western Electric's experience with this very problem which, after years of unsuccessful effort by others, finally made Sound Pictures possible.

This same organization which brought the telephone to its present excellence will likewise constantly seek to improve Sound Picture apparatus still further.

A

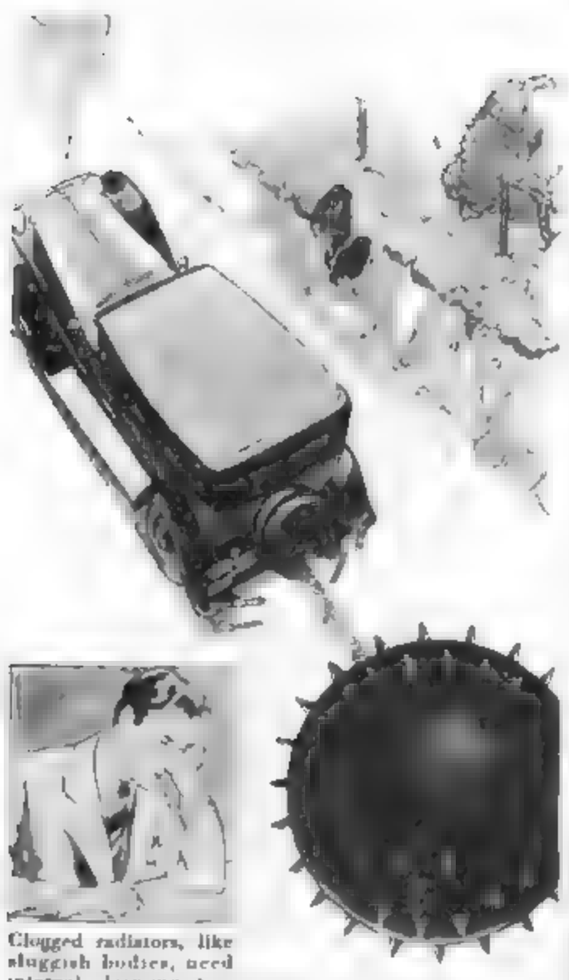
B

C

The loud-speaking horn (C), placed behind the theatre screen, is a marked improvement for Sound Picture purposes over the cone loud-speaker (B). It is a direct descendant of the telephone receiver which you place to your ear (A), and is made with the same care.

Western Electric SOUND SYSTEM

THE VOICE OF ACTION



Clogged radiators, like sluggish bodies, need internal cleansing, too.

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IF clogged . . . yes! It easily overheats . . . makes the motor sluggish. It's a drug on your motor, and causes loss of pep just as much as leaking valves, worn rings, or poor carburetor adjustment.

The remedy is—a good purge. Purgo is the purge for radiators. Water alone is not.

Pour in a can of Purgo—the scientific radiator cleaner—and out come the rust, slime, sludge, oil, lime, and magnesia—all six of the "cloggers" that gum up cooling systems. Your radiator is again as free-flowing as the day it left the factory runway.

Garages, filling stations, and accessory stores sell Purgo. If yours does not, send us 75c—one can cleans any size radiator. Made and guaranteed by

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PURGE YOUR RADIATOR WITH Purgo

Harmless to rubber, metal, finish and hands

RADIATOR CLEANER

BOOTT MILLS
ABSORBENT
TOWELING
DRINKS UP WATER LIKE A SPONGE
LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 110)

prime, of its endless runs at Niblo's Garden and its spectacular scenic effects. And there, facing us daily on Hudson Street, was the tumble-down old Lyric Theater, dying on its feet with a despairing program of moving pictures, lectures on physiology—For Men Only—and an occasional evening of prize fights. It had been a famous house in the 80's—Lily Langtry and other stars had played it in Hoboken's palmy days. New York theater magnates, roused by the report of Hoboken doings, had been seen speiring about. The first thing we knew someone else might be trying to plant a flag here on our own Sea Coast of Bohemia where—we felt—we had established squatters' rights. We took a long breath and leased the Lyric.

The Black Crook's Premiere

We rummaged the bins at French's play agency and carried home piles of those yellow pamphlets of old plays. Boucicault's The Streets of New York allured us greatly; and the Harvard Public Library yielded up a copy of Blue Jeans, the sawmill drama, which, when read, was a disappointment. There were others we were keen about, whose names I withhold for possible future opportunity. But our impulse kept turning back to the old Crook. Again the photostat lenses of the New York Library were put to work, and we held in our hands a copy of that renowned and preposterous old piece by Charles M. Barras. To read it was to be captivated; it is plainly a lineal descendant of the Drury Lane pantomime and the grandparent of modern musical comedy.

Charles Dickens saw it when he was in New York in 1867, and wrote back to Forster:

> Niblo's great attraction, The Black Crook, has now been played every night for sixteen months, and is the most preposterous peg to hang ballets on that was ever seen. . . . After taxing my intellectual powers to the utmost, I fancy that I have discovered Black Crook to be a malignant hunchback leagued with the Powers of Darkness to separate two lovers, and that the Powers of Lightness coming—in no skirts whatever—to the rescue, he is defeated.

I suppose we always love most the things that make us suffer; no matter how long we live there will probably never be anything on the stage quite so poignant to us as The Black Crook. For its complete absurdity, for the horrific expense—by our standards—which the production involved, for the ardors and endurances of the company, the incredible beauty and grace of the troops of young women who inhabit it, for the gorgeous scenery Throck designed for it, for the reincarnation of Niblo's Garden feeling it creates, for the beauty of its old-fashioned music and the pure pictorial satisfaction of its innumerable vistas, we adore it. I suppose I speak under suspicion, but I cannot help it. The thing is graven on my heart. To undertake a production on that scale was, undoubtedly, either pure folly or else the daring of Lucifer. Either way I cannot regret a moment of it. It was unfortunate that, owing to very heavy advance booking, we found ourselves committed to open on a certain date, when we really should have had several days longer for rehearsal. So it was that the unforgettable first performance lasted from 9 P.M. until 1:30 A.M. There would have been no harm in this if we had opened out of town; but we were opening cold and under the eyes of a brilliant and critical audience.

Even so, as we hastened to remind our critics, we beat the running time of the 1866 Niblo's Garden opening by one hour. But by the second night we had cut the piece to 1929 proportions, and there was nothing permanently regrettable in this protracted première. Most of the audience began to realize, about midnight, that something rather comically memorable was happening. As commuters sifted away, the balcony came downstairs to fill up the gaps; after it was all over the throng dispersed into various Hudson Street inns for coffee and scrambled eggs and dancing. It was four o'clock in the morning before the last echoes of The Black Crook's opening had died away from Hoboken, and the die-hards went back to Manhattan on the ferry with the morning milk.

I suppose there may be some vibration of good will in the genial air of Hoboken that can make a show survive an opening like that and still be alive to tell the tale. I know that to me, absolute greenhorn in the heavy tasks necessary to putting on a big musical show, the pluck and spirit of all concerned were something I can never forget. The last days of rehearsal run together in my mind as a continuous perspective of toil. There were over a hundred people who lived in the theater almost continuously for three days and nights. I see the director, drooping with fatigue, on his little platform built above Row G, or thereabouts, in the orchestra. I see groups of young women, in bathing suits and fur coats, prostrate on the floor of the boxes in all attitudes of exhaustion. I see the carpenter, after seventy hours' work cutting the trapdoors in the stage, passing into nescience on the cellar floor and laid out with flowers and candles by his humorous crew mates. I see Stalacta, regal figure, "Queen of this dazzling realm," falling asleep on her feet and leaning on her spear as she waited endlessly for her cue at the dress rehearsal; and then, when the trap stuck halfway up, falling asleep again, still generously uncomplaining, with only her head and shoulders emerging above the stage. If it would be any consolation for them to know it, some of the management were tired, too—I know one who, retiring to the Continental Hotel to freshen himself with a bath just before the opening, slumbered in the tub and nearly drowned. We love the old show because we all worked harder over it than we had ever worked before. I don't suppose it is wise to love anything in this chancy world as much as I love The Black Crook. There is a frolic and wanton absurdity about it which comes straight from some fourth dimension of clowning. Only a simple-minded old trouper could have written it. And one of the most curious reversals is the fact that this innocent old outrage, as quaint as a lacy valentine, considered obscene in the 60's and 70's, is now a perfect bliss for children.

Object, Matrimony

Being of the management of an enterprise which exhibits so large a number of highly attractive young women is rather like being a master in a girls' school. I wonder what the proper etiquette is in regard to a certain kind of letters that have been arriving. Here is one which you must take my word for; it is genuine. I wonder if I ought to post it up on the call board?

Dear Mr. Morley: I attended your performance of the Black Crook last night at the Lyric Theater, and enjoyed the performance immensely.

This extravaganza offered me double pleasure, in as much as while I enjoyed the show very much I also had the good fortune of recognizing among the young ladies in the cast a particular girl who I knew a few years ago in fact we attended school together. I believe that she also recognized me but owing to uncertain circumstances I was unable to renew this acquaintance. I have therefore taken the liberty of writing you with a view of asking your kind intercedence in this regard as I am rather anxious if the young lady is willing to have the pleasure of meeting her again, and I am quite sure that if you put this matter before the young ladies in your cast the one which I am referring to will immediately remember the incident.

On account of my social prominence for the present I am obliged to withhold my real name because should the young lady refuse I would not like to stand the humiliation from my numerous friends. However, on the other hand I can assure you most sincerely that should this turn out as I expect it will by us boarding the happy ship of matrimony you will never regret having brought us together again as such a union will in all probability lend great prestige and publicity to your show.

Now then if everybody approves of this particularly the young lady I wish you would advise me by inserting under public notice in the New York Times next Monday *O K will see you Thursday evening*

And Thursday evening I shall be there occupying the same seats in the first row.

With kind regards and best wishes ——

But if one were to go into a recapitulation of the queer letters received by producers, there would be no end. One amusing series of missives was that which used to reach us last autumn at the Rialto, purporting to come from female admirers of an actor who had played in the previous stock company at the theater and was indignant at not having been retained. These letters, very ill spelled and spaced, all concluded with some variant of the pious imprecation: "I am praying God to show up you folks and soon send back —— to the Old Rialto." They were all typed on the same machine and mailed from Jersey City. As the gentleman in question was living in that town, it was not hard to discern an enigma in the woodpile.

Artistic Unsophistication

It would be premature, here and now, to try to say anything about our plans and hopes for the future. It need not be assumed that because we have done well in removing the glass jar and dusting off these two graceful Rogers groups, we shall continue to do just the same kind of thing. Some form of Hoboken Repertory Theater will probably emerge; and in the Foundry, as we have christened our old ironworks by the river, we shall have space to put on from time to time certain private or limited performances which are not so likely to interest the larger public. At any rate, we have proved several propositions to which we were dedicated—for instance, that people will actually go to Hoboken for a good show, as they would go anywhere else; except that Hoboken happens to offer a special largesse of hitherto unappreciated charms. And we have proved, we think, that there was one element—good fun—that had almost been forgotten in the theater. With all the crackling high tension of modern plays, perhaps a certain element of guileless mirth has tended to slip away. The Broadway theaters had been so long overcongested, overpriced, overspeculated, oversophistried, there was a real place waiting for a quite humble venture in artistic unsophistication.

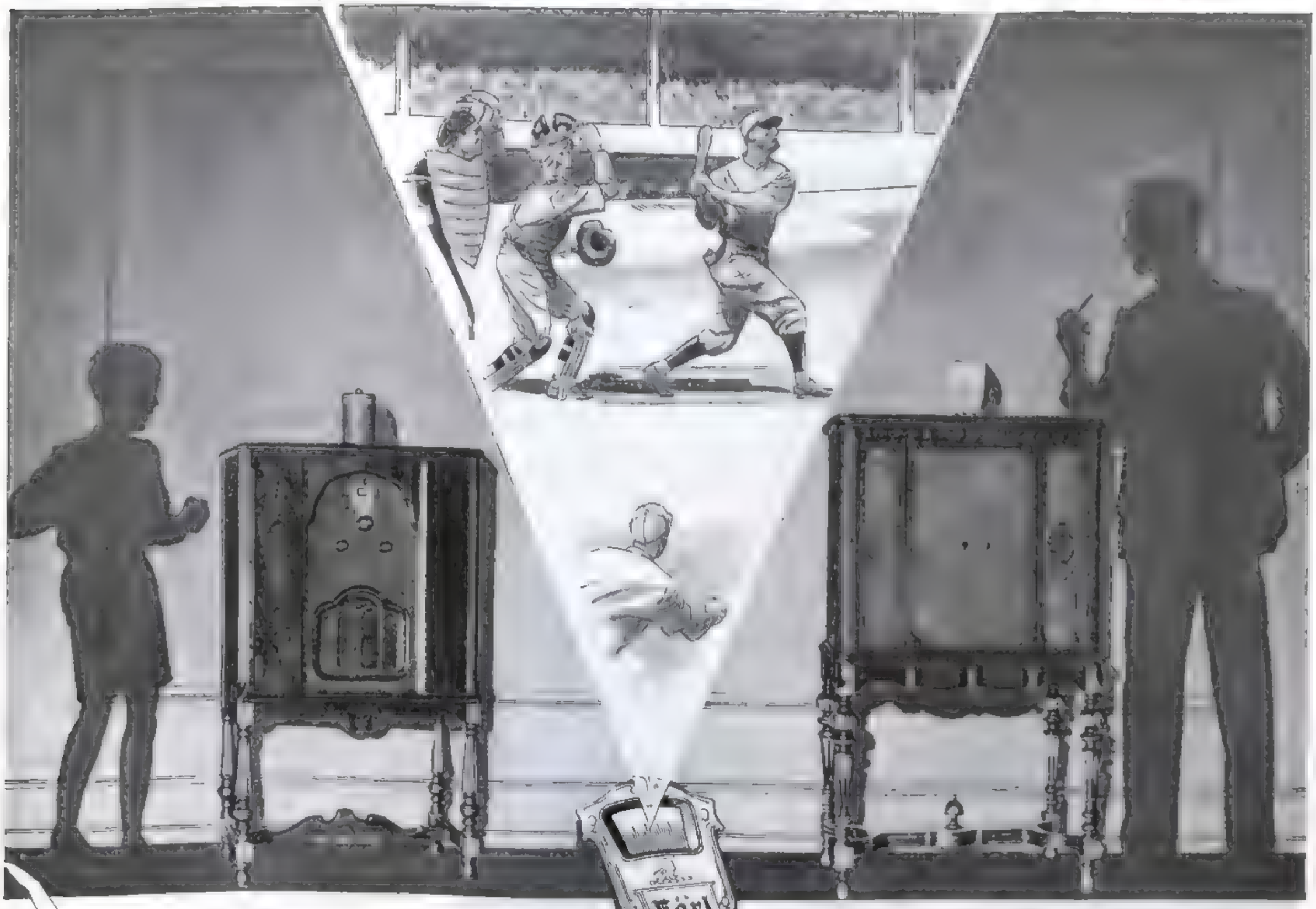
Perhaps I might conclude by quoting a few lines from a rime that was written to be said by our charming soubrette in The Black Crook when audiences seemed a trifle insensitive to the finer shades of the old piece. It was never actually uttered, but it represents a certain point of view:

We like our generous audience to perceive
However antique in fashion, and naïve,
The beauty of this once forbidden show,
Graces and melodies of long ago;
Figures like a rare old lithograph
To remind you, even while you laugh,
We love it who now men and women it;
So let your mirth not be too indiscriminate.

And so one small idea I implant,
Asking a favor you alone can grant:
No matter how the play's old-fashioned tone
May chance to stimulate your funny bone,
Please don't attempt to prove sophistication
By rather too excessive exclamation.
Niblo's Garden knew, by instinct fine,
Just when and where to draw the proper line;
They saw the villains and they hissed 'em,
And got the steam out of their system.
But when the enthusiast turns kidder, it
Can become too inconsiderate.
The goober rattling in his shelly jacket,
The youth who thinks it funny to wise-
crack it—
Such primitive expedients of enjoying,
Though innocently meant, can be annoying.
Such impulses exist, but he who has 'em
Will please try to control enthusiasm.

Forgive me if I've been so frank; I durn't
Belabor what Hoboken calls the pernt.
Which is just this: Remember, girls and boys,
Hilarity is different from mere noise.

C·A· Earl Radio



Own a "C. A. Earl"—*and* You Own the Air

Soars to new heights of achievement

You want to "see" a big league game. At two o'clock in the afternoon reception conditions are not at their best. But to the C. A. Earl with its Hair-line Super-Selectivity, two o'clock in the afternoon is like two o'clock in the morning.

The station you want may be sandwiched in between two powerful stations. There may be a regular "Broadway at 42nd Street" traffic jam on the air. It makes no difference. So far as you are concerned, that baseball game is the only thing being broadcast. Not a whisper of the outside world comes to disturb your tense excitement when it's "two strikes and the bases full."

Let your local C. A. Earl dealer tell you about the nation-wide tests that prove the adaptability of the C. A. Earl to the local conditions it must meet in your particular locality. Drop us a postal card for his name and catalog showing the complete line.

MODEL 31 All Electric 8-Tube Set (*less tubes*) **$139**
Complete with Arcturus tubes $164.50
Neutrodyne. Four tuned circuits. Push-Pull amplification. Inductor Dynamic Speaker. Phonograph Pick-up Jacks. Open type cabinet, walnut finish.
(*Prices slightly higher in Canada*)

Tune in the C. A. Earl Orchestra
[Phil Spitalny conducting — Tuesday evenings on station WJZ and Associated N. B. C. stations—For time, see your local newspaper]

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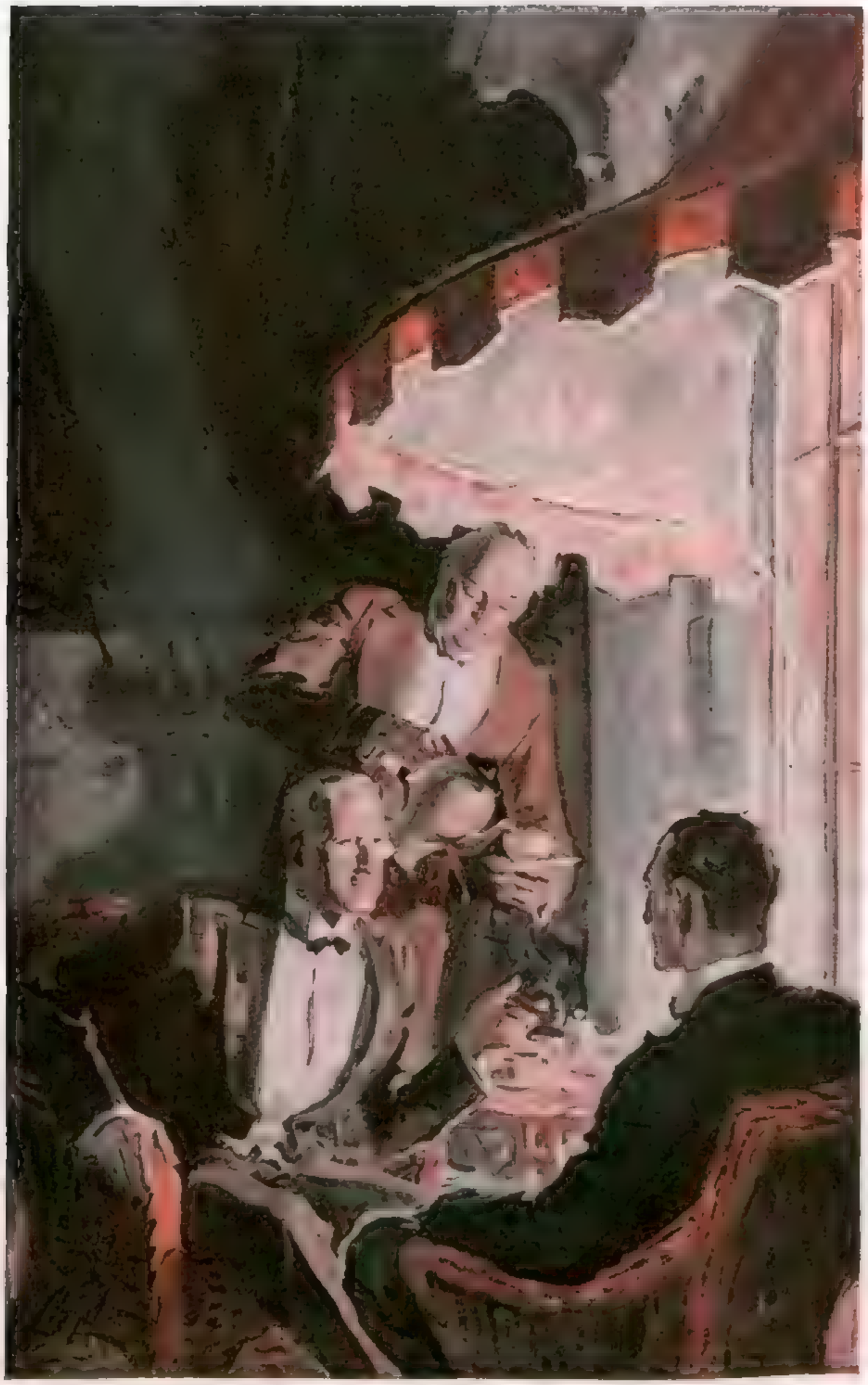
MODEL 41 All Electric 9-Tube Set (*less tubes*) **$225**
Complete with Arcturus tubes $253.50
Neutrodyne. Five tuned circuits. Push-Pull amplification. Dynamic Speaker. Phonograph Pick-up Jacks. Walnut cabinet.
(*Prices slightly higher in Canada*)

"I'll reorganize the business . . . if you'll reorganize *Yourself*"



"LISTEN, old man. You've come to me as your banker, your counsellor, your friend. You want to reorganize your business . . . refinance and expand. You have a right to . . . with your success. But I'm going to give you this straight from the shoulder. Your company is paying you $60,000 a year salary, and it's your brains they're paying for . . . not the number of hours you spend at your desk. And at least a fourth of your time is spent at a lot of detail that isn't $60,000 stuff. You think you're being thorough . . . but you're just being thoroughly behind the times in that one direction. If the business is to be expanded it will need all of your $60,000 brain all the time . . . not just part of it. We'll reorganize the business if you'll reorganize yourself . . ."

. . .

SO HE set out to revise his working scheme. Hunted methods and machines to lighten the burden of detail that kept the full light of his mind from penetrating into the problems of the business.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

Stalked them through a jungle of claims and counter-claims. Listened to an army of "special pleaders," each bubbling with the virtues of his own particular office appliance, system, or device.

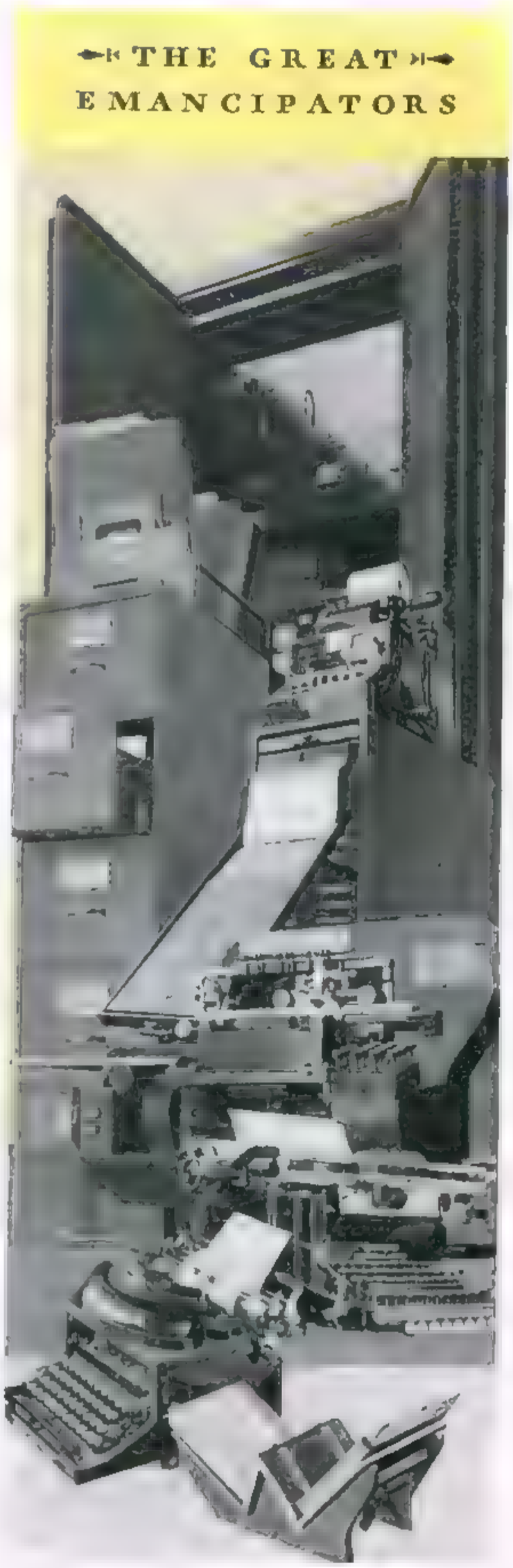
And he ended up in a fog . . . until . . .

One day a friend told him of a new thing in American business . . . a new company that was a consolidation of the cream of all the fine old business equipment companies. A company that could give him sound, unbiased advice, because they sold all types of business equipment, and were freed from all selfish necessity of stressing one above the other.

And that ended the problem.

REMINGTON RAND *is all things to all businesses . . .*

NO MATTER what the management problem is . . . whether it concerns a corner store or a huge chain of factories . . . Remington Rand is the one firm equipped to solve it.



For here, and here alone, are 4,000 of the best informed men in America on office operation and business methods eager to tackle your problem . . . and to remedy it. Here alone is a complete line of *all* types of equipment for all the needs of business. Here alone is the greatest business service organization ever conceived in the history of business in America.

And here alone is an organization that need not favor one type of method or machine above another, since all types are under one single banner.

Put them to work for you . . . at no cost

ANY of these 4,000 men are at your service. And behind them a corps of specialists to assist them in the knottier problems which arise. Write or phone any Remington Rand branch . . . find just what this business service can do to further the welfare of your business.

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REMINGTON *Typewriters and Accounting Machines* . . . LIBRARY BUREAU *Filing Systems and Indexing Service* RAND AND KARDEX *Visible Records* . . . SAFE-CABINET *Record Protection Devices* . . . INDEX VISIBLE . . . POWERS *Accounting Machines* . . . DALTON *Adding & Bookkeeping Machines* . . . KALAMAZOO & BAKER-VAWTER *Loose Leaf Equipment*

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Carry Two Spares

Those who depend on motor transportation find convenience and freedom from troublesome tire delay by equipping their cars with Duplex and the second spare. Duplex fits your original carrier, no installation, simply turn handle to mount or remove tires.

Duplex locks both tires securely, free from chafe and rattle, without contacting tire rubber. Equipped with built-in cylinder lock or arranged for padlock.

Duplex for 3½" Rims with lock, $7.50; without lock, $5.00.
Duplex for 4"-4½" Rims with lock, $8.50; without lock, $6.00.
Duplex for 5" Rims with lock, $9.00; without lock, $6.50.
Give make, model and year of car.

Dealers showing this display can supply you with a Duplex carrier, complete with tire and rim.

They carry Duplex in several styles, ranging from $3.00 to $9.00 for practically all makes of cars.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to the factory direct.

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Why INDIA TEA *makes the best* ICED TEA . . .

FIRST, the finest tea in the world is India Tea. Next, the flavor of India Tea is never affected by chilling.

Your grocer has India Tea. Ask him for a brand with the map of India on the label. The map certifies it's genuine India Tea.

Issued by the Growers of INDIA TEA

Thoughts slip swiftly, smoothly, surely, from the point of a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil. 5¢ each 60¢ a dozen

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A BLONDE CAN THINK MAYBE

(Continued from Page 9)

Miss Malvina's desk, and a little different from it. She pulled on her coat and remembered that she must change the water on the forsythia which now ornamented his desk. Having set the jar back in place her hand came perilously close to his blue-shirted shoulder and it seemed for a moment that she must touch it, though there was nothing there that required smoothing or rearranging.

"Did I do some better today?" she stammered.

"You done as good as I could of expected," he replied briefly. He looked up at her, and she colored with a sudden guilty consciousness of the lamentable cornflower blue of her eyes, of that nimbus of pale hair.

She went down to the drug-store corner and got her bus. She was caught in some spell of thought which made her oblivious to the other passengers, to the familiar way the bus was taking, even to the tantalizing promise of spring which was being borne in through the partly opened window by the driver's seat. The spell held her through supper. The family meal was at five, but Mrs. Liebegott had put on a generous small skillet of fresh sausage and fried apples upon her daughter's appearance.

"She don't tell us much about her new job nights," Elmer Liebegott observed slyly. He came out from behind his paper at length and fixed black eyes upon his daughter.

"Tired she is, pop," his wife chided. "Can't you see it?" She poured thick cream on a boiled apple dumpling and placed it at the side of Josephine's plate.

Josephine's cocoon of thought didn't break. It held her secure through the meal and through the hour's mending that followed. Only when she stood in her voluminous white nightgown looking down over the faint trail that was the concrete highway under the early April moon, the trail that led down to Deemersville, did her long thought bear fruit in words.

"It will not make me feel no better to see him and to be by him every day." She picked the words out slowly. "It will maybe make me feel some worse even." She clasped her hands tightly and it seemed that the beating of her heart might have been heard even as far as Deemersville.

Thursday followed Thursday. The power press rumbled and heaved, and at the last possible minute each week gave up the last of its stint. There was folding and stamping and mailing to be done. Josephine's adroit fingers moved beside Alonzo's thicker ones, her light crinkled head was close to his smooth one, but try as she would she could merit no word of praise, no word even of tolerance, from him. "A girl with such light hair on her could do nothing to please him," she thought despairingly, vainly trying to smooth down her upspringing locks before the mirror which hung above the zinc basin.

Four Deemersville Star-Eagles were pressed down in a corner of one of the drawers of Josephine's old pine chest, together with such other treasures as the high-school-commencement program, a bundle of letters tied with the ribbon from a box of candy, a piece of wedding cake wrapped in tissue paper.

Three and a half weeks Josephine had traveled up and down from Deemersville, while Miss Malvina's femoral bone continued to knit slowly, and Alonzo remained unconscious of the strawberry-and-cream composition of his young assistant's cheeks.

"In two weeks or sooner even we will have Miss Malvina back," he reported with no small amount of satisfaction one day.

"I will maybe go up to see her tonight." The thought came to Josephine simultaneously with the words on her lips.

Miss Irma, the housekeeper sister, let her in and led her to a bed set up in the dining room where Miss Malvina, her leg in a cast and a bower of window plants over her head, was resting patiently.

"How long do you think fur to be laid up yet?" Josephine inquired politely, the social amenities having been observed. She watched her hostess anxiously. That plaster cast was a hopeful sign.

"Och, any day now the cast will come off," Miss Irma said brightly.

"Then Irma is renting off fur me a wheeling chair fur a week or so," Miss Malvina added optimistically.

"Mr. Hochwelder will come with his car to drive her down and back fur a short whiles, so good he is," Miss Irma put in.

"Fur a week or so," their visitor repeated. "Och!" She stirred suddenly. "I got to go now. Right glad I am to see it is healing up so good fur you, Miss Malvina. It comes in my head you will soon"—she gulped—"soon be back by your desk with us."

"One week up until the cast will come off," Josephine ruminated, going down the path between pale green flag spikes. "Another week or two in a wheeling chair." She counted them off on her fingers. "At the most a month and she will be back by us—by him." She waited for her bus.

"Och, it don't matter." The bare trees and bushes at the side of the highway blurred suddenly; it might have been from the rush of warm spring rain on the bus window. "Anyhow he don't care!" Her hands tightened on her empty lunch basket. "To him it makes nothing if I come in or if I go out. So wrapped up he is in his paper and so turned against girls with youth on them he is, with blond hair on them!" She remembered to reach up and tuck away an erring lock. She was always tucking them in and they were always springing out again.

A fresh hurt of the morning came to her memory and she shrank farther into her seat. "What could I of expected off such a blonde?" he'd said scathingly. "Could I of expected she would order the paper right from Lancaster fur me?"

"When with his own pencil he put the mark on the catalogue wrong!" Her head went down. She shrank still farther down in her corner.

"Haug's Mill!" The bus driver recalled her to the present.

"It comes into my head the work in that there office is maybe too hard fur you," Mrs. Liebegott suggested doubtfully, turning browning flannel cakes on their griddle.

"Fur the amount of money it is," Elmer Liebegott said awkwardly, "it would not be worth the while fur Josie to tire herself out ——"

"Och!" Josephine broke in hastily. "It ain't hard." She achieved a little laugh. "Harder I have worked often than by Mr. Hochwelder. So kind he is, so considerate. Such a recreation it is fur me still. Hard? Och!"

Nevertheless she drew the Aunt Harriet letters of the week a little guiltily out of her lunch basket and took them in to the living-room lamp. She'd have got them done in the office that day but for Alonzo's scolding. Two hours she'd brooded over his unkindness, unable to concentrate on the love tangles of Deemersville and environs. "What could I of expected off such a blonde?" he'd inquired, scorn in his voice.

She drew herself up sharply. "I must not let my mind edge over onto that there," she thought. "It makes like maybe I should myself be writing letters in to Aunt Harriet." A rueful little laugh escaped her, then she sat silent. "I should maybe myself be writing letters in to Aunt Harriet," she repeated testingly. "I should maybe ——"

She thought long. She reached slowly for her pencil. She began to write.

Mrs. Liebegott came to the doorway a half hour later, looked in, and tiptoed away again. "My," she whispered, "so fast her fingers fly it would almost make sparks to come out from the paper."

Elmer too tiptoed to the doorway and watched. "Laughing at her work, too, she is," he marveled.

"Lunch with the adwertising man from Labor Light Tractors I have just had by the hotel," Alonzo announced with satisfaction next day. His smooth young cheek was flushed with triumph, his hair tumbled with some inner excitement. "It wouldn't surprise me none if he should come over to us, Miss Liebegott. From the Marthastown Sentinel he ain't getting such good results fur his firm no more."

"Och, Mr. Hochwelder!" The sun of her admiration came out.

"Yes." He nodded complacently. "I got him almost talked around to it. Again this afternoon I got to see him yet."

"I knew you could overtalk him on it, Mr. Hochwelder," she murmured. She moved toward him slowly. "This here—this here Aunt Harriet letter has come in," she faltered, "and I don't know whichever way to answer it off." She twisted her hands.

"Och, this here?" He took it, the mellowness of his interview with Labor Light still upon him, and began to read:

"Dear Aunt Harriet: I am writing in for advice as to the best method of holding onto the affections of a young man who has up until a few weeks ago went with a young lady in a neighboring town of such blond coloring, and it was thought by some that he was promised to her, but he has now, Aunt Harriet, turned his interest or whatever over onto me. I will state that he is a young man of a fickle temperament and it scares me some to think he will maybe stray away to another or even maybe back to his former sweetheart. How can I make him speak words to me, Aunt Harriet? If you could tell me before his ardor cools off some scheme, I would like to be married off in June ——"

"Och!" Josephine's small anguished cry broke in. "In June she wants to get married off! To my Elwood even. In June a'ready ——" Her voice broke.

Alonzo moved like some electrically operated automaton in his chair. "Whatever?" he stammered.

"My Elwood it is she has taken away from me, Mr. Hochwelder! Over by Marthastown she lives and does not know even I have come here by the Star-Eagle to work. Edith L. it is signed off. Edith Longenecker, still. Such a serpent in the grass she is ——" Her sentence died on a thin wail.

"Your Elwood once! Yours!" Alonzo regarded her in blank amazement. He referred again to the letter. "'A girl of such blond coloring'" he read. A light broke slowly over his features. "You, once!" he exclaimed incredulously. "Was—was you promised to him?" His eyebrows were raised, his expression blank.

"Not promised, Mr. Hochwelder; no." She was standing at the window with bent head and clasped hands, her face carefully averted from him. "Not with words, at the least. But och"—her voice went low, it threatened to tremble—"by other ways than with words a girl and a man can get promised together! By a glance out of the eyes, by a touch of the fingers together, by such thoughts going out from one to the other even. Not with words only was we promised. With little tendrils"—her voice vibrated like harp strings in an anguished chord—"going out from my heart and clinging onto him. So strong he is, so good."

"Whatever!" Alonzo expelled this helpless expletive. There was something comical in the steadfastness and the wonder of his gaze. It was as though he now saw this strange invader of his office for the first time.

"How can I write off an answer to it, Mr. Hochwelder?" She wrung her hands. "How can I give her the scheme fur to make him speak? My Elwood, even ——"

"Och!" Alonzo stood up. He passed his hands helplessly through his hair. "That I should know!" He stared down at her. "I got to go now and talk some to the Labor Light man," he mumbled. Having taken his hat from its nail and crossed to the door

(Continued on Page 118)

The Symbol of
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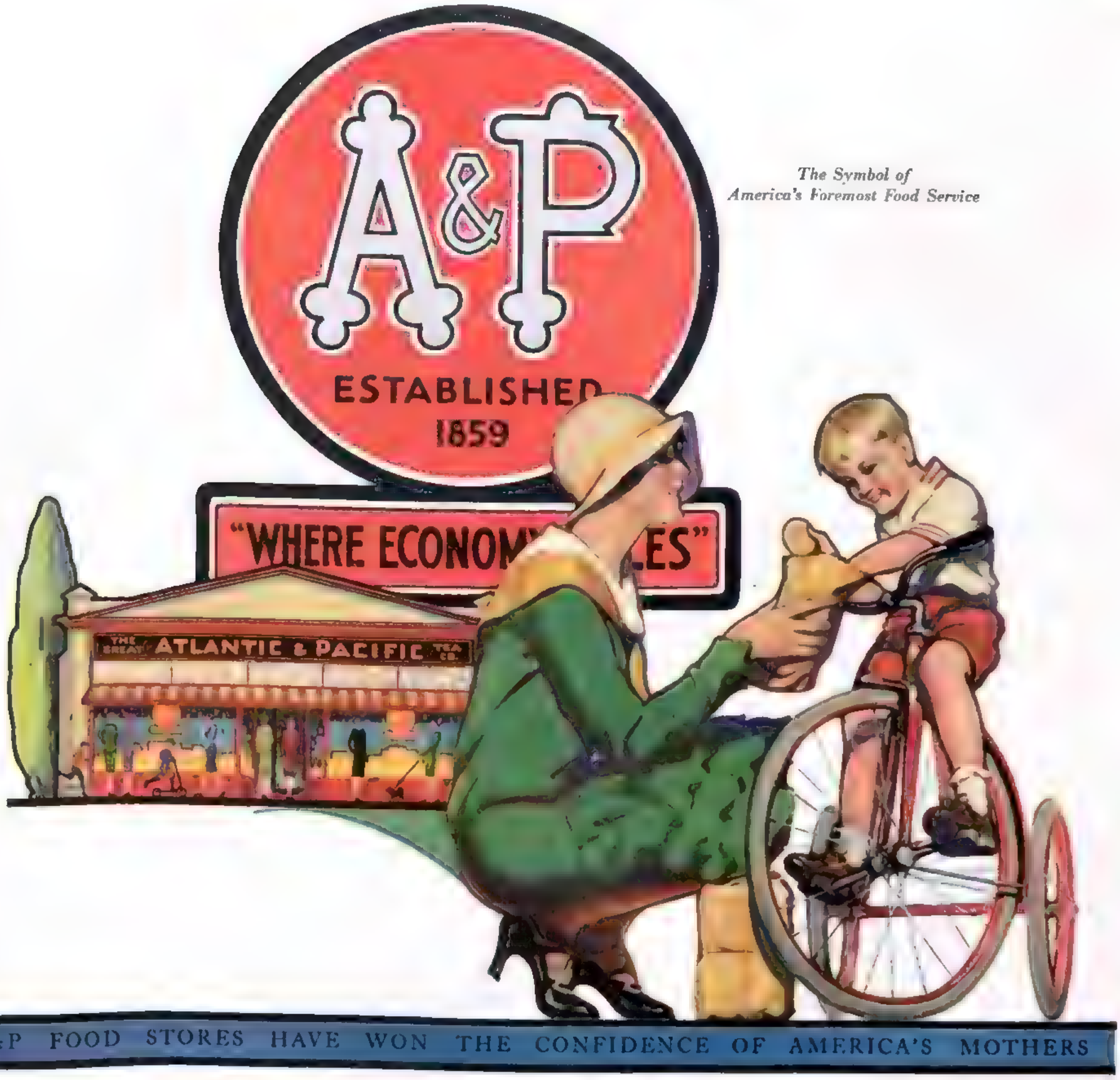

WHEREVER there is an A&P Food Store ... from the Atlantic to points far beyond the Mississippi; from Canada to the Gulf ... you invariably hear the name of A&P mentioned every time fine foods are discussed.

This is because A&P maintains a large and far-flung staff of food buying authorities, and through their activities each A&P Food Store gives a type of service no other food store can equal.

A&P's exclusive, quality-insuring services to its customers are many: a corps of coffee experts located in the heart of the coffee-growing sections of South America buy the cream of the crops; in London, A&P's own food buyers choose the newest and choicest of European table luxuries; while in California, Alaska, the Orient, and in other producing sections of the world, A&P's own food specialists are selecting the better qualities in every line.

Remember these exclusive A&P features when you shop. Remember too, at A&P Food Stores the prices for fine foods are always remarkably low.

At the A&P Food Stores you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

(Continued from Page 116)

he stopped again to survey her, and now the deep puzzlement in his eyes was touched and colored by a new thought. "You are in love with him then, or whatever?" he inquired. A flood of color took his neck, his ears, his forehead.

For answer she took a small white handkerchief from the pocket of her smock. She averted her face again from him. "Och!" A smothered small cry was caught in the depths of the cambric square and Alonzo fled

"Elwood, Elwood!" The handkerchief was serving another purpose now. Josephine's bright head was down on Miss Malvina's desk, and she was attempting to stem with it an outburst of giggles. "Och, my heart you have broken fur me, Elwood." The giggles overflowed. "Such a happiness wrecker as you are oncet." Recurrent attacks of some strange glee overtook her at intervals through the afternoon and were drowned in the din of the power press. "Och, Elwood!" Each appearance of this name on her lips was the signal for a new outburst. "Elwood" she wrote experimentally on a sheet of foolscap, "or A Boy of a Fickle Temperament." The handkerchief was pressed again into use.

"I got it!" Alonzo plunged rather than walked into the office. "I got it a'ready. Almost, at the least, I got it," he qualified. A glance at the subdued figure of woe sitting at Miss Malvina's desk dashed him. "The Labor Light contract," he finished weakly.

"Such happiness it makes fur me to hear it, Mr. Hochwelder," she murmured, stuffing a crumpled ball of a handkerchief into her pocket.

"The biggest contract on our books yet if only the first adwertisement suits him," he went on. But the first flush of his exultation had died down, and his mind seemed no longer to be entirely on Labor Light. He looked at her curiously. He sat down at his desk and shuffled papers. He cleared his throat and looked at her again. When Josephine moved under some pale, quiet spell to her nail to take down her coat his eyes stole back, half reluctant. They followed her neat little figure out the door, and when it had disappeared from view he untangled his long legs and went to the window to look after it.

"I said oncet a long time back it gives money by this business," he observed to her next morning. "You will see it. Pop will see it too. That by farming I should stick always was his thought, but ——" He had been pacing up and down the office, but he stopped short now and stood at the window, hands thrust into his pockets. "Did you write off the answer to that there letter?" he asked abruptly.

"Och, yes!" A little laugh escaped her. "It come into my head how I could fool her some, Mr. Hochwelder," she said. "Instead of writing out the directions how she could hold onto him I have wrote out some where she will lose him oncet." She caught another giggle in her cupped hand.

"Whatever?" He was uncomprehending. She saw his ears go pink.

"It come into my head how I could maybe get him back fur myself even," she elaborated, with a chuckle. "Such a plan fur misleading her some has come to me. Listen here oncet." She read:

"*Dear Edith:* One rule it gives to hold onto a man—laugh and be gay! Chatter, chatter always, for to be silent ever is a big mistake. Wear such bright colors in your clothes, such beads, earrings, rings for the fingers, bracelets and whatever. Remember it gives some of a savage in every man and some of a baby, too, and with a girl with such bright things around her, bright clothes, bright laughs and sayings, he will fall into love quicker even than you could say Jack Robison. Have sparkle and glitter, Edith, is the first rule. The second rule will surprise you some but it is a true one. Have such expensive ideas! Do not be afraid to say ever you have give two times, or three or four times even as much for a dress or hat as you did in truth give, which will only make your value to be raised up in his eyes. Have the light heart, Edith, have expensiveness most of all, and before the month is out even he will propose. Wishing to you all success,

Most sincerely,
AUNT HARRIET."

She lowered the paper slowly and her face was suffused with pink. "A little tight Elwood is, Mr. Hochwelder," she explained. "From such a girl he would flee away faster than the wind! Her he would cast off from him like a ear of corn with the corn borer on it still! Quiet he likes girls and with good sense on them. Thrifty he likes them more than anything. Stingy he is a little, but och, so strong and good." She folded the paper, fixed her eyes upon a crack in the ceiling. "In a week, or at the least two, I will have him back," she said.

Alonzo had listened in silence. He began pacing again. He plunged into the shop, out again.

"Such a man you should be glad to get shet of oncet," he said roughly. "Such a man you should ——"

The Labor Light man's knock interrupted. He deposited his copy, delivered a maze of instructions about type faces and white space, and peered into circulation records with a gimlet eye. He peered also from time to time at the bright head in the corner. "Well, if the first ad pleases us, Hochwelder," he said, "the contract will be yours. I'll send the cuts up from Philadelphia by special delivery." With a final glance at the tantalizing view of creamy neck and cheek the dim light of Miss Malvina's corner afforded him he went.

Alonzo shuffled papers. He looked down at the materials for the Labor Light double-page spread, the open sesame to the biggest national contract the Star-Eagle had ever had, and his eyes were dark and sulky. His lips struggled against words which finally forced themselves through.

"Such thoughts of love you shouldn't have anyhow," he said angrily, "taking your mind from off your work still."

"When with such a man as Elwood a girl falls into love," she explained, "she can't help herself still, Mr. Hochwelder."

When that week's Star-Eagle appeared it carried on an inside page, directly under Aunt Harriet's benign face, a letter which sent the editorial assistant, riding home on the bus, into little silent spasms of mirth. She hatched a queer thought out of her contemplation of it. "Anyhow he has noticed me some maybe by now," she thought. She hugged herself and another little outburst of mirth escaped.

But by bedtime her mood of gayety had worn itself out. She stood again in the white nightgown, rather high as to neck, rather long as to sleeves, with the marks of Mrs. Liebegott's generous ideas of designing upon it, and this time two tears formed in her eyes and hung on her lashes. "Och!" She put her cheek at length against the cool windowpane. "It will not work out right fur me. Never, never will it work out. I had insanity in my head to think of it even." Her head drooped and her hands came together in their accustomed gesture. "Alonzo," she whispered, her eyes on the concrete trail to Deemersville, "Alonzo—Alonzo ——"

She looked up from her ledger next morning to find his eyes fixed upon her. Three times that morning she'd looked up to meet that baffling, antagonistic stare, and each time the author of it had caught up the papers on his desk in an immense scooping gesture and had plunged into the mechanical room with them.

"I have maybe made some new mistake," she thought despairingly. She took advantage of one of his absences to go to the wash bowl and wet down her hair.

Alonzo's queerness persisted through the next several days. Periods of feverish activity alternated with periods of dejection, long sessions at his desk were terminated by abrupt plungings through the street or the shop door.

"What kind of work might this Elwood be in now?" These words came from him in a reluctant explosion one day.

"He is such a scientific farmer," she said demurely.

"H'mph."

"He has such a degree from State College even."

"H'mph." He plunged out.

Thursday's paper was taking shape. Josephine's fingers had become even speedier in their race with time and space, even her proof-correcting activities had now taken on a more scientific aspect. "If he doesn't ask me by tomorrow I'll tell him without the asking," she planned in the middle of the obituary column. The wet inked sheets of Thursday's paper lay before her. "Special at $2.98" ran in black letters across one arm. "Pike's Pies" was emblazoned upon the other. One eye was blackened where she had rubbed it with an inky finger. "How Elwood has called me up I'll tell him. How he has lost his love fur Edith, how she has scared him off with her easy spending." She put one corrected sheet aside and took another one. Here was the ad for Labor Light tractors and she bent over it with renewed concentration. "I got to be careful with this," she thought, and her mood changed. "It won't do no good." A mournful judgment was formed in the back of her mind. "No good at all it will do. No time he has fur girls, no interest in them. No difference it makes to him if I love another or if I ——"

She compared the layout and proof with meticulous care; she proof-read the copy carefully. The cuts had not, after all, come in time to be inserted and in the proof big blank spaces occurred. Josephine moved to the cabinet and extracted from it two heavy electroplates. She inked them on a purple pad and pressed the impression on the sheet, observing the proportions indicated carefully. Not yet satisfied, she carried the sheet and the plates in to Ben and gave him detailed instructions. "There," she sighed with relief, coming back to her desk.

"Did you correct up the Labor Light proof?" was Alonzo's first question when he reëntered the office.

"Twice I went all over it very carefully," she reported, "and it gave not a single mistake"

He was taking a drink of water at the tap in the corner. "What fur"—his second question came out with a gulp "what fur results did you have off your Aunt Harriet letter?"

"Och, Mr. Hochwelder." The dimple played hide and seek at the corner of her mouth. "Such results I had you would never believe." She gurgled. "At breakfast time this morning the phone belled and belled, and it was my Elwood. She has scared him off. By his voice I could tell it, and tonight he wants to see me."

"Tonight even?" Alonzo took another copious draft of water.

"Tonight even." She relapsed into a dreamy silence. Her eyes brooded on the window, through which all the light in the office seemed to be draining out. The dimple was now in her cheek, now gone.

"Ugh." He shook off some sort of tortured grunt with his big shoulders. He slumped in his chair and lighted a cigarette. His eyes remained fixed on the spirals of smoke which arose from it. Now and then he lurched, and the chair creaked. He sprang up at length and taking his hat from its nail dashed out with a slam of the door which shook the little building.

She knit her silky lashes. "Now what makes it with him?" She went to the window to watch the swinging strides which were carrying him rapidly out of sight. "No affections at all he has in him," she decided at length wistfully, "and so strange he is even that the affections of others make him sick to the stomach maybe."

She went on addressing valiantly. Tomorrow, rain or shine, affections or no affections, the Star-Eagle must go out to its subscribers. Until eleven, perhaps until twelve that night Ben would labor with the rumbling old press. It would break down two or three times perhaps. By tomorrow stacks of new black and white Star-Eagles would be ready for the wrappers.

At about eleven next morning Alonzo came in and began helping her with the mailing. They worked side by side at his desk, Josephine on a high stool which brought her on a level with his head.

"Did your Elwood fellow come up fur to see you?" he asked at length. The words came with difficulty.

"Yes" Her cheek was touched delicately with color. "He—he came."

"H'm. How goes it with your love affair then or whatever?" The difficulty increased.

"Too good to be true it goes," she murmured. "That Edith Longenecker he is through with for always. With her extravagant notions she has scared him off so good that before ten o'clock even of the night he would of proposed marriage to her he ran out from her house. How foolish he was he confessed to me even. It was me" -her head went down—"he had love fur all the time."

"You!" Alonzo's voice was strained, his face crimson. "You have give your promise to him then."

"Tonight," she said softly, "he comes fur his answer."

There was silence but for the rustling of Star-Eagles, the soft sound of Josephine's small fist on the stamps, the creaking of Alonzo's chair as he moved this way and that. He seized a paper at length and plunged with it toward the window, where he stood with his back to the light and the Star-Eagle before his face, leafing furiously. There was a sudden calm.

Josephine raised her eyelashes experimentally. The dimple hovered at the corner of her mouth. Without there being any explanation for it then the silence became charged with ominous meaning; it was broken by the thunder of a voice.

"Farm Friend!" Alonzo crushed the paper into one hand and charged on her. He stood over her, shaking it furiously. "Farm Friend pictures you would put in a Labor Light adwertisement yet!" he roared. "Farm Friend even ——" He choked.

"No." She had shrunk away from him and off the stool. "No, Mr. Hochwelder. The pictures where came from the Labor Light people I have put in." She attempted to push this situation from her with frightened hands. "I—I —— It makes some mistake maybe." Her voice quavered piteously.

"No mistake it makes," he roared again. "Look oncet! Can you read it off fur yourself or can't you?" He shook the paper again under her nose.

She shrank still farther away from him. She picked up a Star-Eagle and leafed it with trembling fingers. Her head went down and down; scarlet dyed her cheek.

"Some—some mistake I have made," she faltered. "There came maybe new cuts from the Farm Friend too. I"—her hands twisted helplessly—"I thought ——"

"You thought!" he shouted. "Could a blonde think maybe? Could a female with such light hair on her anyhow think? Mad I was to let you come into my office. Mad I am to let you stay in it! Get out from it now. Take your coat and hat, and a check I will send out. The biggest adwertising contract ——"

"Believe me, Mr. Hochwelder"—tears came to her eyes slowly. She wept softly, then unrestrainedly—"believe me I am sorry. Rather I would that I had cut my right hand off first even ——"

"Rather I would that you had cut off the both of them," he said bitterly. "Asleep I was! Dumb in the head I was! Any doppelhead would of knew ——"

She had somehow gotten into her coat and hat. She'd taken her small possessions from Miss Malvina's desk drawers and had hung the lunch basket on her arm. She groped for the door knob and he watched her.

"Stop oncet," he said harshly when she found it.

"It makes better that I go now, Mr. Hochwelder," she sobbed.

He plunged violently from one end of the small office to the other. He leaped to her side and pulled her small hand none too gently from the knob. "Where," he exploded, "are you going to?"

"H-home." The word broke on another sob.

(Continued on Page 122)

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By following these pressures faithfully you bring longer endurance to your tires. Even five pounds too little air, so experts tell us, cuts mileage 20% or more.

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Fill out the coupon below carefully. The information requested is essential. Your discs will be specially selected for your car. A booklet on tire care will be sent with the discs.

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Send me FREE a set of Discs indicating proper pressure for each of my tires

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Insist that the car you

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Double acting. This strong steel arm helps it perform its two functions. (Not a strap or cable.)

Note how it stands guard between the spring and frame of your car.

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because . . Houdailles are not in the experimental stage. They are the result of 27 years of experience in building the hydraulic shock absorber which is now *the world's standard of comparison.*

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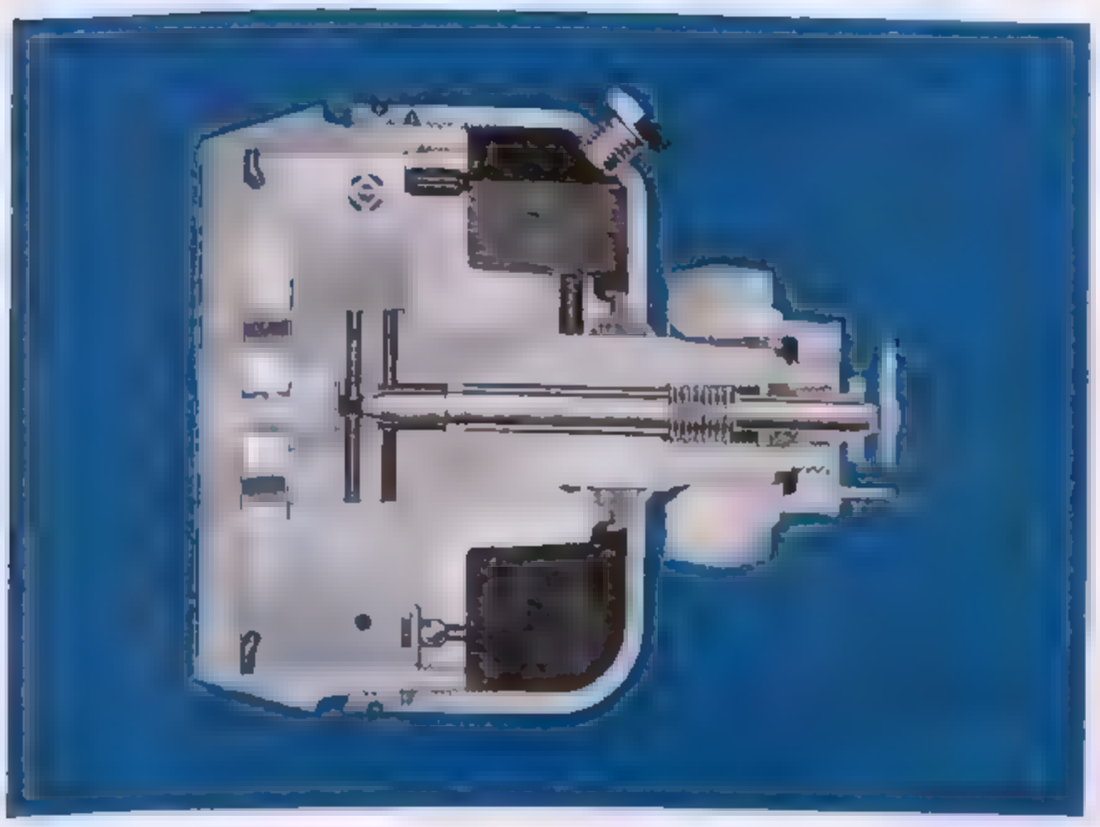

This X-ray view shows the automatic replenishing valve, air vents and the reservoir which holds a reserve supply of fluid and eliminates the need of packing the instrument against high working pressures.

The one moving part of the Houdaille instrument is the double or balanced piston. With pressure chambers on both sides of the shaft, side thrust is neutralized and wear is reduced to the absolute minimum.

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PULL and HINGE CAP

keeps milk at its best because it keeps it covered all the time. It *never* leaves the bottle, in fact.

To pour, you simply open the *hinged* flap part way. Press it back into place, and the bottle is securely sealed again. No other cap like it! The wholesomeness of the milk can't get out—flavors and food odors can't get in!

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(Continued from Page 118)

"Home!" His repetition of it was a cry of anger and of pain. He rushed away from her again and into the mechanical room. Immediately he was back. "Home to your Elwood even maybe!" he burst forth. "Home to get promised off tonight to such a scientific farmer. To one where raises hogs with books and corn by radio yet."

She made another move toward the door.

"Stop," he groaned. "Take that hat from off your head, J-Josephine." He was shaken by a sudden queer humility. "Hang your coat up onto the nail again. I—I want you should stay here by me. I want you should stay. Please, please ——"

"Too many mistakes I make fur you."

"Mistakes don't matter none," he said hoarsely. He came toward her again and took her hands. "Tell me oncet that you will stay." His voice scraped with unaccustomed tenderness. "Tell me that you won't give yes to him tonight, that Elwood. Always, always I want it that you should stay by me." Gently he lifted the hat from her head. "Not with such other fellows I want that you should higgle up your heart ——"

"Such words you shouldn't speak out to me," she faltered. "No affections you have by you at all. No heart you have to feel how a girl could—could love."

"Could you not learn me oncet?" he asked humbly. "Does it not mean that maybe I could learn when for a week or more even I have wanted to kiss your neck where the hair curls up so?"

"It does, maybe." Rose flooded her cheek.

"Could you not learn me to have affections, then?"

"I could—put some time onto it."

"Would you?"

"Yes."

"Could I kiss that place by your neck now even?"

"You—you could," she said faintly. Her hands were finally in his hair.

"Can I not work fur you at all after Miss Malvina comes back?" she whispered at length close to his ear.

"June makes such a nice time fur weddings still," he said dreamily. He'd caught a fragment of that pale nimbus of hair and was letting it curl about his fingers. "You should not wet down your hair so much, Josephine," he chided.

"Could I not do the Aunt Harriet letters even after June, Alonzo?" The dimple flashed in the shelter of his shoulder.

"Och! The Aunt Harriet letters you could do easy." He laughed. He was still enrapt in the clinging of a yellow curl about his fingers. "No brains it takes fur that at all. Could I—could I maybe kiss you again now?"

"Not"—she darted away from him—"not by office hours, Mr. Hochwelder."

THE BRAGGARTS' CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 17)

it for a bet of twenty thousand dollars with Ed Dwyer, of New York, and for the same bet I promised to put it back again any day you like when I return to the States. I'm not proud of the job. I just mentioned it because, in a way, it's unusual."

"Why aren't you proud of it?" Mat Sarson demanded. "It seems to me a creditable piece of work."

"Too near pickpocketing for my taste," Conklin confided. "Some day I'll tell you how I shot Sheriff Dewson and his man, each carrying two guns, and brought away the Boston City treasure chest. Just now I'd rather hear some of you others talk."

Passiter tossed off the remainder of his glass of brandy, waved George the waiter on one side, and leaned across the table.

"Did you ever hear of Martin's bank robbery at Charing Cross?" he asked.

There was a very real flash of interest in the eyes of Nick of New York. The robbery had made history in the profession and the news of it had been bruited all over the world. It had been the subject of many a sad conversation between Subcommissioner Larwood and Detective Dickins.

"That was a tough affair," Passiter continued, his mouth opening in an evil grin and his ill-formed teeth showing more clearly. "I worked it out from beginning to end. We cleared up thirty-three thousand pounds in notes and securities, and there was never an arrest."

"Marvelous!" Nicholas Conklin exclaimed in a tone of genuine admiration. "Some fighting, too, wasn't there?"

"There would have been more," Passiter admitted, "but only one of the police who rushed the place had a gun. There were three cashiers in the bank to be dealt with, and the porter who was closing the door. We'd have given them a show, but one of them was shouting; so out the lot had to go. We'd got the stuff all ready when the police rushed us. They asked for what they got, and they got it—hot lead from a steady hand. I saw to that. Afterward we just stepped into three taxis and drove quietly away. The police are still guessing."

"You're wonderful fellows," Nicholas Conklin acknowledged. "It's great, too, to have a place where you can talk things over like this. To my mind, half the pleasure of a job is looking back after it's all finished. I suppose everyone here is to be trusted."

Eustace Grant smiled.

"You don't quite understand the nature of this place," he confided. "The restaurant down here has nothing to do with the club. It's open to the general public, in fact; but for all its de luxe appointments, it is really a den of thieves. I don't suppose there's a soul in this room who hasn't been in trouble or asked for it at some time or another during his life."

"What about the waiters? Your own particular one, for instance?"

"Ours is a new hand," Eustace Grant admitted, "but he's just done five years for a job in Brewster's gang without a squeal. We look after that sort of man for the rest of his life. Flood took him on as soon as he was satisfied, and gave him our table as a special honor."

"You're among the big pots, you know," Bradman, a well-dressed man of middle height, with tired eyes and drawn cheeks, drawled. "There isn't a person here who wouldn't be gratified if he could qualify for an invitation to sit at this table. The major very seldom takes on anyone fresh, though. We're as safe here as though we were locked up in our own parlor. Everyone knows who we are, and when there's a job done they can make a pretty good guess about it, but there's never been a squeal from this place yet. Folks who want to commit suicide choose an easier way."

Mr. Nicholas Conklin smiled appreciatively. "Bully!" he exclaimed. "Let's have some more yarns, then."

Eustace Grant glanced at his watch.

"Perhaps you'd like to see us in action?" he suggested, dropping his voice a little. "We can't offer to let you in on tonight's show. It's too small an affair, but you can come along and watch our work, if it would interest you. You can stay with Miss Dring here and have a dumb show. She's the best get-away we've got, although she's just had rather a narrow shave."

"Fine!" the American assented. "What about a rig-out?"

"We can arrange that for you upstairs," Grant replied. "All you want is an overcoat, a bowler hat and some gummies."

"You won't mind taking me on, Miss Dring?" Nick of New York asked.

She shrugged her shoulders and looked at him thoughtfully.

"I'll take you with pleasure," she said, "but I don't fancy you'll find it very exciting tonight. You won't forget that you're not in Chicago or New York, will you? Gunning's a little more expensive here, and you're too clever at it."

He grinned as he rose to follow Grant out of the room.

"I was showing off just a bit," he admitted. "Don't you be afraid, young lady. I'm no cheap gangster, handling a weapon for the first time in my life. A man will have to ask for it if he gets anything from me."

Nick of New York found himself presently in a small flagged square, narrowing into a long passage, and bounded on the left by the side of a tall warehouse, and on the right by a ten-foot brick wall, separating it from a similar passage. At the far end was a gate, over which was suspended a gas lamp. He looked up and down with the air of one used to such situations and anxious fully to gauge the possibilities of the present one.

"Rather hemmed in here, aren't we?" he queried.

"We are perfectly safe," she assured him. "There is no exit at all on this side from the showrooms where our men are. All we have to do is to watch the windows above our heads, get out of the way when they drop the bag, pick it up, and make for my car. I have the key of the gate there. I'd have left it open, but a policeman passing might have noticed. If anything should go wrong, you must think and act for yourself, but don't shoot unless you have to."

"All right," he promised. "How long will they be?"

"Ten minutes at least. We are all right to whisper, but you mustn't smoke."

"What is the stuff?" he asked.

"Diamonds. Up above us is Moses Reinberg's office, the diamond merchant—up on the third floor there. He's just back from Brazil—been sorting his stuff for the last few days, and off to Amsterdam tomorrow. He's a perfect pig of a fellow, but I'm sorry for him tonight."

"Going to get it, is he?"

She nodded. "I'm afraid so. Grant and Passiter are working, and there's only one way of cleaning up things that they believe in. They haven't even troubled about masks tonight, and that's a bad sign."

The cool wind blew down the alleyway. The girl lifted her beret and let it play upon her cheeks and in her hair.

Her companion looked upward to the narrow strip of star-sprinkled sky. Together they listened.

"Queer life for a girl like you," he muttered. "You don't seem to be cut out for it, somehow."

"You don't know me," she whispered back. "I must have excitement. I can't rest without it. There's one sort I don't want, so I take this."

Then silence again. They were a long way off a main street, but every now and then they heard the steady rumble of traffic. As the time drew near, she was breathing quickly but softly. He watched the rise and fall of her slight bosom underneath her tightly drawn coat.

"Hell waiting, isn't it?" he ventured.

"The worst agony in life," she murmured.

A taxicab passed down the street, honking noisily. An unexpected aeroplane throbbed its lighted trail through the clouds above. Then again silence.

"I think I'm a little hysterical tonight," the girl faltered. "This waiting—it has never seemed so long."

He pressed her hand, and, to his surprise, she yielded it gladly.

"Nothing to be jumpy about," he reassured her. "I'll take care of you."

"So you're Nick of New York," she breathed. "You're not half such a brute as I fancied you."

(Continued on Page 124)

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(Continued from Page 122)

"There are times," he confided, "when I am not a brute at all—when I feel just the same things as other men."

Quickly and without warning the tragic world opened its fire upon them. From the third story of the blank building in the shadow of which they cowered, they heard the dull yet ominous report of an automatic—once—twice. Then silence. Another and even more fearsome sound—the trying of the locked gate in the next yard, heavy footsteps in the adjoining entry, hideously unexpected, distracting. Then the sound for which they were prepared—the opening of a window above their heads and a hissing admonition:

"Look out! Bag coming! Trouble on your left!"

A dispatch case came hurtling through the air. Nick Conklin, with amazing dexterity, caught it before it touched the pavement, and thrust it under the girl's arm.

"Run!" he cried. "Don't look behind. Leave the door open."

She had a horrible vision of a policeman on the dividing wall, his truncheon strap in his mouth, prepared to spring down. Then she remembered Grant's eternal edict—she was part of a whole. She must obey orders. With trembling knees she ran to the end of the passage without once looking behind, opened the gate, sprang into the car and started the engine. Her heart was beating furiously. Once she fancied that she heard the spit of a gun. There was a flash which might have been flame against the wall. Then footsteps—never the steps of a policeman, those—swift, light and stealthy upon the paved tiles. The door was pushed open, Nick Conklin leaped lightly into the car, and they shot ahead.

"Oh, Nick of New York," she gasped, "I am afraid!"

Their way seemed winged through the traffic-crowded street. Once he leaned forward and spoke. "Where are we going?" he asked.

"To Flood's, of course."

She made a final dash, turned a corner sharply and pulled up in front of the club. Then things happened quickly. A commissionaire threw open the door, snatched the dispatch case from her and vanished inside. The girl and Nick descended. Almost at once, a young man who seemed to come from nowhere jumped into her seat and drove off. From the hall of the club, where they paused for breath, the table where they had dined was clearly visible, and Nick Conklin, as he surrendered his overcoat, stared at it in blank amazement. He touched the girl upon the arm.

"Look there!" he exclaimed.

She laughed and, stooping down, rang a bell let into the wall and covered by a square piece of silk. A man and a girl rose at once from their places at the table and sauntered down the room.

"We haven't had time to let you into all our secrets yet," she confided. "Get into your cloakroom, quick. I'll call you when you are to come out."

He obeyed, a little dazed. In less than two minutes he answered her summons and found her waiting.

"Don't hurry for a moment," she enjoined, handing him a cigarette. "I forgot that this was your first night and you didn't know our tricks. Pretty good, weren't they, those two, considering our artist had only had a few minutes in which to study you?"

"Marvelous!" he declared. "Gave me some start!"

"They've done their job for the night now," she continued, looking into her mirror critically and touching up her lips. "They've gone up by the back way to change. Come along and examine Passiter and Eustace Grant. They're perfect."

"What's the great idea?" he inquired.

"An alibi, of course," she explained. "There are forty people in this place now who could swear, and honestly believe it, that neither Passiter nor Eustace Grant, you nor myself, had left the restaurant this evening. Look at Passiter's teeth, and Grant's droop of the mouth, and the way he holds his cigarette. There they are to the life."

"It's a great stunt," Conklin acknowledged.

The waiter held their chairs as they resumed their former places. He poured wine into their glasses, watching them all the time covertly.

"It's simply done, you see," Bradman pointed out, leaning across the table. "Directly you and Miss Dring left your places, your dummies came down by a back way from the dressing rooms into the cloakrooms. Thirty seconds after you had disappeared, they entered and took your places. Now watch!"

A bell set underneath the table rang softly. The two dummies of Passiter and Grant rose to their feet and strolled away. Everyone at the table drew a little sigh of relief.

"A few minutes behind time tonight," Chaplain Lane remarked.

The girl glanced at her watch and nodded.

"There was some shooting," she confided, "and other trouble."

"You got the stuff?" Mat Sarson asked anxiously.

She nodded reassurance. Grant and Passiter strolled up the room together, unruffled, exactly as they had left it an hour before, exactly as their doubles had left it two minutes since. Grant had his arm on Passiter's shoulder and appeared to be in high good humor. At the table he helped himself quickly to champagne and took up the conversation just where it had been abandoned an hour ago. To all appearance, the little party were continuing with unbroken mirth their light-hearted feast. The girl, however, whose nerves were on edge, was conscious of a sense of strain. Grant, his monocle firmly adjusted, stared fixedly at the label on the bottle of wine which he had been drinking. He turned to the waiter, who was never far away from his elbow.

"George," he directed, "tell Mr. Flood I want a word with him."

The man disappeared. Flood hurried up.

"Yes, major?"

"About this Cliquot '19?"

"There is very little of it left, I'm afraid."

Grant dropped his voice suddenly: "Anyone unusual about this evening?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"A troublesome young man I don't like the look of at all, sitting at a table by himself near the door. Wants to look over the place afterward and join the club. Says Jourdain would propose him."

"Damn Jourdain anyway! Write him off the books. I'll speak to the young man presently."

"Yes, sir."

Flood took his leave. Grant leaned toward their distinguished American guest.

"Any trouble your end?" he asked. "I thought I heard a gun."

"Nothing of that sort," Conklin assured him. "A clumsy, splay-footed policeman came stumbling over the wall at me, and I gave him the double-knuckle twist, and I never heard from him again. Did you find trouble?"

"Yes. That isn't what's bothering me, though. Keep things going here."

Grant, with a careless nod, and his cigar still between his fingers, walked toward the table near the door where the young man was seated. He greeted him courteously.

"You want to join our small club, I hear," he said.

"I should like to," the other admitted.

"You have a proposer?"

"Yes. Mr. Mitchell Jourdain."

Grant's manner apparently underwent a sudden change.

"Dear, me—dear me!" he regretted. "What did you say your name was, Mr. ——"

"My name is Phillipson—Edward Phillipson. I am in business in the City."

Grant shook his head.

(Continued on Page 126)

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(Continued from Page 124)

"I am sorry," he confided. "The club is absolutely filled up."

"Jourdain was telling me ——" the young man began.

"Forgive me if I interrupt you," Grant begged. "Mr. Jourdain is not persona grata here. His name, in fact, has been removed from the list of members."

"But why?"

"He gave offense in some way, I suppose," was the stiff response. "In any case, as I have told you, the club is full. Will you excuse me now, Mr. Phillipson? I am entertaining friends."

Grant made his thoughtful return to the table and led the little party up into the private bar.

"That fellow who said he wanted to join the club," he recounted—"under a false name, by the bye—was Richard Gibbs. He's one of the young men they've pushed along to take Dickins' place. I don't like his coming round here to make inquiries—especially tonight."

"You needn't worry." Conklin chuckled. "He's after me. Told to keep a line on me while I'm in the city, I expect. He called at the hotel this morning. Said he was an interviewer. I may not be overbright, but I can tell an interviewer from a detective."

Grant's face cleared.

"That's better," he admitted, in a tone of relief. "You see," he went on, dropping his voice a little, "we got the stuff tonight, but there was trouble. Passiter had to put a man right out, or he'd have got me."

Passiter's face contracted. He snarled in ugly fashion.

"It was your bullet which did the trick, Grant, not mine!" he rejoined.

Grant was unmoved.

"Very likely," he agreed carelessly. "At any rate, one of us has killed the man. Our get-away was excellent, our alibis are cast iron if ever they were needed. We have nothing really to worry about, but I have a proposal to make to you all. I hear that in New York the higher branches of the profession have been neglected. Mr. Conklin here will tell you so himself. Let us take a few months' holiday and visit that amiable metropolis. Not all together, of course. I should go myself from Genoa by one of the new Italian boats. Then someone could go from Marseilles, another by the French Line from Havre. There are also the ordinary routes and a line from Glasgow to Canada. What do you say would happen to us, Mr. Conklin?"

The latter considered the matter.

"You might bring it off," he admitted. "The stuff's there and you've got methods of your own that ain't so bad. Your trouble would be to get the right sort of local information. I don't think it would ever pay me to join up with you."

There was a moment's silence. A stranger entering the room would have become instantly aware of the fact that there was a sense of strain among this little company of men. Even Grant was retaining his imperturbability of speech and manner with an effort. Passiter had mounted the stairs, shivering. Chaplain Lane was very pale, and drinking a great deal of wine. Passiter leaned across the table toward their visiting member, and his face and tone were vicious.

"Who cares whether you join up with us or not?" he snapped. "We could find out all we want to know among the suckers of New York. There's too much smooth talk and swell clothes about our ways lately. Some of you fellows," he wound up, with a scowl at Grant, "are getting above your job. We're crooks, remember; not gentlemen."

Again there was a queer silence. It was very seldom that an outbreak like this was heard at Flood's. Martha Dring pushed her chair back from the table. Grant pinched a cigar carefully and lit it, as though to emphasize his brief pause.

"You must excuse our friend," he begged, turning to Conklin. "He appears to be a little upset tonight—a touch of nerves perhaps. . . . Pull yourself together, Passiter."

"Blast your nerves!" Passiter shouted, tearing off his coat and throwing it on the floor. "I'm sick of these sham duds. We did better when we worked from Bermondsey. I'll fight any of you for a hundred quid."

"You forget," Grant reminded him quietly, "that there is a lady present."

"Oh, don't mind me," Martha Dring observed wearily. "I think I'm getting nerves too. I shouldn't mind seeing a good fight."

"You won't see it here," Grant rejoined, and, as he shook his right arm, an ugly little life preserver slipped into the palm of his hand. We are all on edge tonight and we've got to pull ourselves together. A brawl in the club is just what would give the whole show away. I am master here remember. Passiter, put on your coat."

The man sulkily obeyed. He was trembling from head to foot. Grant tapped on the table, and George, the inevitable shadow of the assembly, crept out from the recesses of the bar.

"Two magnums of the Cliquot, some whisky, soda and cigars," Grant ordered. "I'll tell you the honest truth. I'm nervy myself."

"We've been at our job too long without a break," Chaplain Lane declared eagerly. "A sea voyage will do us all the good in the world."

"I'll show you where our expenses are, and a bit to go on with, boys," Grant volunteered.

He threw a handful of gems upon the table. They all clustered round. Mat Sarson, who was the expert, let them fall through his fingers.

"They are better than the report," he declared in excitement. "Even when they are cut, boys, there's fifteen thousand pounds' worth here."

The champagne was brought and poured out in tumblers. The dangerous moment was past. Sam Rubens took a pack of cards from his pocket.

"I'll play anyone at stud poker for my share," he challenged.

There was a roar of laughter.

"You cheating little devil," Grant scoffed. "As though anyone would play with you!"

Rubens—smooth-faced, olive-cheeked, Levantine in appearance—grinned. His beautifully manicured fingers played round the cards.

"Of course I cheat," he agreed. "Everyone who plays cards cheats, except the mugs. The thing is, who cheats the cleverest. Anyone like to try?"

He looked wistfully around without eliciting any response.

"The trouble of it is we can never get a game of cards here with Rubens around," Grant grumbled.

"You should learn to cheat as well as I do." The young man smirked.

Nick of New York suddenly set down his empty glass.

"Look here, boys," he said. "You're all a little tired of the regular game, you're all spoiling for a gamble. So am I. What about a big one?"

"How big?" someone muttered.

"Something that will give you plenty to talk about for the rest of your days and brace up all the nerves in your body, eh? I don't know what sort of sports you are yet. Have you got the pluck, I wonder?"

"Cut that out, you little swine!" Passiter snapped.

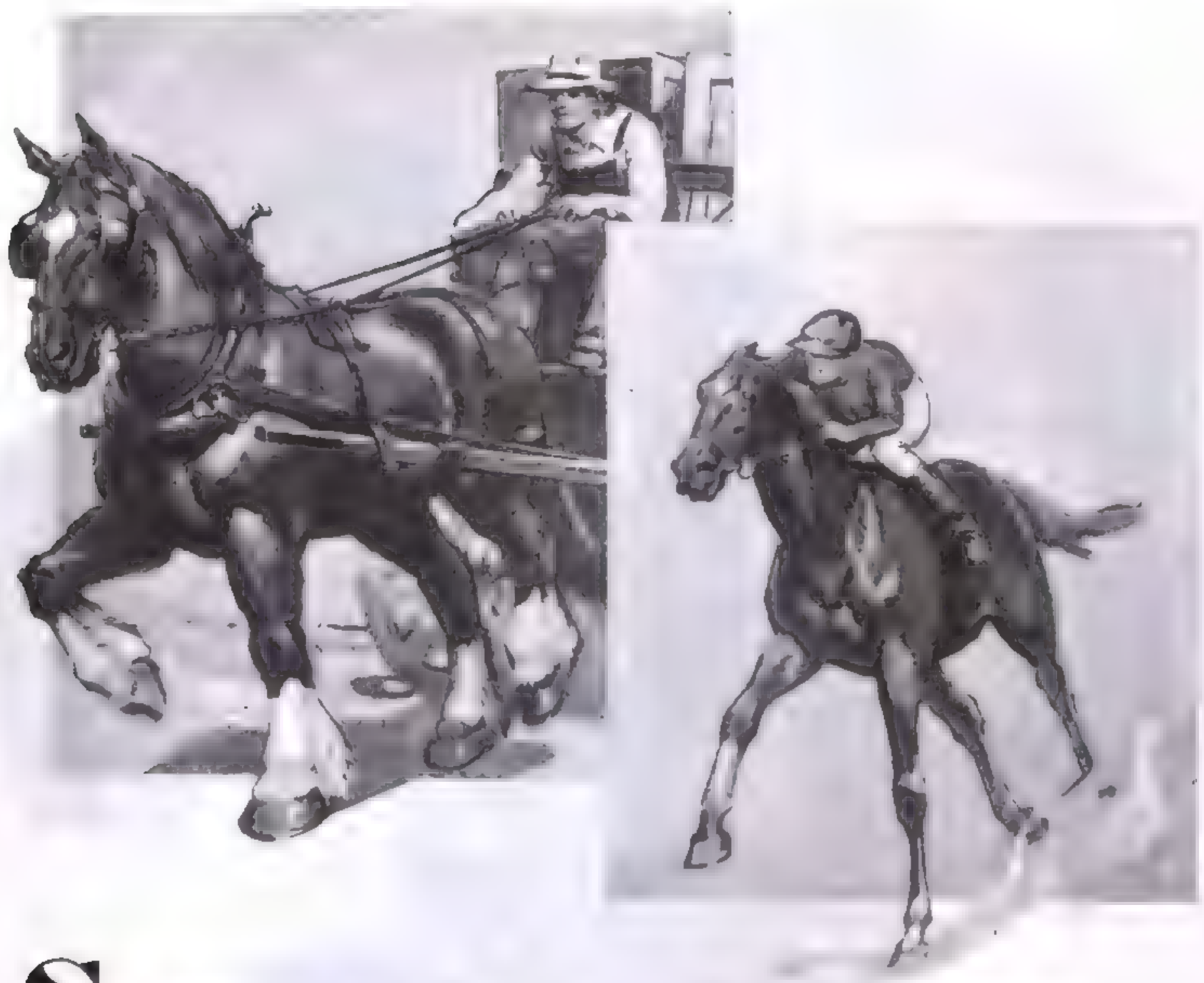
"We'll see about the pluck," Grant observed. "Get on with it."

"You're going to clean up here. You'd like to put the bulls off by clearing right out for a spell. Not a bad idea. I'm doing the same myself, from New York. Before you go, let's wind up big. Let's see what you're worth, each of you. Count me in alongside, if you dare."

"Cut that out!" Passiter growled once more. "We've had enough of your bragging!"

"I don't brag about anything I can't make good," Nick Conklin declared, with

(Continued on Page 129)



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Actually, you will never find such a sign as this.

It is portrayed here by calculation to awaken you to a realization of what the ethical dentist has "for sale."

Years of life! Years of comfort! The health and enjoyment that are in sturdy, capable teeth and a clean mouth.

To say that modern dentistry can add years to life is no exaggeration. Highest medical authority recognizes the immediate relationship of oral health to body health.

Many troublesome ailments, often fatal, are directly traceable to oral disorder.

For example, rheumatism, neuritis, and stomach, heart and kidney troubles. Surely, you want to avoid the possibility of poor health that may follow neglect of teeth and mouth.

So, do as your dentist would have you do. Go to him regularly, as frequently as he suggests. Accept and apply his good advice. Do not rely entirely upon ordinary though regular brushing. Give him opportunity to make careful examination and X-rays if he deems it wise.

Be punctual in your dental appointments. Give prompt attention to dental bills. Your dentist has no time to lose if he is to earn a living commensurate with his education, costs, and social value.

Go yourself, and send your family, to obtain this "bargain in health." Always "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. • Toronto, Ont.

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This is Advertisement No. 5 of the Lavoris Reciprocation Program tendered the American Dentist in recognition of more than 25 years' acceptance and good will

Lavoris assists you to keep a clean mouth, a healthy mouth. A pleasant and safe mouthwash is made by combining Lavoris with cold or warm water, as preferred.

Use Lavoris at every brushing and enjoy the delightful, refreshing feeling. Large and small bottles at drug counters everywhere

(Continued from Page 126)

a grandiloquent gesture, "and I'm not afraid to take any one of you on. What I propose is this: Start a competition among us men. Keep it open, say, a fortnight, or as long as you like. Everyone meet on the last night, and the one who's got the most to show for his one job—mind, one job only—scoops the lot. One of us will get something worth having then—not these odd bits of money. You can have side bets, if you like. I shall back myself for a thousand pounds against anyone here."

There was a gleam of appreciation in Grant's eyes.

"Do you mean that we are to work alone?" he inquired.

"You can make the conditions yourself," Conklin conceded. "You know the ropes here better than I do."

They all pondered heavily. The light of a great covetousness was in their eyes. Nick of New York was reputed to be a braggart and a millionaire. They wanted his money. Passiter, in his excitement, had recovered his temper. He leaned across the table, his eyes bright, a streak of unusual color in his cheeks.

"I suppose you realize, all of you," he said, "that what we are proposing to do beats anything else that has ever been done by any company of adventurers in the world?"

Bradman, with a superior smile, cut in.

"There has never been a company of adventurers like us," he said. "We have the police beaten and scared. If this exploit comes off, Scotland Yard will have to go out of business."

"To get back to details," Grant intervened, tapping the table, "there is a certain amount of unnecessary risk attached to a single-handed exploit. To my mind, the artistry of an affair demands a safe, effective and graceful get-away. For that purpose, a reasonable amount of secondary assistance is needed."

"I agree," Mat Sarson, who was reputed to be the original cat burglar, piped up. "I can work my own stunt better than anyone else on earth, but I need covering up afterward."

"He needs dropping into his little basket, poor dear," Bradman mocked. "I'm for communal help so far as the get-away is concerned, and Costigan's gang behind if necessary."

"Everyone seems unanimous about that," Grant announced, turning to Conklin. "My only regret is that this may place you at some disadvantage, as you are comparatively a stranger with us."

"Not at all," Nick of New York said coolly. "I have watched Miss Dring's methods. They're neat enough for me. I shall invite her to be my partner."

For some reason or other Grant was displeased. There was a frown upon his face as he turned toward the girl.

"What do you say, Miss Dring?"

His tone was silky, yet portentous. One could almost have detected a threat under the simple question. The girl met his challenge joyously.

"If Mr. Conklin really means it," she assented, smiling at him, "I'll be his get-away with pleasure, and we'll win."

Eustace Grant rose to his feet. No one there had ever seen him so near losing his temper. "You'll have to aim high," he warned them.

Nick of New York laughed quietly.

"If I have to break into the Tower of London and bring away the Crown Jewels," he declared, "Miss Dring and I will win."

"Your thousand pounds is a bet," was Grant's defiant, challenging reply.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in an early issue

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 33)

"In writing to the President, 'My dear Mr. President' is good usage. An emperor is to be addressed, in a letter, as 'Sire,' or 'Your Imperial Majesty.' A king or queen is to be addressed as 'Sire,' or 'Your Majesty.' The envelope is to be addressed: 'The King's Most Excellent Majesty.'"

"Say, that's a lot of hooey. I knew a fellow who played tennis with the Prince of Wales, and he used to address his letters to 'His Royal Highness,' but playing tennis he called him 'Goofer.' I'll write and ask him ——" He suddenly subsided, with a look of pain.

"The deepest gas well in the world is near Ligonier, Pennsylvania. It reaches a total depth of 7756 feet. The oyster crop of the world amounts to over 22,000,000 bushels. The record-breaking equine high jump was made by Great Heart in Chicago on June 8, 1923. He cleared the bar at 8 feet 1[illegible] inch."

"It's a lie!" Wilkinson Wigmore sprang to his feet and waved his arms. "I myself saw Heatherbloom clear 8 feet 2!"

"Eight feet two! You're crazy!"

"I saw him, I tell you! I saw him! This must be cleared up! A great injustice has been done!"

"Sit down or you'll spoil your suicide."

"I won't! This is too important! I won't leave a world where things like this are going on! Save me! Save me!"

"But how can we save you?"

"Look it up in the almanac!"

I turned to Poisons and Their Antidotes. I read: "Plenty of strong coffee and stimulants. Try to arouse by speaking loudly and threateningly." The coffee and stimulants were at hand. The loud and threatening talk was provided, almost in excess, by a general discussion of the statistics of this dreary world. Wilkinson Wigmore was saved. —Morris Bishop.

Well Organized

OUR town is coming along splendidly with its new slogan: "A traffic light for every inhabitant." With a population of 617, we boast 614 traffic lights, as many as the three adjoining towns combined. With two cow paths and several private walks still unlighted, there will be no trouble in filling our quota.

Our citizens are well organized and wouldn't think of disobeying the regulations. Some of our largest farmhouses have installed one-way stairs, and even the livestock wouldn't think of making left-hand turns without giving due warning. One enterprising poultry man is raising Rhode Island Reds exclusively. They make good stop signals for the other animals. Sheep, however, are permitted to go ahead on green grass.

In fact, even the penny scales in our drug store is a one-weigh contrivance; it avoids confusion and has been found much more profitable. Passing tourists indorse our system for its safety. The only accident we've ever had was when an opera soprano, driving on her way to the city, hit high C. If there were a liquor traffic in this town it would be equally well organized.

—Parke Cummings.

Somebody's Hired Man

JOHN HENRY was a farmer boy, but most fastidious;
He always knocked the farmer's life with argument invidious;
"You spend your days in stirring mud and fighting bugs!" said he;
"It's no game for a gentleman of finer taste, like me.
I'll leave the farm flat on its back—and do it while I can!
Why, gosh, I might stay here and be somebody's hired man!"

And so he kissed the plow good-by and traveled up the line;
He got a slick white-collar job and everything was fine;
His shoes were always glossy now; his socks were always hot;
And nasty mud and calloused hands John Henry quite forgot.
A lady manicured his nails; a barber shaved his pan;
It was a laugh to think of him as someone's hired man.

Year after year John Henry works behind a counter where
He's known and designated simply Ladies' Underwear;
At noon he has a full half hour in which to eat his lunch;
Sometimes he spends an evening at the movies with the bunch,
But oftener the hurry and the worry of the day
Leave head and feet exhausted and he's glad to hit the hay.

The farmer boys he knew are somewhat weather-worn, that's true,
But all of them are happy and most of them well-to-do;
Their finger nails are broken from long struggles with the ground,
But they can go to Florida when winter rolls around;
Each owns a little patch of ground, and he is boss of it;
No man on earth can tell him when to start to work or quit.

John Henry's hands are white and soft; his collars wear a gloss;
There's but one drawback in his life—and that one is his boss;
For when the tyrant's fist comes down and hits the desk a thump
It really is pitiful to see John Henry jump.
Still, it is mighty lucky that he quit the farm and ran—
If he had stayed he might have been somebody's hired man.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

"Smart"

IT MAY be a pipe or it may be a gown;
It may be a car or an overstuffed chair;
It may be a house or a part of the town;
It may be a shoe or the cut of your hair;
It may be a book or a dog or a ring;
It may be a table, a tie or a tart;
Whatever it is, it isn't the thing
Unless it is "smart"—it has to be "smart."

It may be your way with a knife and a fork;
It may be your bright conversational style;
It may be your method of pulling a cork;
It may be your manner of fetching a smile;
It may be the sort of a walk you affect;
It may be your patter on books and on art;
Whatever it is, it isn't correct
Unless it is "smart"—it has to be "smart."

There once was a time when an adjective could
Be pretty or pleasant, delightful or fine,
Harmonious, beautiful, charming or good,
Agreeable, gracious, enchanting, divine,
Felicitous, exquisite, elegant, gay,
Attractive or clever—these for a start—
But only one's used for description today,
And that one is "smart"—it has to be "smart."

It may be I'm aging, it may be I'm old;
It may be I ought to be laid on the shelf;
It may be my failing to scoff and to scold;
It may be I'm lacking in smartness myself;
But still I believe there are many who find
A pleasure in qualities seldom a part
Of values that instantly come to the mind
With uppity "smart"—persnickety "smart." —Gorton Veeder Carruth.

In the jungle

A POOR LITTLE BALL in the high, high rough. And you wielding a wicked niblick. WHA-A-M! Nice out!...but how often the ball is "wounded unto death."

No sir! At least not when the ball is a Burke 50-50. This celebrated friend of lower golfing costs not only rides far and true, but cannot be cut by mis-hits.

It seems almost miraculous... but it's so easy for you to prove that it's all in a day's work for a Burke 50-50.

To get this ball into your hands so you may learn that a ball can be good and yet inexpensive, we will send you the first carton of three for $1. (Only one to a reader). The regular price is $1.50.

BURKE 50 50

And with every Burke 50-50 goes our unqualified guarantee. Any ball that cracks, cuts through or gets out of shape in 50 holes is replaced free. We can afford to do this because we KNOW the ball will hold up.

Fill out the coupon, pin a dollar to it and mail today to The Burke Golf Co., Newark, O.

FOR INTRODUCTORY PURPOSES ONLY

Coupon good until July 31, 1929, only. Only one carton to a reader.

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Dept. A-9
Newark, Ohio

I will give the 50-50 and its guarantee a fair trial. Here's my dollar for a three-ball carton.

Name_____

Address_____

Gardens in Nature's Own Colors

The automobile is responsible for the colorful gardens which have overspread the country ▾▾ Because motor cars made it possible for hundreds of thousands of people to move to suburban homes ▾▾ These suburban dwellers are young-minded, they are prosperous, they live well, they buy advertised goods ▾▾ More and more of them are being reached by the *Ladies' Home Journal*—and among the reasons for this publication's popularity are its pages of gardening ▾▾ Gardens and flowers are shown by a process of natural-color photography which is editorially exclusive to the Journal.

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL

THE SLOWEST TOWN ON EARTH

Let's Go to the Theater—By Wallace Irwin

SCENE I

[*A hotel room which hints at luxury and Louis Quince. Hank Higgins and his little wife who've come to town to see the life, sit looking puzzled by the strife.*

HANK *(reading from the Evening Whoop)*:
Pet, here's some news, a real big scoop.
"Of Ninety Theaters in Town
The Half of Them are Closing Down
For Lack of Audiences." Gee,
I guess we might get tickets free.

PET *(sits a while in solemn thought)*:
It sounds that way. I guess we ought.
But listen, Hank. The Charlie Skinners
Are New York people, used to dinners
And theaters and goings-on;
They've been so nice to Uncle John
It's up to us to entertain 'em.

HANK:
Fine. Get 'em on the 'phone and chain 'em
To some near date.
I calculate,
With ninety theaters in town,
And half of those a-closing down,
It won't be hard to pick a show
To which the Skinners want to go.

DUET:
The Skinners! The Skinners!
And aren't the Skinners winners!
We've been in town so short a while
We scarcely know the latest style;
We feel like mere beginners,
And yet, you bet
Our social debt
We'll pay and ask the Skinners.

[PET *telephones in huge delight. The* SKINNERS *make it Wednesday night.*

HANK:
Oh, rapturous hour!
Oh, hour of gladness—
One note strikes sour
And brings me sadness.
Can we afford our dough to blow
Upon a dinner and a show?

PET:
Be brave! We'll spend
Like shore-leave gobs
To show a friend
We are not slobs.
Go forth and buy the tickets, sir,
E'en though they cost five dollars per!
For him and her
Swell seats we'll buy,
Five dollars per
Is not too high.

HANK:
Five dollars per
Sounds kind of steep;
But him and her
Like nothing cheap.
Yo-ho,
And so
We'll go
To the show
On Wednesday night—oh, night of rapture,
When by a drammer and a dinner
The business confidence we'll capture
Of Mrs. and Mrs. Charlie Skinner.

[*The* CURTAIN, *falling, shows the feet of* MR. HIGGINS *in retreat to carry out his errand light—four on the aisle for Wednesday night.*

SCENE II

[*Five golden hours have sped, and* HANK *has sped as well. Twelve theaters he's visited and paced their lobbies swell. But every time our hero's dared the* TICKET SELLER'S *glance he's read the sign: THIS SHOW SOLD OUT FULL SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE.*

[*Now he's beginning to suspect the job is not so light to take the* SKINNERS *to a play the coming Wednesday night. Just then his eyes rove up and down and see the sign: BEST SHOW IN TOWN. So quickly thither he repairs and sees a* KINDLY GENT *behind the window, counting cash, as one on pleasure bent.*

HANK:
Oh, Kindly Gent, with brow so clear,
What is the play that's playing here?

KINDLY GENT:
'Tis called The Lion and the Geese,
A famous playwright's masterpiece.
It has the best-selected cast
Of any drama, first or last,
That ever touched these Western shores.
It's full of giggles, laughs and roars,
Of heated passions, icy chills,
Mad moments and electric thrills.
If you believe I overstate it,
Just look you how the critics rate it.

[*With nifty fingers he displays a page of pretty printed praise. "It's simply perfect!"* EVENING MOON. *"Such Artistry!"*—JOHN MACAROON. *"The best I've seen in all my life."*—PAUL PUNKIN *in the* MORNING KNIFE.

HANK:
Four on the aisle for Wednesday night,
Four on the aisle for me.

KINDLY GENT:
Four on the center aisle is right,
Close to the stage—Row C.

[*Hank scarcely can believe his eyes. Three and a half for such a prize. No trouble either—just like that! He's caught a bargain off the bat.*

[*But as he's leaving he observes some* PERSONS *who offend his nerves. They jeer and gibe and gape and gig like folks who see the Two-Tailed Pig.*

WHISPERING CHORUS:
There's a bran'-new yap upon the map,
A bran'-new rube in town;
It's the same old hick with the same gold brick—
Hey, my jolly-boys, do him brown!

[HANK *sneaks along among the throng and shudders with a dim suggestion that each passing hat has turned to mock at him. So now he slinks and now he thinks, "Am I an outcast one? Do they know what I've gone and got? Oh, gosh, what have I done?" (An* OLD NEW YORKER *he descries and stops him with despairing eyes.)*

OLD NEW YORKER:
Ah, greetings, gentle Higgins! I suppose
you're losing sleep,
What with taking in the music halls and plays.
Have you seen the hit called Hee-Haw
Or the merry-merry Gee-Gaw?
Have you been to Oodle-Doodle? It's the craze.

HANK:
No. I'm weary of the slogan, Selling Six Weeks in Advance,
And I've found a very perfect masterpiece
Where the prices aren't so heady
And they have the tickets ready.
It's a drama called The Lion and the the Geese.

OLD NEW YORKER:
Oh. The Lion and the Geese.
(Here his brow betrays a crease.)
Brother Hig, Brother Hig, take a tip-tip-tip
From a tried and true New Yorker with a flask upon his hip:

Never buy a ticket for the night you want to go;
Avoid it like an egg
Infected with a plague.
Never pay the normal price for any kind of show.
Dodge the second-raters
And deal with speculators.
Never buy a seat unless you positively know
You'll have to take a chance
On six weeks in advance.
For that's the Rule of Knowledge, sir, that makes our City so
Boiling with publicity
And frenzied with felicity—
Hurrah for the mortgage on the old bung-a-low.

HANK:
But the Lion and the Geese, sir, is where I want to go.

[*The* OLD NEW YORKER *shakes his head, turns on his heel and cuts him dead. The* CURTAIN *falls with such thump that poor* HANK HIGGINS *has to jump.*

SCENE III

[*Friend* HANK, *not looking well, goes shyly back to his hotel. His darling* PET *is waiting there, but when he sees her searching stare he pauses with the dampened thought, "Or weal or woe, she mustn't know about those tickets that I bought."*

PET:
My precious lamb, you've been so long. . . .
What tickets did you buy?

HANK:
No tickets, Pet. I got in wrong.
Don't ask the reason why.

PET:
Oh, well, I'm rather glad of that.
Jill Skinner called me up just now
And said they'd like to see Spit-Spat—
The biggest hit in town, a wow.

HANK:
I've tried the wows, the hits, the shrieks,
But Skinners must be pleased, my Pet.
Put off the party seven weeks
And I'll go see what I can get.

[*As reckless as a gladiator, he wanders toward the elevator. The lift comes up. In sudden joy,* HANK *sees the* ELEVATOR BOY. *Smiling, "Here's something for you, Jim," he slips the tickets unto him. But Jim withholds his haughty hand. "This, sir, I cannot understand. Us New York fellers never goes to them there inexpensive shows."* (HANK HIGGINS *has a sudden pain. Hello! The* CURTAIN'S *down again.)*

SCENE IV

[*A Ticket Window, draped with chorus photos sweetly shaped, displaying girls with nought to wear but diamonds—mostly in their hair.* HANK HIGGINS *sees the usual sign: NOTHING FOR SALE. PLEASE GET IN LINE, and under that, a warning pat: DON'T BUY YOUR SEATS OF SPECULATORS. This puzzles* HANK, *from hat to gaiters. (A* DOORMAN, *costumed like the Czar, stands fondly dreaming of the star.)*

HANK:
If speculation's what you fear
And tickets aren't for sale in here,
Where do I go to blow my dough
On this gol-fangled silly show?

THE DOORMAN:
Hey, fella, slip a dollar to me
If you're inclined to interview me.
(This HIGGINS *slips—he's trained to tips.)*
Across the way see yon display,
Scalper & Sinker, Ticket Brokers.
Go whisper to the jolly jokers.

HANK:
But, sir, you say that Speculators ——

[*The* PRINCE OF SIDEWALK DECORATORS *just turns away as if to say, "We have no time for small potaters." So, meekly* HIGGINS *enters then* SCALPER AND SINKER'S *glassy den.*

[*A row of* BABY VAMPS *recline by telephones, a red-lipped line, while* MR. SCALPER, *lean and old, counts tickets as he'd fondle gold.*

CHORUS OF BABY VAMPS *(in tones that warble through their telephones)*:
They're all sold out, they're all sold out,
No matter what you pay.
Why don't you speak for Christmas Week
Or Decoration Day?
Hello, good-by—hello, good-by,
We've nothing more to say,
For that's our roundelay, delay,
For that's our roundelay.

HANK *(to the* BOSS, *though he's quite at a loss)*:
Bring tickets four
For yonder play
Across the way—
I ask no more.

[*Now* SCALPER, *with a look of pride, consults a code book at his side. His finger runs o'er many lines of cabalistic voodoo signs. Then, arms upraised and eyes a-slant, he half intones, half sings, half moans a rimeless, timeless sort of chant.*

RIMELESS, TIMELESS CHANT

On the evening of November Thirteenth
We can offer, we can offer
Four seats in the balcony—
Hi-yo. Hi-yo.
But you can't sit together
Because
They'll be scattered all the way between
Row Nine and Row Twenty-three.
You can't see each other during the performance,
But maybe you can meet and talk it over between acts.
And if you prefer,
On November Twenty-first you can have four seats together,
Eightieth Row in the Orchestra.
If you want seats farther forward
You must await your turn—
I rather think there'll be a vacancy
About July Fourteenth.

[HANK HIGGINS *shuffles on his feet; his voice is hoarse and strange: "Say, I'm not asking for a seat upon the Stock Exchange," as* SCALPER, *with an icy glare, names prices that would curl your hair.*

HANK:
Make it November Twenty-first.
Now what's the price, man? Tell the worst.

[SCALPER *computes the sum that's due—'tis figured neat upon a sheet—$147.82.* HANK HIGGINS *pales a tiny speck and gobbles, "Will you take a check?"*

RIMELESS, TIMELESS CHANT *(continued)*:
We cannot accept your check
Unless it is indorsed
By the manager of the Al Capone Theater.

HANK:
Oh, where, oh, where is that manager gone;
Oh, where, oh, where can he be?

SCALPER:
Up in his office he works till dawn—
He never goes home before three.

[*Through Broadway's bright electric night* HANK *flounders in his empty quest of that elusive manager who runs Capone's Theater—his name is* GODFREY JEST.

[JEST *has a dozen offices, perhaps a dozen more, with ninety thousand office boys to meet you at the door. Some scowl at you, some pull a grin, but all report, "He isn't in." Some treat* HANK *like a nimble thief who's entered there to rob, some think he is an acrobat applying for a job. One takes him for a chorus man and asks to see him dance, and when our* HANK *obliges him he murmurs, "Not a chance."*

[*At last, when dawn is in the sky,* HANK *finds an office lad who really listens to his tale and giggles. "That's too bad. This* MR. JEST, *he took a rest about a month ago. I don't know quite the place to write—I think it's Mexico."*

[*A milky sunrise finds our* HANK *asleep against the Brokers' Bank, so weary that he scarce can stand. He holds a check book in his hand. A* COP *who knows a crook on sight lays hands upon the weary wight. "Move on," he says, "before I call the* SERGEANT."

(Continued on Page 133)

"Air-Way Avoids Contact *with* Infectious Cleaner-Bag Dirt Which So Easily May Cause Sickness"

Doctor Gray—Mrs. Milroy, I am going to be perfectly frank with you. There is too much sickness in this family. Somewhere in this beautiful home or around it, there is a source of germ infections. It's just as though you folks were drinking the water from an old, condemned surface well.

Mrs. Milroy—I don't understand how that can be possible, doctor. You can see for yourself that this home is spotlessly clean.

Doctor Gray—Oh yes—that seems apparent, but I know that my microscope reveals to me bacteria which neither I nor anyone else can see with the unaided eye. And by the way, how do you dispose of the dust and dirt collected in the home?

Mrs. Milroy—It is emptied out of the cleaner bag and burned.

Doctor Gray—Do you not know that there is now a cleaner which does away with the need of emptying the cleaner bag? Surely, everybody knows about Air-Way—the home-cleaning system that has no bag to empty?

Mrs. Milroy—Oh yes, I've heard of it, but it is only another cleaner, isn't it?

Doctor Gray—Oh no indeed, it's much more than that, Mrs. Milroy. It not only reveals a tremendous new efficiency in the performance of its work, but it seals all collected refuse safely in a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container that you detach bodily and burn or cast away. Air-Way avoids contact with infectious cleaner-bag dirt which so easily may cause sickness.

Mrs. Milroy—Well, doctor, I'll admit that feature to be more valuable than any I ever saw in a cleaner. I will get an Air-Way and make sure that none of us will ever again run any risk of contact with the dust and dirt we are so careful to remove from floors and furniture.

Doctor Gray—That's fine. I personally regard an Air-Way as an urgent hygienic necessity in any home.

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under "Air-Way Branch of *(your city)*." Sold direct—not in any store. A telephone call will bring a gentlemanly, bonded representative to demonstrate Air-Way in your home.

Air-Way
SANITARY SYSTEM

If you do not find an Air-Way Branch listed in your phone book we will gladly supply you with complete information about The Air-Way Sanitary System. Just write your name and address on the corner of this page, tear off and send it direct to the factory.

No Cleaner Bag or Container to Empty

AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A. • AIR-WAY LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

(Continued from Page 131)

(Let the CURTAIN fall.)

[An ENTRE ACTE will be the next our drama to unfold. 'Tis late November, raining hard; the wind is turning cold. Within their swell, refined hotel the HIGGINSES are snug; but PET looks blank and stares at HANK across the Turkish rug.

PET:

You got the tickets, though they cost
So much my pleasure's kind of lost.
I can't afford to buy that dress
Or those swell reptile shoes, I guess.

Things, I'll admit, have not turned out
The way we thought they'd come about.
The Skinners, whom we counted on,
Have had to go to Washington.
We asked the Grays, but Mrs. Gray
Came down with measles yesterday.

The whole darned thing has been accurst—
Tomorrow night's the Twenty-first
So I have had to ask the Jiggs,
Those money-chasing, petty prigs.
They're shy on beauty, style and brains,
And not the sort one entertains.

(An ENGLISH BUTLER enters in and talks above his lofty chin.)

BUTLER:

Mr. and Mrs. Jiggs regret
They cannot come. They say they get
Asthmatic when the nights are wet.

HANK:

Ah! Dankest of our growing evils—
We'll have to ask the Oscar Weevils.

[Lights grow stingy. Fade-out dingy.

SCENE V

[A gilded restau-rant, all lined with brass and tin. It's clogged with dopes and crimson ropes so people can't get in. HANK hangs around, in gloom profound, upon a marble landing. His tie is white, his shoes are tight—oh, gosh, he's tired of standing. The WEEVILS are a full hour late; of course he puts the blame on KATE, who's learned the New York doxy that punctuality's a crime; it's rotten form to be on time—except, of course, by proxy.

[A tall HEAD WAITER, bald and bold, explains, "Your soup is getting cold." HANK mutters, "Let it freeze." PET has the pip and HANK the grippe, and both begin to sneeze. At last the WEEVILS, fresh and strong, come bouncing through the surging throng. "We hope you haven't waited long." Oh, boy, that ancient wheeze!

[Slightly revived are HIGGINS' hopes; he leads them to the crimson ropes, is halted by a flunky who sneers in French, "They shall not pass." HANK shouts in vain, "You go to grass, you organ grinder's monkey!" But just the same, his party waits behind the awful silken gates until some scout has snooped about to find the major domo. In half an hour he comes that way, as one intending to display his scorn for genus homo.

HEAD WAITER:

Your table's gone, your table's gone,
So are the forks and chairs—
But we'll be true and offer you
A dining room upstairs.

HANK AND PET:

We'll eat hot nails and poison snails
If you will let us dine.

We've missed our fun; the show's begun—
It's nearly half-past nine.

[He leads them to a dining room of rather fierce demeanor. The table isn't set at all; a workman enters from the hall and starts a vacuum cleaner. HANK growls, "Bejinks I'll eat or die." PET sniffles and begins to cry, but OSCAR WEEVIL takes a smoke and cheers them with the kind of joke the experts call a Custard Pie.

[At last the dinner's carried in. It isn't what they ordered. The caviar resembles tar with fancy concrete bordered. "I'll send it back," cries pettish PET; HANK mumbles, "Nope. That's what we get. We stay here till the last is et."

[At forty minutes after ten the party staggers to the street. It's raining hard, with now and then a rather cutting touch of sleet. One of the nights when geysers spout and taxis never venture out. HANK wades around among the slop and signals cars that just won't stop. The WEEVILS bright express delight that should be sticking in their crop.

MR. AND MRS. WEEVIL:

Come on, let's walk instead of talk,
For walking makes us strong.
'Twill still the tongue and fill the lung
And thus our lives prolong.
Oh, see how Father Weston lived
His ninety years and wise.
It's all because he knew the laws
Of wholesome exercise.

[So, through the ooze, with soaking shoes and rivers in their hats, and sodden socks, for blocks and blocks, they skip like drowning rats, until at last upon their sight outshines their Mecca burning bright—the sign SPIT SPAT, in ruby light! They hurry in; it's rather jolly. The TICKET TAKER stammers, "Golly. At least you'll see the Big Finale." They scramble over knees and get abused for coming in all wet. They seat themselves in seats for four, some inches from the outside door. The stage is half a mile away—but what's the odds, boys? For the play is just about as good as o'er.

[HANK, from his distant place, can see the CLOSING CHORUS make Whoop-ee. The PRIMA DON, the SCANTY GIRLS with nothing on but ropes of pearls, the FANCY HOOFER, the LOVE-STUFF GOOFER, the FUNNY STAR, the ALL-NIGHT ROOFER are dancing round without a pause midst twenty miles of silver gauze. And as they leap and clog and kiss the FINAL CHORUS sounds like this:

Ah-bah baloo,
Oh-boo belay,
Love is a moo,
Wee, wee away.

[Then everybody strikes a pose and brings the drama to a close. The million-dollar curtain drapes its folds before those girlish shapes. The ORCHESTRA plays sweetish scrape; the AUDIENCE puts on its wraps.

MR. AND MRS. WEEVIL:

You both are perfect lambs,
And what a perfect play!
We've seen Spit Spat—what equals that
To end a perfect day?

HANK:

I'm sure I cannot say.
There's suicide by cyanide—
That's quicker, so they say.

Upon this morbid Ibsen thought,
Let's drop the subject, as we ought.

BACK FROM UTOPIA

(Continued from Page 21)

present. Her tone implied that Roderic was a renegade.

He defended himself. "I only think we ought to clarify our purposes," he said toward the end of a longer speech than he had ever made in his life. "Either we want to create a group of artists entirely outside the line of ordinary education or we want to do the regular thing, and do it better. If we try to do both, we're wasting the time of the children."

Derwent rose belligerently. "Who are we to say whether the children's time is being wasted? They know what to do with their time. They are creating their own purposes. . . . Aren't you, children?"

The murmur of the young people was confused. One louder voice than the others suggested that they ought to have a baseball team.

A small quarrel arose between a group of children who were not in harmony on the question of washing down the blackboards and tidying the schoolrooms; some of them thought a janitor had better be hired for this purpose.

Roderic saw that the discussion would come to nothing unless he held it to a single

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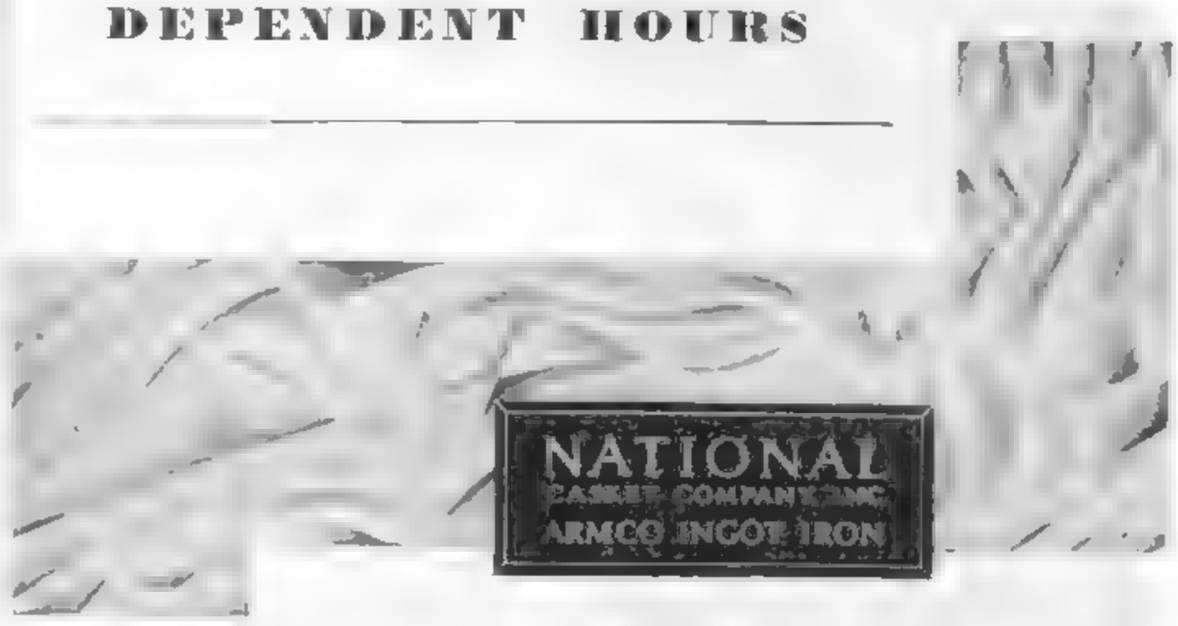

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point. "Do you mean to say, Derwent," he asked, "that the whole atmosphere of the school doesn't impose certain ideals on the children? Three weeks ago we had twelve essays on capitalism handed in and all twelve of them suggested that capitalism was the curse of mankind."

"I suppose you don't believe that," someone sneered.

"Oh, that isn't the point," Roderic retorted angrily. "It doesn't matter what I believe, but what they believe. I think we're forcing the children toward radicalism."

"What of it?"

"I thought we weren't going to force them to anything."

Derwent pulled savagely at his beard. "Didn't you say, Temple, that a number of them aren't radical enough?"

There was a cry of "Yes" from the children, with resentment behind it.

"I'm afraid I'm not being logical," Roderic explained. "I think it's all right to let the children know what we think ——"

"No, no!"

"And anyhow we can't help it. They see right through us, no matter how much we pretend. But I think that we ought to be conscious of what we're doing and we ought to choose between those who have the makings of artists and radicals, and those who haven't."

A boy of sixteen rose, and at the same time his father asked for the floor from across the room. The boy received the chairman's nod.

"I move that Roderic Temple be expelled from the Free School on the ground of bourgeois prejudice," he said.

Roderic laughed, but the motion was seconded and put to a vote. It failed by half a dozen votes.

Instantly the boy who had moved the expulsion moved toward the door, and most of the students followed him. To the others Roderic tried patiently to explain that he was only questioning part of the school policy; that he wanted his own mind cleared so that he could give his best to the children. At the end of five minutes a delegation came from outside the room. Taking the floor without preliminaries, the sixteen-year-old leader announced that the pupils had formed a students' soviet and would refuse to attend school until Roderic had been expelled.

It was well known that Francis Temple gave more money to the school than anyone else, and Roderic was embarrassed for himself and ashamed of the efforts at conciliation made by Derwent and some of the parents.

"I think the children are right," he said. "If they suspect me of being unsympathetic, I could do no good. I wish to resign and at the same time to contribute a thousand dollars to the school."

The leader of the insurgents checked the cheer which rose. "You think you can buy anything with money, don't you?" he shouted.

"No," Roderic answered gravely. "I've had money long enough to know just what it can do and what it can't. I am not trying to buy anything, except your chance to continue here."

"We accept," said the boy.

Another delegation from the soviets had meanwhile pushed its way in.

"We are not satisfied with the first conditions," announced its leader. "We declare that all education is a conspiracy of age against youth. Therefore we demand that Roderic Temple be dismissed and that all remaining teachers be subjected to an examination by us."

The first speaker, crestfallen, attempted to remonstrate, but his followers deserted him.

"Wouldn't it be only fair to let me take the examination, too?" Roderic asked.

"No. You would answer what you think would please us. We don't trust you."

Mr. Derwent rose. "I am ready for my examination," he announced.

"Well, we haven't got the questions made up yet, Bill," said the leader. "We thought we could have the examination at the next meeting."

"Who will do Comrade Temple's work?" Derwent asked.

"We're not sure we want anybody, yet. He wasn't much help to us, anyhow."

With that recommendation, Roderic left the school.

Roderic never felt that the Free School experiment had been conclusive. He got out of it the suspicion that very few people really believed in freedom; they believed only in freedom to impose a set of ideas opposed to the ordinary. The youthful free spirits at the school had not intended to let him have any freedom; they had exiled him because he disagreed with them—a process familiar under the czar and familiar again under the Bolsheviki. The only people who believed in freedom were those who cared for nothing. Apparently, if you intensely cared for freedom you were willing to jail those who disagreed with you.

In the course of the next few years Roderic occasionally encountered the children from the school. The boy who had moved his expulsion had remained true to his faith; Roderic heard him once try to shout down a speaker, and in reply to cries of "Give everyone a chance," the young man announced that free speech and fair play were both bourgeois virtues with which no true radical would traffic. Two of the other ringleaders against Roderic became promising young lawyers in New York, one specializing in corporation law; and once in a while Roderic saw a familiar name signed to a poem or an article in a magazine. He couldn't say that the Free School system had failed; perhaps it had let more talent develop than the ordinary school. What it gave him personally was familiarity with a group of ideas he was to meet again, and in many disguises.

There was, for instance, the woman whom Ludwig Lewisohn grudgingly called "a seeress"—Mary Austin. Lewisohn, sharp-featured, delicate-mannered, precise-spoken, had written a book which Mrs. Austin wanted to review for The Hour; the book dealt with the relation of an intellectual Jew to America, and on the subject of America Mrs. Austin had decided views. Lewisohn seemed to feel that his book was going to be treated as a peg for these views, but he could not bring himself to say that he did not want Mrs. Austin to do the review. In the effort to get favorable notices, he preferred to have no part—having been an editor himself. He merely called at the offices of The Hour—where Roderic happened to be at the same time—and said that he was not going to speak for or against any reviewer. The editor told him that Mrs. Austin had already asked for, and received, the book. "Ah!" Lewisohn sighed. "Of course she is a seeress."

Roderic met her later at a testimonial dinner at which editors lavished praise on her, her works were read, and she herself expounded her vision of America. She maintained, as he understood it, that the rhythm of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was based on the life of the pioneer. "Of the people, by the people"—each phrase represented one swing of the ax as the pioneer felled a tree—"and for the people"—here the woodsman paused—to spit on his hands, Roderic thought—and so on to the end. The trouble with American literature, according to the seeress, was that it had not kept to that pattern. Roderic tried to set the speech to the rhythm of grinding lenses—a not particularly pioneering occupation—and found it went quite as well. But the surprising thing was that the seeress should care so much for America that she refused to realize what America had become. Nothing contemporary was right—you had to go back to simple old ways—to the primitive. It was natural that Mrs. Austin should eventually become one of the prophets of the New Mexico religion of the red man. With Mabel Dodge—of the fragrantly remembered soirées in New York—she led into Taos poets and painters and ethnologists, and expounded to them the new dispensation—that the Indian was the only true American, that he had mystical powers, that his art was the only genuine article, and that no great American art could come except from the Indian.

Another version was the glorification of the black man. It was against Roderic's tradition to have any feeling against the negro, and when the wave of adulation for African art, the negro spirituals and the Black Bottom swept over the intellectuals, Roderic was engulfed. It happened to come at one of the moments—now growing frequent—when Roderic had become unmoored from a radical movement, so that he could let himself go entirely, going to whichever night club in Harlem Carl Van Vechten was now patronizing, finding out where records made by negro singers for their own people were on sale, and helping to discover a new talent among the negro intelligentzia. Sherwood Anderson was writing about the great animal laughter of the negroes; in Paris ballets were being based—by Swedes and Americans and Russians and Frenchmen—on African themes; O'Neill had written Emperor Jones; jazz operas on negro themes were promised; and negro revues filled the smaller theaters.

It was not exactly a movement, but it was enough of a cult to capture Roderic's imagination. The political and social side was natural to him; he believed in the equality of all men regardless of race or color. It was the new theme that enchanted him—the aesthetic and spiritual superiority of the negro. From them one could learn to live naturally, shuffling along instead of working and worrying; taking things easily and caring only about important real things like good food and dancing and love-making, in place of the trivial artificialities of the white man's world, with its bother about reputations and wealth and social position.

The essential thing was that the negro was not subject to the dominant rhythm of America; he was not mechanized, he set his own pace. The negro had never succumbed to the clang and clamor of our lives; he could still laugh at the fury with which we pursued phantoms.

For a time Roderic was satisfied. He agreed that America was conspicuously unsuccessful, had no fun, was nervous and distraught, and could find calm and joy among the negroes. He met a few negro artists and one or two talented cab drivers. Actually he got to know the negro about as well as he knew the Irish maid who did his apartment. He discovered presently that if he wanted to establish a real criticism of America, the negro offered only a shifting ground for his foundation. One of his Harlem friends upset the whole structure by the simple remark: "You are interested in exactly the things we're trying to overcome. You call them nicer names, but we know that they are just shiftlessness and ignorance and poison gin. You're praising the things that have kept us back fifty years."

Roderic saw the justice of that and saw also that there was something false in the white man's attitude. It wasn't patronizing in the ordinary way. But at bottom the idea was: "Ah, we are so delicately balanced, so super-refined, that we can't take pleasure in our own kind any more. We are so civilized that we've got to go back to primitives and savages for our art and to simple people for our lives. Our relish for food is spoiled by complicated systems of diet and our zest for love is corrupted by psychopathology. But you—you fortunate people—are simple and go direct to life for your experiences, so we come to learn from you." At bottom it meant, "We are more civilized than you," and all the self-pity about being supercivilized and going over the edge could not conceal the fact. Roderic disliked it; and disliked even more the welcome given to touches of morbidity, by way of dope or abnormal manifestations, which were the same in Harlem and Hoboken and Greenwich Village and Park Avenue. As soon as a negro showed himself sane, normal, hard-working, trying to make his way

(Continued on Page 137)

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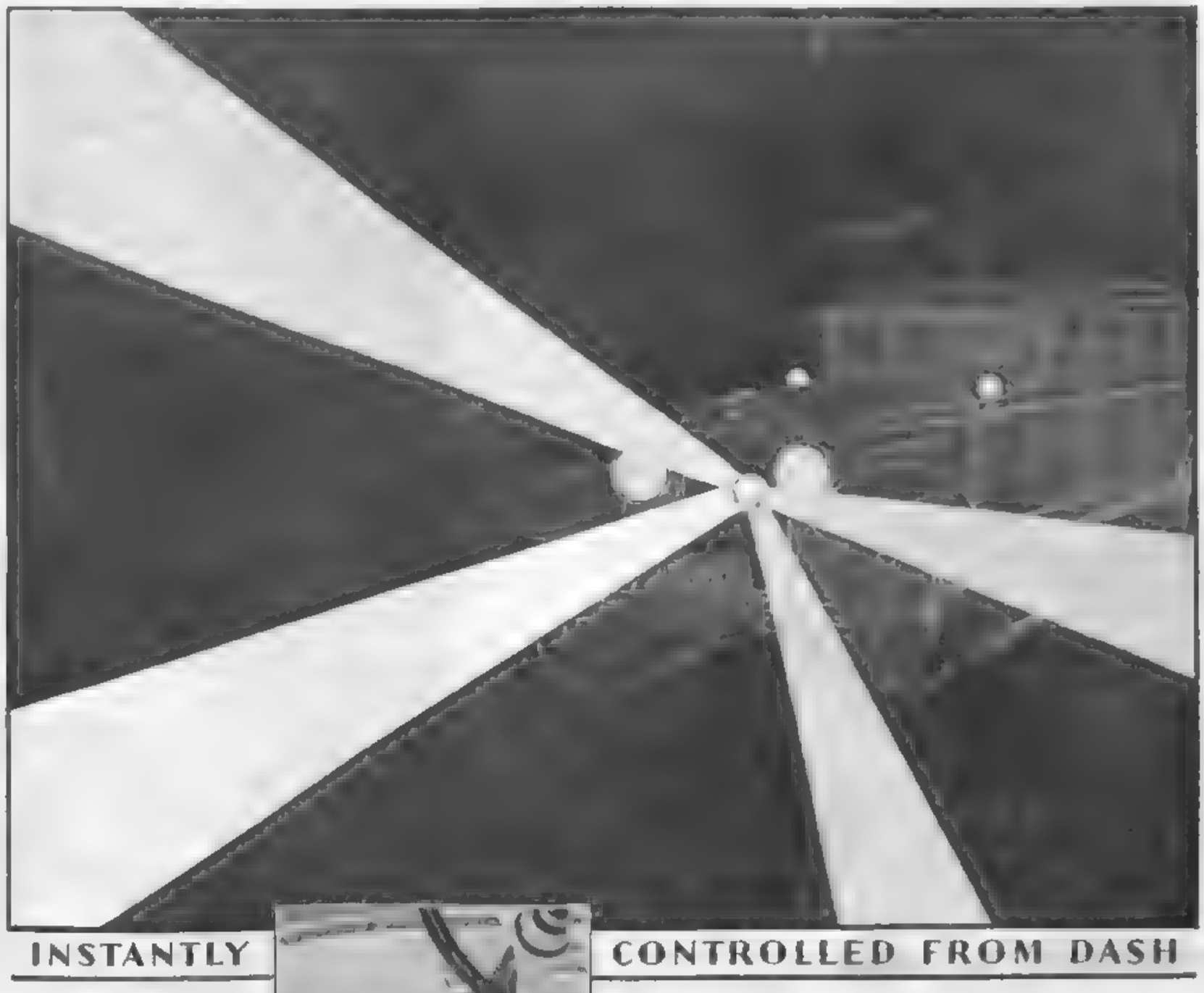

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(Continued from Page 134)

in the American world, the æsthetes dropped him. They were rather like those Englishmen who complain when Americans speak without a nasality and a twang; they had to have their immediate point of superiority. The attitude toward the negro was, "Go on; be as different from us as you can."

Roderic's belief in equality was too ingrained for him to suffer this. He could not imagine that the destiny of the black man was to give a vicarious and not particularly honest or healthy thrill to a few tired white people. He withdrew from the night life of Harlem, wondering whether the intellectual fad which had created it had done more harm than good to the negro.

Other ways of obstructing the steam roller of American life appeared. Some of Roderic's friends went Oriental, via Russian mysticism, or by the aid of German philosophers who taught that the great fault of America was wanting to get things done and the great virtue of the East was its ability to sit and do nothing. These disciples rushed madly through traffic for half an hour in order to spend ten minutes of contemplation in a dark room, and gave elaborate dinners to celebrate the virtues of simplicity. Another escape from the pressure of the machine age was through the cult of the tough. Roderic met old friends of Harvard days, delicate poets and fanciful playwrights, who scorned to be seen in any polite society and bought drinks only for chauffeurs of pirate taxis, haunted the water front in the hope of meeting a dock rat, and thought criminals "divine." Their poems and novels and plays now dealt exclusively with section hands, street sweepers, sand hogs, and factory workers; some of these characters spoke the language of Chimmie MacFadden and some the poetic speech of the native Irish drama, but none, by any chance, spoke American.

Still, the toughs and the aliens were among the few people who helped a man bear the terrific mental and physical pace of American life. They supplied the touch of strangeness and oddity in a country enslaved by the average. Even if they were a bit abnormal—wouldn't that, too, leaven the horrible normal lump? Look at Greece and Rome and France—weren't their splendors and arts due to a touch of the neurotic?

The advantage of being at least a little neurotic had been made clear to Roderic early in his life among the superior people. Just after he left college he received a command—"take me to breakfast next Tuesday"—from a woman of whom he had heard through a mutual friend. They knew nothing of each other, but five minutes after they met, the extremely handsome, full-blown woman looked across the table at the Brevoort and said in a desperate tone, "You have no complexes."

It was too early in the life of psychoanalysis for Roderic to feel offended, but he knew he was not being exactly flattered.

"You're terribly normal," his companion went on. "You ought to do something about it."

Roderic didn't know what to do. His critic, he learned from her own fervid account, had tried everything. She had been a vegetarian for the good of her soul and had given it up because her type of beauty—to which she referred with justifiable pride—demanded a full figure. She was a pioneer in popularizing the West as a divorcing ground; she was about to start round the world wearing knickerbockers. Through this account there fell a barrage of technical terms garnered from Freud; and when Roderic had steeled himself not to wince under "libido" his new friend went on to use English words in recounting the most intimate of her experiences, inviting Roderic to give as good as he got. After breakfast Roderic was taken to her husband's flat—they were pioneers in living apart—and heard himself referred to as "a new boy I brought up to make you jealous."

The lady's husband grunted morosely. "I'm supposed to be cured," he said.

Roderic studied psychoanalysis and after a time was able to ward off the probings of the amateurs who wanted to analyze him. To most of them it was merely a solution of personal difficulties; Roderic succeeded in erecting it into a social system. Even retroactively, since it gave a background in science to the movements he had abandoned. To others, it was the religion of the irreligious, with sex as its god and Freud as the high priest; to Roderic it became the universal solvent of radicalism.

For instance, it justified the New Free School and explained why the pupils had run Roderic out. The way to health was preventing little children from having fixations and complexes and inhibitions. As everyone knew, the worst of these was the rage of the child against at least one of its parents; it was understood that even posthumous sons hated their fathers. And this hatred was transferred to teachers. The soviet of students had been right; education was a conspiracy of Age against Youth, because Age wanted Youth to knuckle under, to learn only what Age wanted it to know; and children justifiably hated their elders because their elders were jealous of the young and stood in their way.

This was an obvious application of the new science. Other people went further, and Roderic went with them. They proved that psychoanalysis justified rebellion against all government and figured out that it placed the artist above the business man—because the artist expressed himself—and that it gave ground for direct action in labor disputes—sabotage was better than suppressing a desire to harm your employer. Some were sure that psychoanalysis harmonized with the New Economic Policy of the Soviets and others that it worked in favor of Trotzky against Stalin. Its first principles almost made Roderic forget his disillusion about free love.

This was a powerfully revolutionary element in the mental world. As someone said, "If the American Government really knew its business, it would give up its silly raid on Reds and shut down every analyst's office instead—and burn the books." It seemed to leave economics alone, but it undermined the whole basis of the industrial and commercial state: Authority, obedience, discipline, the docility of the masses, habits of work, the very idea of being industrious for wages, were all challenged by this new understanding of the motives of humanity. Marriage and property and religion and fear of death were carried away in a mere back eddy, a sidewipe in the great swing of destruction. Education, inheritance, art, diet—what didn't it transform fundamentally, and always in favor of the new dispensation?

The silly excesses of a few fanatics were as easy to discount as the stupidity of the hard-shelled reactionaries who were afraid of it. Roderic saw all the implications, and set about to observe the new system in action.

Fundamentally, psychoanalysis was a cure of sick souls, and it was while watching the convalescents that Roderic first began to have his doubts. In the first place, the wrong people went to be analyzed. The freer they were, the more self-expressive in art or in action, the less willing to suppress any impulse or emotion, the more they clamored for the new confessional.

The free lovers he knew were always running to be analyzed. Writers, stuck in the middle of new novels, confessed to the analytic priest and either stopped writing entirely or wrote so much and so badly that they lost their readers. A woman painter whom Roderic knew was analyzed, went to a spine lengthener, and consulted an unorthodox optometrist, all at the same time. After her courses with all three were completed, she declared that she had never seen color before and repainted all her pictures, charging them with sexual symbols, but making them perceptibly less interesting as paintings.

All of these, and most of the other patrons of psychoanalysis, seemed possessed, when they had finished, with a burning

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"First of the Northern Transcontinentals" 336

A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe

Pipe tobacco from leaf to cut . . .

Prime old Kentucky Burley, cut the one right way for a cool, sweet smoke. That's GRANGER ROUGH CUT.

Unlike finely cut tobaccos, which burn fast and hot, Granger is cut in big shaggy flakes that burn slow and *cool*. What's more, your pipe stays dry and clean.

The especially fine flavor is the result of Wellman's Method, a priceless old-time tobacco secret that mellows tobacco as it has never been mellowed before.

Conveniently packed in soft foil, at 10 cents the package.

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Granger
ROUGH CUT

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passion to communicate their new knowledge to others. They were perpetually getting out their scientific handkerchiefs and looking for roses to wipe off the bloom. And by a remorseless irony, they seemed after a time to lose their own bloom, to become either totally unstrung or stupidly conventional. Several of them married—to the disgust of their friends—and some went in heavily for making a lot of money. Few of them remained as entertaining as they had been before undergoing the cure.

Roderic always assumed that his own lack of complexes was due to the freedom of his upbringing. His father, instead of posing as an omnipotent authority, had always been a familiar friend, and Roderic had been encouraged to say and do pretty much what he pleased. He tried to think back to his childhood and compare it with those of his friends. Some of them said, "I always have hated my father," and ascribed their free habits to rebellion against parental authority. But others were the children of radicals as open-minded as Francis Temple, and they seemed as harried and neurotic as the rest.

Among them were men and women old enough to have children, and Roderic, watching them, was a little alarmed at the new system of child culture.

The purpose in all of these trainings was said to be a healthy development of the child. Actually each parent seemed to be nursing a little genius and, against the experts' orders, children were always being praised for being unconventional, ill-mannered, self-assertive and emotional. All these things, under much better sounding names, were put down as proofs that the little creatures were expressing their own personalities, without interference from their parents. In every case the child was indirectly encouraged to be as emotional as possible, because the emotions were considered "nature" and to discipline them was wrong

Bourgeois Americans had become a pest to Roderic and to his father. From Washington and Albany and various other sources intimations had come that certain people were much too sympathetic with Russia, and Francis and Roderic Temple were not missing from the lists. It seemed rather unjust, although the elder Temple gave his sympathy and his money to various Red causes and the younger had taught in a radical school; for Francis Temple was an old-line liberal who believed in democracy, and the great cross he had to bear was that Russia had no intention of transforming herself into a democratic government; and Roderic, after a flare-up of enthusiasm during the war, felt that Lenin was probably more intelligent than Charles E. Hughes, but that the total result of sovietism would only be a thousand sanitary and sanctimonious communities run by roughnecks instead of parsons, and that a good earthquake, engulfing all of humanity, would be more desirable.

However, if an imbecile government failed to make a distinction between disillusioned liberals and violent Reds, the net result was bound to be in favor of the Reds. Roderic and his father both took on that peculiar coloration which marked off the radical of after 1920 from his predecessors: They were more or less forced to defend Russia against the world and at the same time they could not approve of what Russia was doing. Both of them were sure that only the stupidities of the American Government and the American press—which made Russia a mystery or a martyr—kept sympathy for Lenin alive. Neither of them was spiritually able to stomach a dictatorship, and when they saw one rise in Italy, it appeared to them as a grotesque caricature of the Russian—a capitalist revenge for the lesson in dictatorship which Lenin had taught.

Emotionally they had to cling to Russia because Russia alone represented revolution; intellectually they could not abide what was happening there and after a few years of assuring each other that the dictatorship and the Cheka were only temporary expedients, due to the hostility of the outside world, they saw Russia itself split into factions, conservative and radical, and recognized that the old game was being played again. Roderic by that time was immersed in a new series of cults, none of them political; he shrugged his shoulders. But he could not withhold from his father an outburst of sympathy when Francis Temple came back from a trip to Germany and reported that he had seen Emma Goldman, who had been expelled from Soviet Russia, like an anarchist deported from America. "There is no more freedom in the world," said the elder Temple. "We must start over again, from the beginning." It was obvious to him that in the struggle against the capitalist system, even radicalism became corrupted.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Selden. The fourth and last will appear next week

COURTESY OF CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Lake Vernon, as Seen From Huntsville, Ontario

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO *is the* Sensation of the Year!

BE SURE TO HEAR THE *NEW* PHILCO BEFORE YOU BUY ANY RADIO

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Tune in the Philco Hour every Friday night, 9:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time

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BY super-exact balancing of all units, Philco engineers have set a new standard of radio reception.

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Great distance. If it's distance you want, you get it to spare in this new Balanced-Unit Philco. Under equal conditions, we believe the Philco Neutrodyne Plus will outreach any other on the market. Distance is the boast of the Philco owner. Hundreds of enthusiastic Philco owners have written to tell us how they got Australia, Hawaii, Porto Rico, France, etc.

Beautiful cabinets. Bird's-eye maple panels, matched Oriental walnut, butt walnut, tapestry over speaker, costly burl overlays—each cabinet gives you incomparable value.

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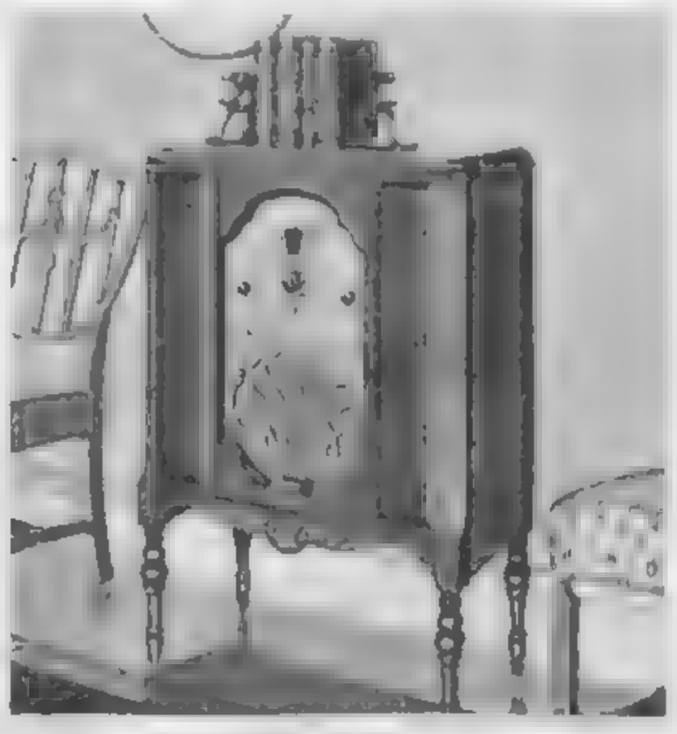

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NEUTRODYNE PLUS	SCREEN GRID
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Other models ranging from $67.00 to $205.00.

Tubes extra. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West.

EVERY Philco model, regardless of price, uses a GENUINE Electro-Dynamic Speaker and TWO of the new extra powered 245 tubes, push-pull.

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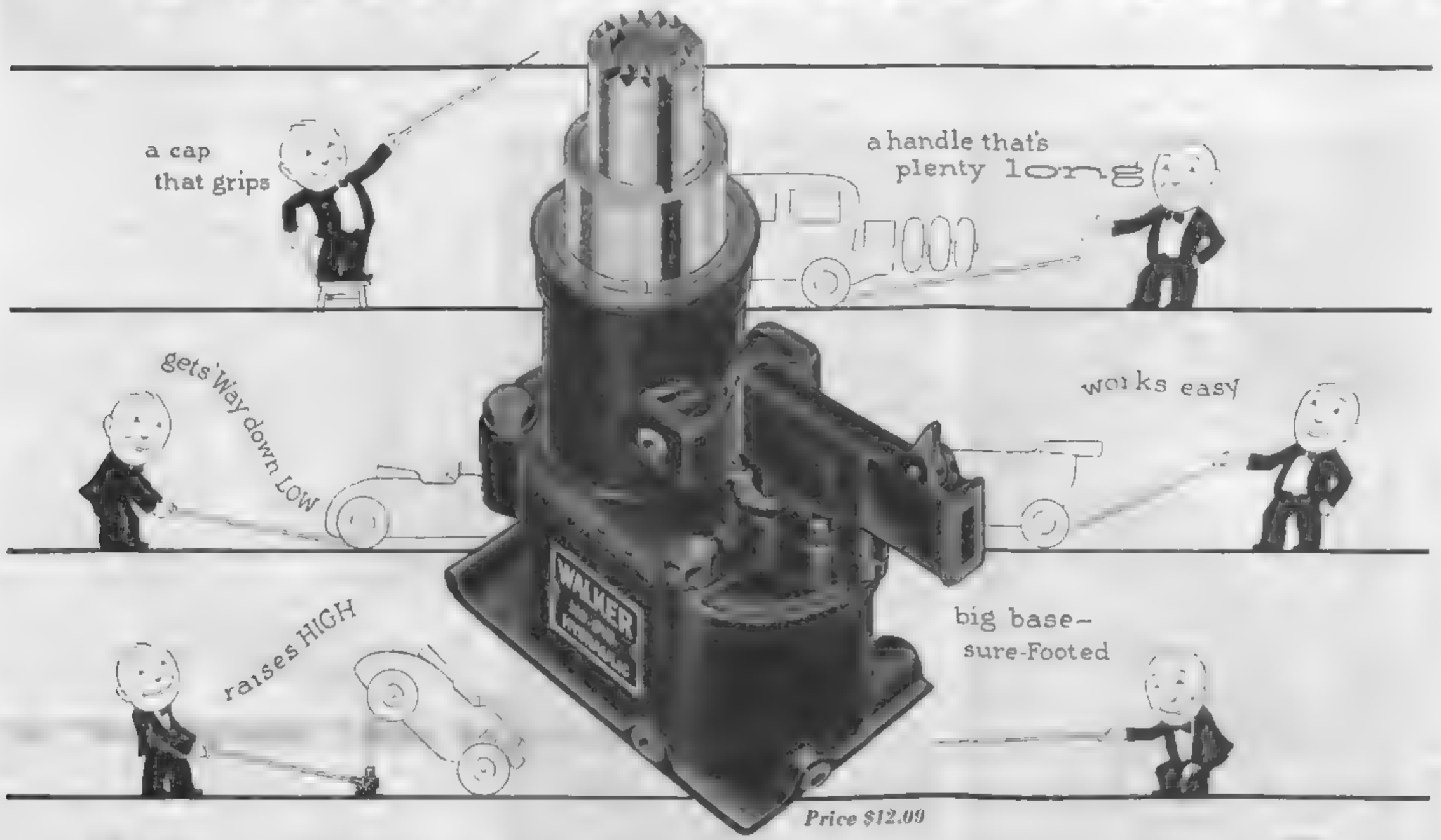

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No. 810—Single lift hydraulic type. Lifts with but slight pressure on the long handle. Balanced for easy positioning. $7.50

No. 635 and No. 640—Double lift pressed steel types. Two low-built models—extremely high lifts. Price . . $2.75 and $3.00

WALKER Hydraulics represent the utmost in car lifting ease—the luxury of almost effortless operation. They are the answer to easy tire changing because of their lifting range—long handle—capacity to lift your car safely and easily—cap that grips firmly—and a broad substantial base that insures a firm lifting foundation. There are five models that cover every need for light cars up to heavy trucks and buses.

The Walker Hydraulic Jack handle locks to the jack, and is centered to give the jack perfect balance when positioning. Short easy handle strokes raise the car—and by pushing in and down on the handle you lower the jack.

A safety release valve prevents damage to the jack if overloaded. The piston chamber and pump cylinders are polished by honing to prevent wear of cup washers (the vital parts of the jack), thus insuring long life and continued service.

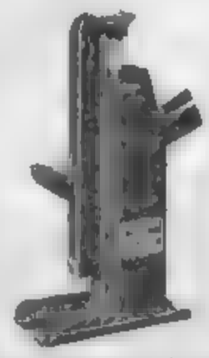
A Walker dealer will show you the hydraulics as well as the various other types of Walker Jacks that fit your car. They're all Walker quality—from the luxurious hydraulics down to the lower priced ratchet types. The price you pay depends upon the size of your car and the degree of lifting ease you want. Walker Jacks have a national distribution among accessory dealers—but if your dealer does not sell Walkers, write us.

WALKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

Walker also makes a complete line of mechanical and hydraulic jacks for trucks, buses, garages and all types of service stations

(All prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada)

No. 525—Double extension screw type. 4-foot handle and easy operation. Price $6.85. No. 520, No. 515, for smaller cars, $5.00, $4.00



No. 601—Pressed steel type with foot lift to handle the low-built cars with balloon tires flat. $2.10

Walker Jacks

MAKE TIRE CHANGING EASY

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 5)

sailor aloft on the foot ropes, reefing in a sail in a hurricane. It takes almost superhuman strength to hold onto the swaying yard and to keep from being flapped off by the jerking canvas into the sea a hundred and twenty feet below. What are the sailor's thoughts as he holds on doing his job up there? He is not thinking of the danger, he doesn't look far below at the seething waters and the lurching, rolling vessel, for if he did, perhaps fear would weaken his grasp on the yard and he would be smashed to instant death. No! He is up there to do a job—and why? Just because the captain has ordered him to? No, for that would not give him the courage to hold on. But inborn in every man who faces the battles of nature is the sense of self-preservation of the whole. He knows instinctively that his small job aloft is important to saving the ship and all the lives on board. He gets no credit for it. . . . How many people ashore honestly think of the other fellow? A sailor fights the winds and waves for the safety of all, but do people ashore fight the waves of trouble for one another? Rather, do they not just fight the wave that might swamp them personally?

The Gift of Courage

The horizons of life are clear to the seafarer. Great spaces give them inspiration for big things. There is nothing petty or small in a storm cloud, in a wind-tormented sea, in the hushed beauty of a tropical sunset. It makes even the most illiterate man in the foc'sle stop and think and get a perspective on what really has value. Thoughts and dreams which are not shut into narrow valleys of skyscrapers and crowded city streets and an overscientific world are born at sea and nurtured under the honest care of Nature.

My father was so discouraged as one after the other of my brothers and sisters died—three from diphtheria, one from being run over by a railroad train, and another after an operation – that he decided to take me to sea and save me from the ills of shore life. Drafty schoolrooms caused the death of three of his children. At sea, ocean gales and tropic sun were far more healthy in his estimation, and he preferred to take a chance with them to save me and give me a healthy start in life to enable me to grow up strong enough to combat civilization, rather than risk losing me ashore. People called him a fool, and some called him cruel to deprive me of a natural childhood ashore with other children, but he had given the land a chance with the others, and they were in their graves, so he would offer me to the sea and its effective, if somewhat tempestuous, discipline. Shore children are raised so scientifically—so many ounces of prune juice, mashed carrots, spinach and certified milk—and the result is not so successful in producing a vigorous, healthy child as my father's method. Rice, lentils, beans, salt beef and pork, cracker hash, fresh fruits when he could get them at the islands, such as mangoes, pineapples, plantains, breadfruit, and so on, were my diet. My lungs inhaled salt sea air, my body was rugged from exposure to wind and sun, and I had the vitality of a young typhoon. With the exception of scurvy caused by running out of fresh food on an ill-fated voyage, I never had a darn thing the matter with me except an overabundance of vitality which made me get into mischief and caused my father much worry. But every time I stayed in port something did happen to me. Going from a steam-heated room to outdoors I would catch a cold or sore throat. Crowded living quarters exposed me to all sorts of ailments—fevers, chills, restlessness and bad temper—all things which did not exist at sea. I never heard of nerves until I came ashore to live permanently. No house seemed big enough to hold me; noises in the streets, dust in the air, everything seemed to choke me at first. I longed for the healing sea to give me back my strength.

But in spite of that, even today I am strong as an ox and have terrific endurance and capacity for hard work; for which I thank my father for those years at sea. My imagination, sense of humor and alert mind were not given me in a schoolroom. I had so little to amuse me on the ship that I invented my own playthings and pastimes. The passing foam on the water to me was a picture book of ever-changing stories; little sticks of wood I made into tiny ships to play with. Once I made a Christmas tree of raveled rope which I wired to represent branches and painted them with green paint, and that tree was a thing of beauty to me. I didn't have a garden, but I did plant some beans in the sand barrel—the sand being used to scrub down decks with—which sprouted forth little green shoots. After all my loving care of them I came on deck one day to find that a sea bird had swooped down and scoffed them—every one of them. My heart was broken. I didn't cry, but I began cussing that bird and all its ancestors, and immediately planted some more beans and covered them over with a piece of canvas when I wasn't on deck to guard them. Just let any old sea bird try and rob me again!

I learned to laugh at myself because I sensed that the smile is mightier than the frown, and by laughing at myself I beat anyone else to it. Many a day I paced the decks trying to think up some deviltry to get into, and no day was complete unless I had succeeded in stirring something up. I liked things to happen! I had to keep so darn quiet when the men were asleep on their watch below that I did a lot of thinking—thinking untrained by any books. My conclusions may not have been conventional, but they were convincing to me. My brain was fertile soil for any ideas and I don't think I have ever forgotten any impression or event that happened at sea. With the exception of a little advice from father, several lickings with a rope's end, and frequent doses of salts, I grew up as an individual, and not one of a land-cut pattern, and I intend to remain so.

And the sea gave me a priceless gift which nothing can ever rob me of—courage to face facts and defy hypocrisy.

Obeying Like a Sailor

From the time I was a very small child I learned obedience to the one in authority. If I didn't agree with what my father ordered me to do, I answered, "Yes, sir," and did it anyway, because no man is leader if the strength of all under his command is not his. And it helped me in my shore life. It was so natural for me to take orders and direction from the person in authority that I went ahead by leaps and bounds because my employers had faith and confidence in me. I knew better than to start a mutiny among my fellow employes by refusing to obey the order of the captain. They called me weak, said I was too chicken-hearted to talk back, and I let them rave. I knew that I could keep the lesson the sea had taught me somewhat cruelly—to stick to the captain or get out.

I had a different set of values from shore folks. I thought honesty and straightforwardness were the main essentials of living. If I had a quarrel with a sailor on a ship I didn't run and tattle to my father, but I settled the matter fairly and squarely, face to face with the offender. After an understanding, I never referred to the matter again, for sailormen have no time or place in their natures for festering grudges.

Living at sea made me learn that I was not important as a person, but only in relation to what help or happiness I could contribute to all. I took lickings without squawking, because they were coming to me. Sailing for weeks and weeks at sea on

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Costing $1,225,000 to stage annually, this, the greatest of all expositions, is within an over-night ride by rail (or an easy two-day motor trip) of fifty-five million United States citizens.
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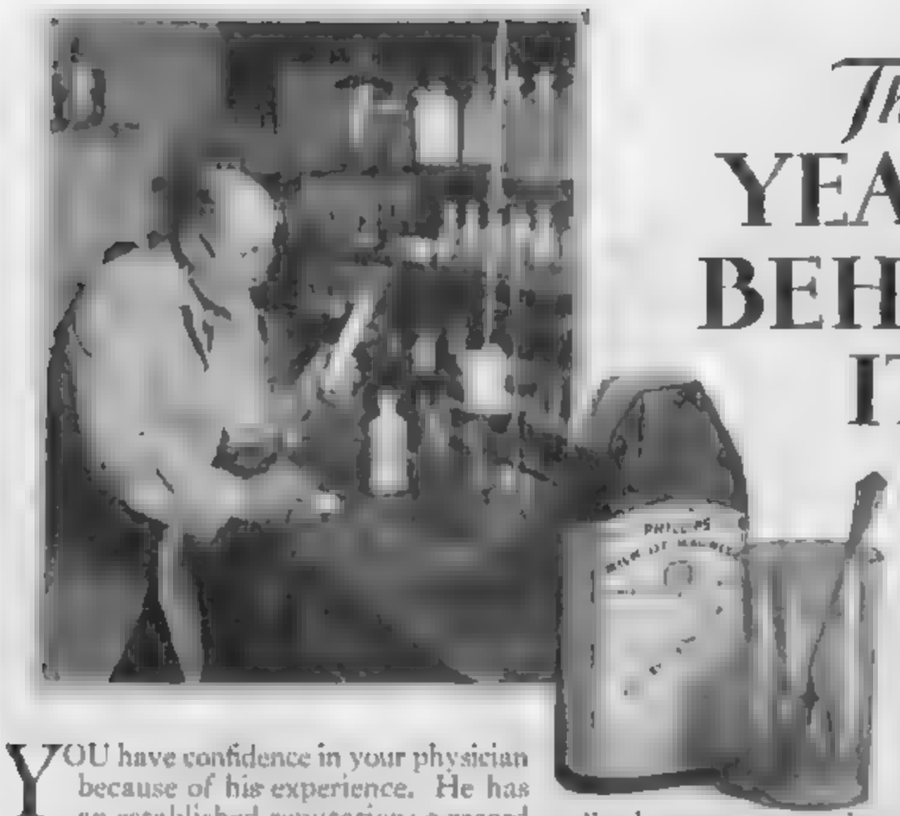

The YEARS BEHIND IT

YOU have confidence in your physician because of his experience. He has an established reputation; a record you respect. Physicians have the same thought about the preparations they prescribe. And for fifty years they have endorsed Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

For sour stomach, biliousness, indigestion, or other gastric disorder, there is quick comfort and real relief in Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

In the Phillips formula authorities have recognized the most perfect anti-acid. Its form is the most effective in the opinion of the U. S. Dispensary.

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There is only one form of milk of magnesia; it's a liquid, and comes in a bottle. Phillips is the genuine. It takes more than a blue bottle to make Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

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AND, then, in spite of the fact that he was employed by a large company, Mr. Noah A. Weiner of Connecticut quickly started on a profitable career as our local representative. That was fifteen years ago. Nearly every month since he has earned Curtis subscription profits; in one day not long ago an even $12.00!

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Profits From the Start

a ship that looked like a gnat in the miles and miles of surrounding ocean made me realize that it was not the strength of sixteen men and my father that kept us from foundering in a storm or that got the ship safely to port after a long voyage of head winds or baffling calms. I knew, from the very bigness of everything around me, that there was a Great Navigator who wills the winds to blow or the sea to cease its destruction.

I had lots of time to think at sea. Often I would climb up to the crosstree and try to figure things out. I used to think of the

Joan Lowell at Nine Sitting on the Deck of the "Americana"

full tropic moon as a huge spotlight shining right through me, and I was afraid not to be honest

Long, Long Thoughts

Gazing aloft at the myriads of stars in the heavens, I was awed by their multitude. Father explained there are millions of stars in the firmament and each one has its own orbit and use. Even the tiniest star which the eye can see is a part of the whole, and in its revolutions around the sky it doesn't detract from the big constellations or bemoan its smallness, for every star has its reason for existing. I'd think about that a lot when I got mad about something and thought I wasn't getting enough attention. And then I'd compare my own little self to one of the millions of tiny stars that go on doing their job for centuries, content to do well the mission they are created for.

I think that humility—honest humility, and not a cringing inferiority—is the soil of real creative genius. For humility is simplicity, and simplicity is an honest sense of values. But, with the humility, I learned to fight viciously and to the bitter end if I was in the right. I saw mother birds defending their young, saw native chiefs protecting their tribes, saw the lightning strike storm clouds out of the heavens, and the sun shine through again, lighting the way for mariners. And, seeing them, I learned to fight for what I knew I had in me. It isn't conceit to recognize in yourself a gift; it is false modesty to deny it. I knew I could steer a course as well as a sailor, take an observation and figure out our position on the chart, stand hunger and cold and loneliness with the rest of the crew. Why, even when I was making a little ship model I was sure it would be as perfect as any made by experienced old sailors, because I had the same materials and tools to fashion it with, the will to achieve it, and the confidence that if one person could do it, so could I.

That was what the sea taught me, among other things—to hold on for dear life to any gift I had. "If you've got a talent, Joan, don't throw it overboard just because you strike head winds. Trim your sails to catch every breeze and make a quick and safe passage to the port of your dreams."

Not Like Other Girls

That seemed very easy to believe at sea, with broad horizons before me, with long hours to think and imagine in, undisturbed except by the swish-swish of the sea beating a tattoo against the side of the ship. But when I was ashore it was a course full of shoals and uncharted hardships. Dressed in a funny little middy suit, with cotton stockings and high laced shoes with steel stubs on the toes and heels, I found out very quickly

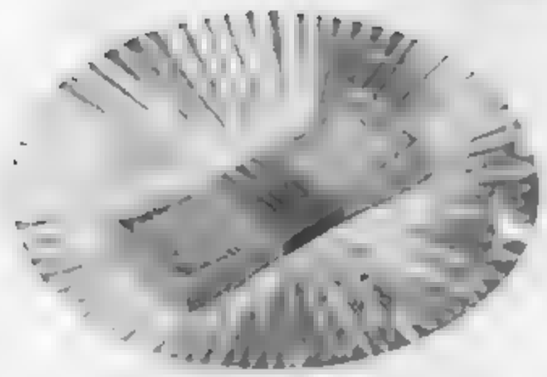
On the "Minnie A. Caine" at Fourteen

I was not like other little girls. I thought very differently from the others.

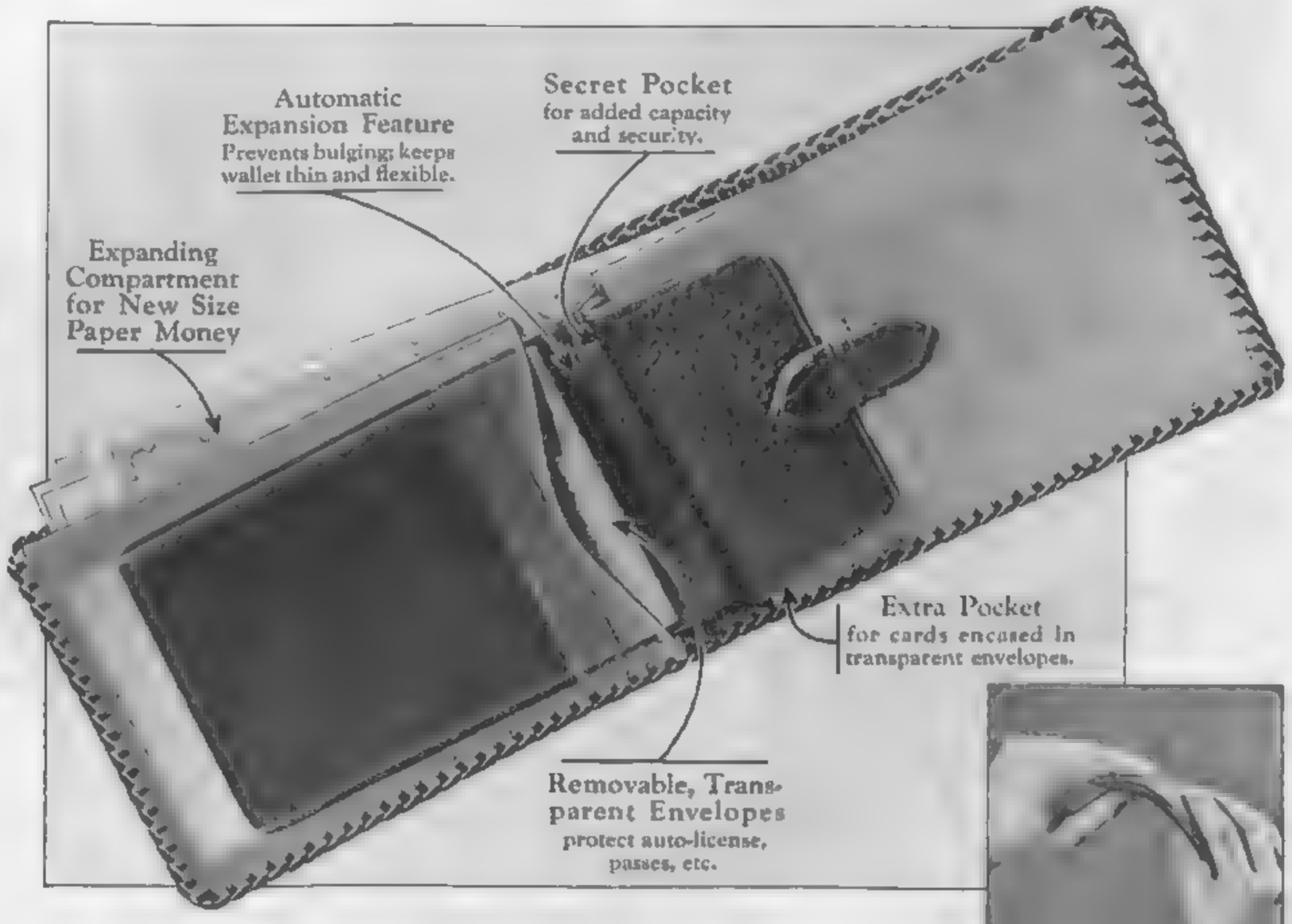
I thought honesty and courage were the real qualities that meant anything, but the land made a coward and a liar out of me for a little while. Taunted by the other children about my queer dress, my awkward sea walk and my frank discussion of intimate things, I became afraid—more afraid than I ever was in a storm at sea. For at sea I could see danger coming, I could stand up and fight it face to face, but ashore the undertow of deception dragged me down. I wanted to be like the others, I hated being conspicuous, I feared being

(Continued on Page 145)

AMITY Presents "Little Bill"



A SMALL THIN WALLET FOR THE NEW MONEY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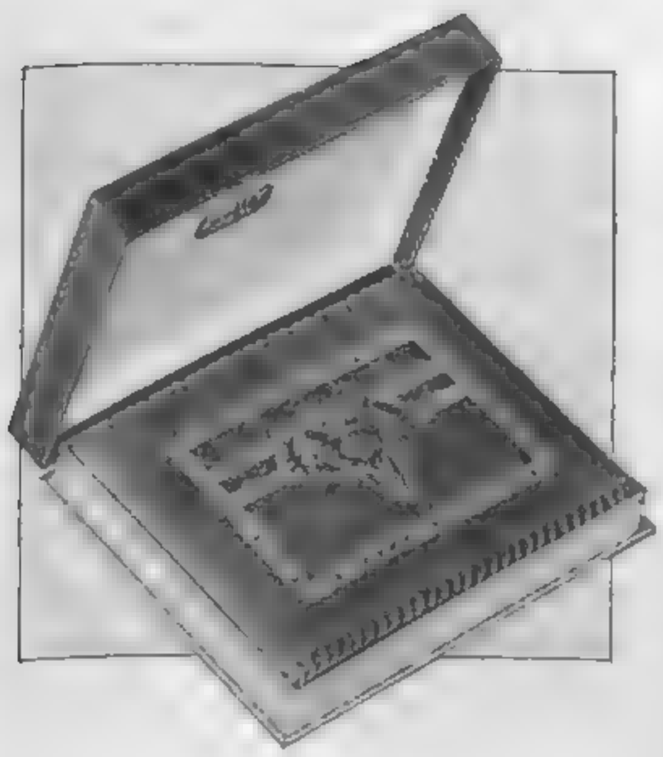
Prevents bulging; keeps wallet thin and flexible.
Secret Pocket
for added capacity and security.
Expanding Compartment for New Size Paper Money
Extra Pocket
for cards encased in transparent envelopes.
Removable, Transparent Envelopes
protect auto-license, passes, etc.

"Little Bill" is exceptionally slim and flexible, yet roomy and strongly made. Weighs only a trifle more than 2 ounces.



"Little Bill" is specially designed to hold the new smaller sized currency

IN THE new Amity "Little Bill" Fold, Amity craftsmen—artists in leather—have created a slender, pliable singlefold that changes all standards of pocketbook design. "Little Bill" is exactly the right size to hold the new bills that the government is now ready to issue. It is smaller in dimensions, thinner, more flexible, more convenient, and more comfortable in your pocket than any wallet you have ever carried. It weighs only a trifle more than two ounces, yet does everything that a good pocketbook should.

Exclusive New Features

THERE is ample space for money in the new "Little Bill," for the expanding bill compartment permits greater capacity and allows the wallet to fold without bulging. Cards, licenses, passes, etc., are carried in removable, transparent envelopes. This modern method keeps cards safe, clean, and instantly available.

Women like "Little Bill" because it is small, light, and fits conveniently in a handbag.

Amity's leadership was never more apparent than in this trim, handsome little pocketbook. It is made in a wide range of fine leathers and in many different styles, beautifully hand-tooled embossed, plain, or with hand-laced edges. The prices are from $1 to $15.

Does your old wallet look shabby and out of date? Today, as you pass your stationer's, druggist's, jeweler's, men's furnishing store, leather goods or department store, stop and see "Little Bill." All leading dealers have it on display.

Remember, too, that your friends need new wallets. Could any gift be more timely just now than the new "Little Bill"? You can buy one either alone or in a matched set with Key Kaddy or cigarette case. Amity Leather Products Company, West Bend, Wisconsin.

Both "Little Bill" and Find-ex will carry numerous transparent removable envelopes without bulging.

Only genuine Amity leather products are plainly stamped with the name Amity. Look for it — it is a guarantee of quality.

The AMITY FIND-EX

AMITY *Find-ex* is also designed to provide for the new bills. A thin-model singlefold, ideal for the man who carries many cards, auto licenses, passes, tickets, photos and memoranda. It files them neatly in visible, transparent envelopes, removable at once when wanted. In a handsome gift box, $5.

"First you make a friend of the stranger . . . then you make a customer of the friend"

"My father gave me that bit of business philosophy thirty years ago, and I am grateful today that I observed it.

"Somehow or other, people like to *feel acquainted* with the firms they buy from. They want to know that you were attracted to them as much as they were attracted to you.

"And it is such a simple effort to perform some courtesy that makes friends of strangers, and customers of friends.

"That's the way to build a business that continues good . . . year after year."

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The services that *Remembrance Advertising* renders you are distinctive services. No other type of public appeal can keep you so constantly in the minds of your customers . . . can create the courteous, friendly spirit that is so essential to long-lasting business relations.

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(Continued from Page 142)

outside the circle of friendships, so I tried to change. I soon heard the girls talking about their dolls, their toys, their party dresses. I listened mutely to their enthusiasms, while inside me I crumbled with humiliation. I didn't have any dolls or party dresses or friends, so I began to manufacture them in my own mind. One day, unable to stand it any longer, I piped up that I had two beautiful big dolls.

One of the girls laughed at me and said, "Don't tell lies. Your mother is too poor. She keeps boarders. She is too poor to give you anything."

Burning with rage, I retorted, "I tell you I have."

"Let's see them," they came back at me; and as I didn't really possess them, I ran away from them so they wouldn't see me cry or begin to swear. Another time they made fun of me because I wasn't in school all my life like they had been. "I lived with my father on his ships," I answered them; but that only brought forth a jeer from them, and the taunt: "You just say you've been on a ship because you know your people are too poor to keep you in school." I didn't know how to cope with them; they were so small and petty, and I had never learned to recognize smallness in anything. Life became a monsoon to me, twisting my young mind out of shape, distorting my vision, making me lose sight of real values. I had seen sex and life in the raw. Girls drew away from me in horror and called me coarse because I put into words what they whispered behind closed doors. Why? Why did they shun me, I asked myself a thousand times? All right, I'd show them, I promised myself, and in almost no time I was as big a cheat and as big a liar as the others.

Then my father took me to sea again. I hadn't been on a ship for a month when my senses came back to me, when the truth that I was only one little cog in a great machine asserted itself. There is something magnificent in the glorious colors of an ocean sunset, something that makes one humble in the fury of a gale, something purifying in the struggle just for life on a tiny ship in mid-ocean. I knew I would never be sucked off my course again by treacherous undercurrents, that what I knew was real, that I could call on the power of the universe to keep myself afloat and with sails flying; and I have never lost that knowledge. Now, come what may, nothing can break my spirit, for the solitude of long hours at sea has given me the secret of power. I will not pose to impress anyone. I am not afraid of criticism, for if it is not constructive I look upon it as backwash.

To Live One's Own Life

I cannot and will not fail in life, for I know how to tack and beat around head winds; have learned patience with doldrums of inactivity, sure in my own mind that a calm cannot last forever. The university of the sea! Not so much in academic matters; no degrees of literature and science, perhaps, are endowed on its alumni, but a terrific strength and clear vision. College graduates in a few years may forget a great many technical lessons, but a graduate from the grueling school of sailing the seas cannot forget the moral vitality and courage given by the alma mater sea. You come out of a university on land equipped to do a certain job; you come out of the university of the sea equipped to dream and to live. Which is the more important—to beat so many other people to the accumulation of money, or to live cleanly, wholesomely, so that you can face your friends with a consciousness of having lived up to the possibilities of your own mental and emotional equipment without hurting others?

On shore everyone seems to be trying to beat somebody else. I don't want to race somebody; I want to lead my own life. Little people on land frequently can only see other little people and how to beat them. It is all personal, all petty. Now, the impersonality of the sea teaches you to be above personalities. If you have to worry about what someone is trying to do to you, if you have to spend your time tearing down others or pointing out their mistakes, you lose your own dream. And that is what the sea teaches you—to treasure your own dreams. For I believe one's own dreams are the most important thing in life. So long as I can cling to my own dreams I don't care about anything else. My life is my own; let the other fellow's life be his own. I remember what my father once said when the mate commented on the bad sailing of a ship near by.

Father just looked at him. "This is the ship we have to sail," he said, and the mate shut up.

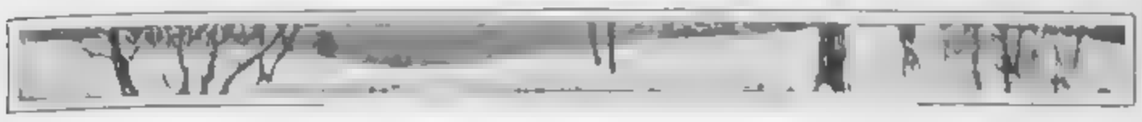
You and the Universe

I only hope I shall never become so little that I can find joy in pointing out the errors and shortcomings of others. The person in life I am sorriest for is the critic who tears down, because I know he's a poor futile fool who can't make his own dreams come true. If you are busy making your own dreams come true you haven't time to tear down the other fellow's dream. That's the code of the sea—"Mind your own business and watch out you don't ram another ship."

When I am criticized I remember what an old philosopher of the sea said: "Remember, Joan, the measure of their bitterness is the measure of their envy." After all, the dreamers of the world are the progress of the world. All civilization has been built on the dreams of so-called impractical men. People hate impractical dreamers, because subconsciously they fear and envy them. Any fool with a little patience can be taught to be accurate; and where the dreamer leaves off, the little accurate man comes along to do the petty detail work, and, if he is able, frequently to claim the credit for things he could never do or see.

We can tell little of any person's life until that person is dead. The finish tells the race. The sea teaches you how to live, gives you your proper perspective in relation to the universe. The sea gives you time to think, time to dream, time to digest your dreams. It gives you the health and the power to make your dreams come true. After riding out a storm at sea, how small the storms on land seem!

For years I have dreamed, isolated from confusion. I have dreamed a vision of what I wanted out of life and what I could give, and the tempests and calms of the sea made me able to digest them, and the health and vitality of the sea gave me the power to make them realities. What do I care if I don't know technical names for things, as long as I understand their value and purpose? What if I don't know who Zeus was, as long as I realize that the centuries that passed into creating me in this present-day world believed in a Great Power which gave people of history something to believe in greater than their own little lives? That is the fact that is important to me. If I can't conjugate a Latin verb, what of it, as long as I know enough about speech to express myself and perhaps hand on to the next person a word picture of something vital and creative? An overloaded ship will never sail well; it is apt to founder in the trough of a heavy sea. That is why so many people on shore live futile lives and then, bewildered at their own failure, ask the world why. It is because they have overloaded their own minds and souls with too much knowledge; their ship can't get a fair start, thus burdened. They can't get a perspective on their own course to steer, by reason of having too much knowledge, and too little time to see where and to what purpose best to use it.



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WHERE'S THE CANYON?

(Continued from Page 26)

National Park Service is engaged in the subtle task of saving man from himself and showing him how really to enjoy what he has.

Man is a queer animal. Left to himself, he is the only animal who cannot enter a country—except for a few nomadic tribes such as the American Indians—and leave it unspoiled or unchanged. He makes a litter. And the more advanced he is the greater the litter. Also, once he believes in a thing he is likely to believe in it too much; he is likely to overdo it. Both these tendencies are what the National Park Service is at present striving, by means of education, to combat.

All this sounds formidable? Not in the least. As I have said, it is being done without your knowing it. The shadows of these theories never fall athwart your enjoyment of the bears, the geysers, the glacier or the forests. The National Park Service is well aware that recreation is the primary function of the parks. It is as stealthy as an Indian in its approach. In a score of ways it creeps up on you and teaches you something unawares. All about you are opportunities to learn, and if you are gently urged toward them it is completely under the guise of having the time of your life. Only the most hard-boiled tourist can resist these blandishments. They are implicit in everything he sees—in the completely preserved forests, the roads made as unobjectionable as possible, the increasing ability to handle crowds and so time their passing that they melt away into silence, in such small details as putting telephone wires and poles back in the timber so that they cannot be seen. Every hour is a lesson in conservation, preservation, decency, cleanliness, pride in one's country's past and present, and in its future. For those who want more, there are countless chances to learn: Unobtrusive rangers and nature guides who will take you to places and tell you about them; lectures of every description—short and interesting—nightly in hotels, camps and automobile camps; an increasing literature put out by the Government, such as the monthly Yellowstone Park Nature Notes. In most of the parks, helped by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Foundation, museums will be built. And yet, for those who want to be left alone, for those who know as much, perhaps, as is necessary, the parks every year are becoming more satisfactory. Before long, to people of this kind, they will be as satisfactory as they were in the very beginning—more so. The major portions of all the great parks will be maintained inviolate, and if you wish to see these portions you will have to make the effort all priceless objects demand.

The Newest Park of All

The parks have formulated these policies. From now on just as few automobile roads as possible will be built; no more of the parks than at present will be opened up. The horseman, the foot man and the tourist who makes a long and intelligent stay will be encouraged. In those parts which have had to be opened up, there will be a constant study to decrease congestion, promote beauty and decency, build only what is appropriate and in every way recede as far as possible from the tourist resort, Coney Island idea. In the newest park of all, the Grand Teton, forty miles south of Yellowstone and separated from it by a gap of only twelve miles, a park which will preserve forever the most magnificent mountain range in the United States, there will be no roads built and no hotels or permanent camps erected save by special act of Congress. This is provided for in the bill creating this park which was signed by ex-President Coolidge, February 26, 1929. Along the base of the Tetons there is already a fine road. That is enough. If anyone wants to go into the Tetons, he or she will either have to walk or take a horse.

In short, the National Park Service, having consolidated its position and having proved its worth to the American public, is now more preoccupied with quality than quantity; it prefers the tourist who stays for a month and really gets to know a park to the tourist who goes through in four days. But as always, it advances this preference by the democratic method of tactful persuasion and encouragement. It tries to teach people better; it does not argue with them.

No wonder, therefore, that education has become one of the National Park Service's main functions, and that this education is taking effect is shown by the fact that the National Park Service can, in 1929, and with the hearty support not only of local residents but the country as a whole, have a bill passed creating a new park in which automobile roads, hotels and permanent camps shall not be built except by special act of Congress. Twenty years ago, ten years ago, such a thing would have been impossible. No wonder, therefore, that the National Park Service has discovered that this educational function applies not only to the parks themselves but to the nation as a whole. What people learn in the parks and from the parks has its influence upon the problems of citizenship, of Americanization, in general.

What a National Park Is

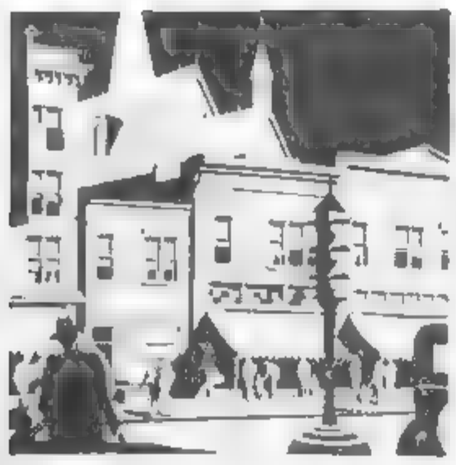
I have said that a philosophy follows a fact. The present philosophy of the National Park Service is the result of a series of actions and reactions between the parks and the people themselves. During the past twenty years there has been a vast increase in the intelligence of the American public toward conservation, preservation, beauty, decency and the outdoors. Without this increase the National Park Service could not have formulated its policy and certainly could not have put it into effect.

There is another aspect of the problem at which I hinted when I said the educational function of the parks was twofold: First, self-preservation on the part of the parks; second, to use the parks as those in charge of them see them.

The parks have now become so popular that they are more in danger from their mistaken friends than from their enemies. Indeed, the ranks of the latter are yearly decreasing. But nowadays everyone wants a national park somewhere or other in his backyard. Almost every state wants a national park. The National Park Service, somewhat bewildered by this sudden turn of events, is forced to fight for its life against this well-intentioned process of cheapening. It has been forced to formulate still another doctrine. Since—to put it bluntly—there isn't enough great scenery to go around, the idea of what a national park is must be clarified in the public mind, refined, and not only preserved but to some extent reconstructed. Once more, the old recreational idea has been enlarged to take in the educational one. To be admitted as a national park an area must not only have distinguished scenery but that scenery must be to some extent individual and, if possible, historic—historic, that is, in the sense of showing what the United States was at some period, geologic or otherwise. Just plain scenery and just plain recreation aren't enough. If you have those alone, then you must create a state park or a county park or a city park; you cannot create a national park. The national park is to be the unmistakable apex of a system of lesser parks. The natural features of a national park must be, in other words, from now on of such a character that in themselves, implicitly, they teach a lesson.

Nor is this desire to create a plethora of national parks always so friendly and ingenuous. There was once a government official who desired a national park in his

(Continued on Page 149)



The New Frontier of Industry

FOR three centuries America marched west. As the frontier advanced, industries born of and nurtured by the farms and trade of new settled lands clustered in fast growing cities. In moving westward, Americans moved cityward also. Industry tended to concentrate because, among other reasons, an adequate power supply was to be had only in limited areas.

The westward and cityward movements left great gaps of scantily developed country. Thousands of small communities dot such districts. They have been mere market places—built upon the general store, not the factory. Now that the frontier no longer moves west, a new frontier is discovered in the "open spaces." Industry is steadily advancing upon the new frontier, filling in the areas between the populous centers formed during the westward sweep of settlers and railroads.

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Middle West Utilities Company

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

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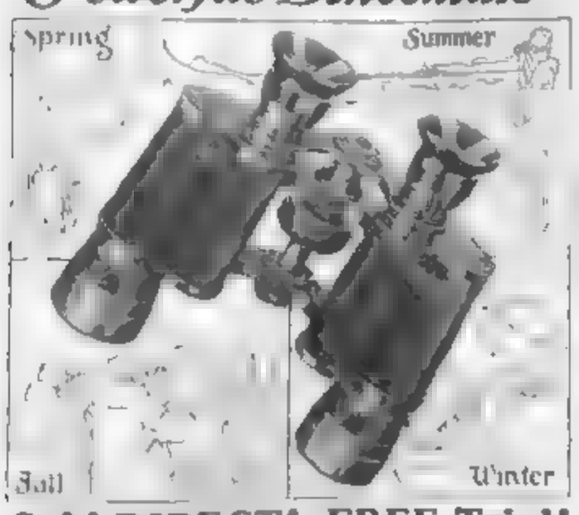

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth Washington, D.C.

(Continued from Page 146)

own state. His state was very beautiful, and his desire seemed commendable until it was discovered that the parcels of land he suggested were for the most part isolated tracts, some of them hundreds of miles apart. Upon further investigation it was found that in every instance these tracts belonged either to the enthusiastic official or else to intimate friends, and that without exception they were worthless for commercial purposes.

But why, since they were large, lonely reservations, for the most part, far from civilization, did the original national parks permit all these new problems to arise to vex them?

The answer is simple, and probably you have already guessed it. Fifty per cent of it is the automobile; the other 50 per cent is due to the fact that every important idea which does not fail—and few important ideas do fail—goes through three distinct, easily charted phases. Nothing can stand still, unfortunate as at times that fact may seem.

First, there is a long period of probation and struggle for mere existence, during which the idea meets, on one side with suspicion or lack of interest, and on the other with repeated attacks from ignorant or venal enemies. Second, there is a time when the idea suddenly begins to expand, is accepted, is more and more heralded abroad, drawing to it thousands or millions of enthusiastic friends. Third, there is a final period of accepted popularity, which may be even more dangerous than the first period. It is as fatal for a man to die of gluttony as of starvation; the world is filled with just as many failures due to oversuccess as to lack of appreciation; to be suffocated with an expensive pillow is no happier fate than to be strangled by a frayed rope.

The National Park Service is now in that third period, and it is fortunate, as I cannot too often repeat, that it is in the hands of, is being administered by, a group of men who know exactly what they want, who are men of long experience, who have a passionate love of conservation coupled with a sane desire to assist in every reasonable way the traveling public. These men are putting into effect plans and laying down policies that will save the national parks forever, not only from their enemies but from their misguided friends.

Selling the Idea to the People

With the inception of the actual National Park Service in 1916, while Franklin K. Lane was Secretary of the Interior, this new bureau found itself confronted with the problem—to use a distasteful and overworked phrase—of selling the park idea to the American public. This was imperative for two reasons: To silence forever the attacks of outside enemies which had been going on for forty-four years, ever since the founding of Yellowstone in 1872; to justify the new bureau in the eyes of the Government and its citizens. As I have said, like every other human endeavor, the national parks could not stand still. They had to go forward or backward, and the only way they could go forward was first to make them impregnable. Impregnability meant introducing them to the public and so endearing them to the public that the public would not permit any curtailment or, eventually, any drastic change in their administration or character. To understand this situation one must recall the history of the national parks.

Until 1916 they had been the orphan children of the Interior Department, their administration merely one of the minor, multifarious duties of the Secretary of the Interior. Every interest, local, state or national, where this interest touched them, had sought and was seeking to subtract from them and profit from them. The national parks had neither the power to meet adequately these attacks nor the money to improve themselves—hardly the money to maintain themselves—from within. Their actual administration was in the hands of the War Department and of soldiers, the troops being removed from Yosemite and Sequoia parks only in 1914 and from Yellowstone in 1918. The Government regarded the national parks as a liability. Circled about their borders like waiting wolves were mining interests, lumber interests, grazing interests, hotel interests, a score more of private interests, impatient of government control or restrictions of any kind. Had not the new National Park Service done exactly what it did do, our national parks today would be sorry sights. The National Park Service appealed from the interests to the people, and it won. Today, although attacks from outside have not altogether ceased, they have lost practically all chance of success.

In 1910, following the formation of Glacier National Park, the American Civic Association, led by its president, Dr. J. Horace McFarland, began a campaign for the creation of a national-park bureau. President Taft addressed a special message to Congress on the subject, and Senator Smoot, of Utah, and Congressman Raker, of California, introduced identical bills in the Senate and in the House. Meanwhile, too much credit cannot be given Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior under President Taft, nor W. B. Acker, a brilliant attorney, who for many years had been chief clerk of the Department of the Interior and who had consistently fought all attempts to commercialize the parks.

East of the Mississippi

But it was not until three years later—in 1913—when Franklin K. Lane became Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson, that the campaign for the formulation of definite national-park policy and a separate national-park bureau began to bear actual fruits. Two years after this—in 1915—Mr. Lane called upon his college friend, Stephen T. Mather, a man already familiar with park problems, to assist him, and by act of Congress of August 25, 1916, a National Park Service was established. Assisting Mr. Mather was a young attorney, just graduated from the University of California, Horace M. Albright; now, since Mr. Mather's resignation due to illness a few months ago, himself Director of the National Park Service. These two men, with the help of a clerk or two, set to work, and in twelve years transformed the National Park Service from the least-considered bureau of the Interior Department into one of the largest and most important; transformed the parks from orphans to self-respecting and, in part, and increasingly, self-supporting adults, and formulated and imposed upon the public mind a philosophy now generally accepted. Between 1916 and 1929 eight magnificent new parks have been added to our park system, and two more—Great Smoky, in North Carolina and Tennessee, and Shenandoah, in Virginia, are in the making. Incidentally, these last two parks are peculiarly interesting and significant because, with the exception of the small Acadia Park, formerly Lafayette, on Mt. Desert Island, Maine, established in 1919 almost entirely by the efforts of one man, George B. Dorr, of Bar Harbor, assisted by some rich summer residents, they are the first national parks east of the Mississippi and show the spread of the national-park idea; in this instance, from west to east, against the sun. The people of the states in question procured these two parks now in the making by popular appeal. Twenty years ago the citizens of the majority of the states would have hesitated a long while before donating thousands of acres to the Federal Government.

All this is an epic history.

Perhaps, more clearly than in any other way, I can amplify and describe further this epic history and point to the problems which confront and have confronted the national parks, by calling the roll of the parks, quoting a few figures, and retelling briefly the history of the national parks. To those who know the parks such a summation is clarifying and not always easily

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BOSTON, MASS.—Hemenway
CLEVELAND, OHIO—Wade Park Manor
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New Weston
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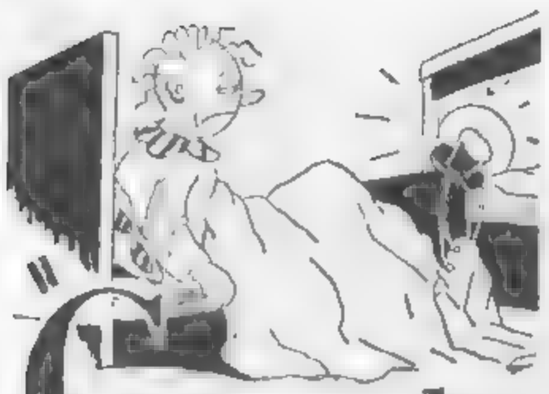

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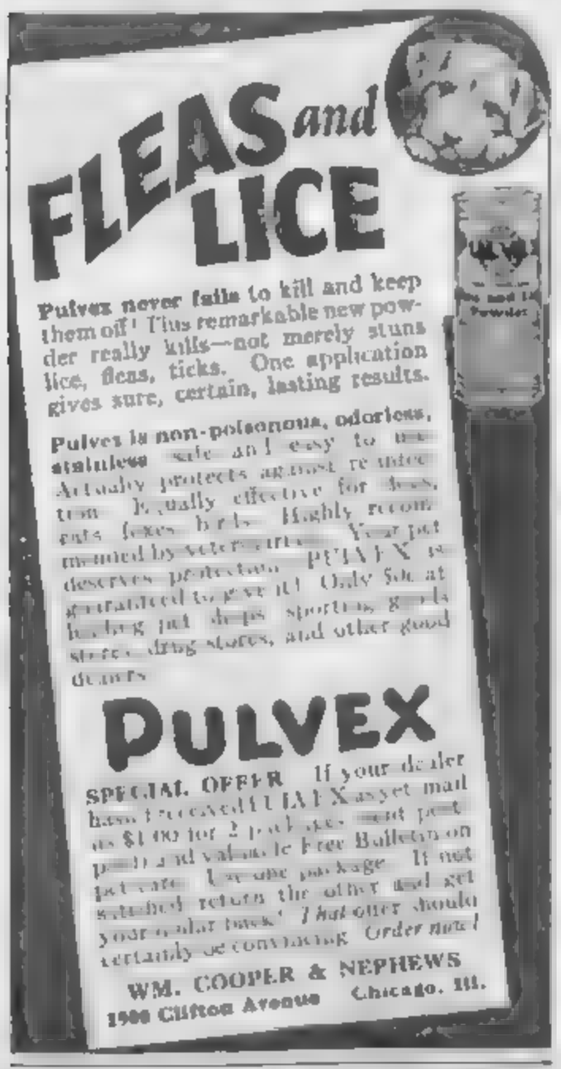
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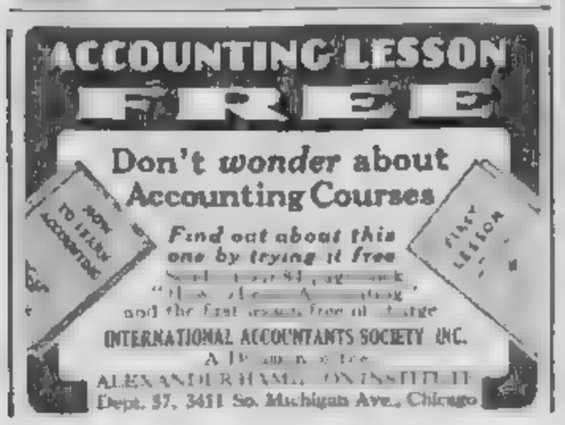
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obtainable; to those who do not know the parks it should be inspiring.

There are now twenty-one national parks, and when the Great Smoky and the Shenandoah are added there will be twenty-three. It is a magnificent galaxy, a system of states within states, stretching from Acadia in the east to Hawaii in the west, and from Mt. McKinley, in Alaska, to Platt, in Southern Oklahoma; and ranging in size from this same diminutive Platt, Sullys Hill, in North Dakota, and Hot Springs, in Arkansas, the areas of which respectively are only 1⅓, 1⅛ and 1½ square miles, to the huge Glacier, with its 1534 square miles, Yosemite, 1125 square miles, Mt. McKinley, 2645 square miles, and, the giant of them all, Yellowstone, 3348 square miles, not counting about eighty square miles just added to Yellowstone, but not yet surveyed. A total area of 12,101 square miles, or a territory larger than the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Delaware combined. With the accession of the Great Smoky and the Shenandoah, this area will be much greater.

I once took a Dane through Yellowstone Park. On the third day of our trip he broke his Scandinavian silence with the exclamation:

"And, good gracious, this is more than half as large as Denmark and not a cent charged for admission!"

Park Chronology

Besides these twenty-one national parks—twenty-three soon to be—the National Park Service administers thirty-two national monuments, with an area of 3681 square miles, besides the fifteen national monuments administered by the Department of Agriculture and the nine administered by the War Department, most of which will be eventually transferred to the park service. A total area of 9,910,956.81 acres at present administered by the National Park Service, not counting the two new parks—Bryce and the Grand Teton, just admitted, nor the parks to be, Great Smoky and Shenandoah. To such an extent in square miles and acreage alone has the little considered, greatly suspected idea of 1872 grown.

In the order of their founding, the parks are as follows:

Hot Springs, Arkansas, 1832. Yellowstone, Wyoming, 1872. Sequoia, California, 1890. Yosemite, California, 1890. General Grant, California, 1890. Mt. Rainier, Washington, 1899. Crater Lake, Oregon, 1902. Platt, Oklahoma, 1902. Wind Cave, South Dakota, 1903. Sullys Hill, North Dakota, 1904. Mesa Verde, Colorado, 1906. Glacier, Montana, 1910. Rocky Mountain, Colorado, 1915. Hawaii, 1916. Lassen Volcanic, California, 1916. Mt. McKinley, Alaska, 1917. Grand Canyon, Arizona, 1919. Acadia—formerly Lafayette—Maine, 1919. Zion, Utah, 1919. Bryce Canyon, Utah, 1928. Grand Teton, Wyoming, 1929.

By examining casually the dates of the creation of these parks you can follow the rise of the national-park idea; the long period in which it had practically no significance; its halting and not always wise progress; its final complete vindication. And by following the rise of the national-park idea you obtain one slant upon the history of the country as a whole. Always the philosophy of the national parks is inextricably mixed with the philosophy of the nation, as the National Park Service in its educational campaign well knows. It is a peculiarly inspiring and idealistic slant you obtain. If the national parks are true of the United States—and they are not only true, they are an American conception—then many of the things that have been said about the United States, and are still being said, can be at best only partially true.

In 1913, 251,703 visitors entered our then twelve national parks; in 1928, our national parks having increased to nineteen, 2,522,188 tourists saw them. In 1923, 212,826 visitors saw the national monuments under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service; in 1928, 502,656 visitors saw the same monuments. In 1928, 595,236 private automobiles alone entered the parks. The fees collected from automobiles and motorcycles amounted to $767,857.50, and, as everyone knows, these fees are nominal, and in eight of the parks—Wind Cave, Hot Springs, Platt, Hawaii, Lassen, Sullys Hill, Rocky Mountain and Acadia—are not collected at all, while in one of the parks, Mt. McKinley, there are no roads upon which to collect fees.

Do not, however, let these figures alarm you. As I have said, the National Park Service has a clear idea of what it is doing, and it has no intention of allowing itself to be overwhelmed by crowds, noise or dust, or of allowing its primeval solitudes to be disturbed. Every year finds it better prepared to handle its popularity; every year finds the tourists, due to the educational policies of the parks, better prepared to handle themselves. In the narrow valley of the Yosemite, merely a fragment of the great park, but the only fragment seen by the ordinary tourist, a traffic problem has arisen during the summer months, but a commission is studying this problem and it will be solved.

Once more mankind is going to be prevented from killing the thing it likes; or rather, not so much prevented, as taught to prevent itself. The National Park Service has no intention of allowing itself to be cheapened, and the quickest way to gain its ear is to mention to it some feature which, to you, seems to be cheapening, unless it be to suggest some improvement which would increase its usefulness and dignity. Back of the National Park Service there is too great a tradition for anything else, and shining like a star in that tradition, shining, in comparison with too many other aspects of American life, like a star in darkness, is that historic camp fire of the Washburn-Doane Expedition at the junction of the Firehole and Gibbon rivers, now known as Madison Junction, on the night of September, 19, 1870. If you go to Yellowstone Park this summer look for that grassy meadow. It is the Independence Hall of the National Park Service.

The Historic Camp Fire

Every man in the National Park Service is taught the meaning of that camp fire; the meaning is ground into his fiber. To the National Park Service that camp fire is what Lawrence's words are to the Navy, Washington's fortitude is to the Army.

The Washburn-Doane Expedition was the first expedition to explore accurately the Yellowstone country, and on its last night in what is now Yellowstone Park it camped at the junction of the Firehole and Gibbon rivers and discussed what it should do with the wonders it had discovered. All the members of the expedition were comparatively poor men; all of them died comparatively poor men. For a while there was

(Continued on Page 154)

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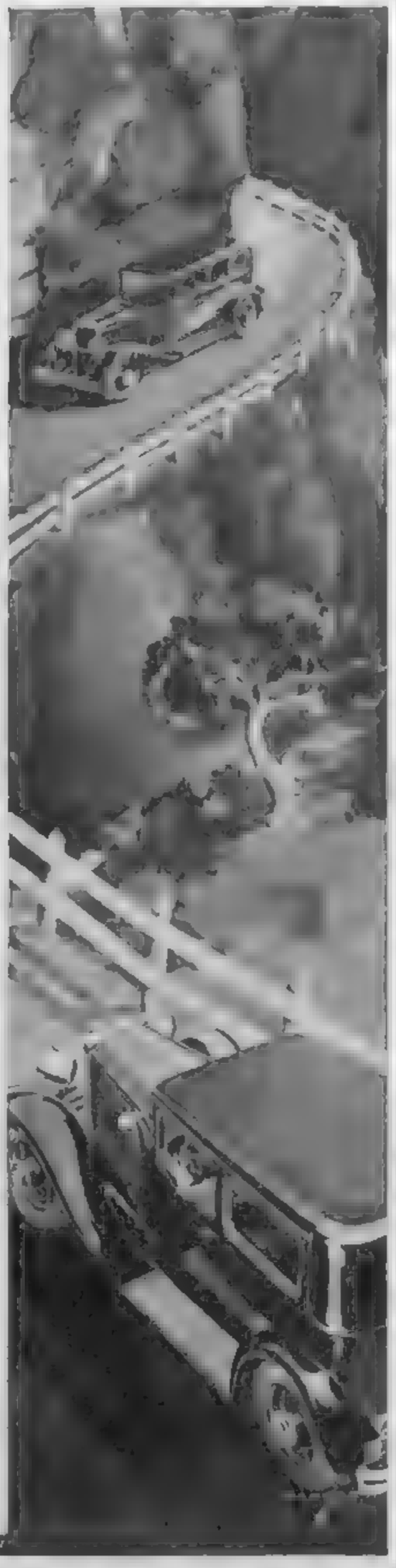

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Index of Advertisers

July 13, 1929

	PAGE
Air-Way Electric Appliance Corp.	132
Alexander Hamilton Institute	150
Alligator Co., The	145
Aluminum Company of America	96
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	54
American Gas Machine Co., Inc.	100
Amity Leather Products Company	143
Armstrong Cork Company	37
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., The Great	117
Atwater Kent Mfg. Co.	104
Auburn Automobile Company	39
Barrett Company, The	56
Bauer & Black	146
Bay State Fishing Co.	106
Bike Web Mfg. Co., The	110
Biltmore Mfg. Co., The	109
Blackhawk Mfg. Co.	108
Boott Mills	112
Bristol-Myers Co.	155
Brown & Bigelow	144
Buick Motor Company	78, 79
Burke Golf Co., The	129
B. V. D. Company, Inc., The	86, 87
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	40, 41
Campbell Soup Company	27
Canadian National Exhibition	141
Carrier Engineering Corporation	153
Chevrolet Motor Company	34, 35
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific	64
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.	123
College Inn Food Products Co.	150
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	32
Cook Co., The H. C.	149
Cooper & Nephews, Wm.	150
Corbin, P. & F.	72
Cycle Trades of America, The	69
Dixon Crucible Co., Joseph	116
Eaton Bumper & Spring Service Co., The	135
Electric Auto-Lite Company, The	83
Ethyl Gasoline Corporation	99
Evans & Co., Victor J.	149
Fleischmann Company, The	55
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	141
Ford Motor Company	73
French Company, The R. T.	80, 110
Freshman Co., Inc., Chas	113
Frigidaire Corporation	76
Gemmer Manufacturing Co.	152
General Electric Company	47
General Motors Truck Company	50
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	149
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	74
Gruen Watch Makers Guild	63
Gulf Refining Company	127
Hammermill Paper Co.	81
Hartford Fire Insurance Co., The	107
Houde Engineering Corporation	120, 121
Hudson Motor Car Company	66, 67
India Tea Bureau	116
International Shoe Company	102, 103
International Telephone & Telegraph	136
Iodent Chemical Company	98
Jantzen Knitting Mills	89
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.	94, 95
Kool Kooshion Mfg. Co.	150
La Monte & Son, George	75
Laundryowners National Association	156
Lavoris Chemical Company	128
Lee & Schiffer, Inc.	134
Lee Tire & Rubber Company	74
Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Co., The	58
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	138
Liquid Carbonic Corporation, The	51
Liquid Veneer Corp.	112
Lorillard Company, P.	46
Maxwell House Products Co., Inc.	53
Mennen Company, The	61
Middle West Utilities Company	147
Montgomery Ward & Co.	84
Morton Manufacturing Co.	149
Nash Company, The A	88
Nash Motors Co.	15
National Casket Company, Inc	153
National Confectioners' Association	125
North East Electric Co	148
Northern Pacific Railway	137
Olds Motor Works	90, 91
Overhead Door Corporation	149
Paramount Famous Lasky Corp.	42
Pepsodent Company, The	59
Pet Milk Company	III Cover
Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.	139
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H.	142
Postum Company, Inc.	57
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Red Foot Products Co., Inc.	149
Remington Rand Business Service	114, 115
Rhamstine, J. Thos	149
Robbins & Myers, Inc.	124
Schrader's Son, Inc., A.	119
Seaver-Williams Co.	149
Sheaffer Pen Company, W. A.	1
Sikes Company	68
Simoniz Co., The	48
Singer Manufacturing Co., The	105
Smith-Lee Co., Inc., The	122
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	62
Stone Straw Corporation	70
Swift & Company	29
Thermoid Rubber Co.	126
Three-In-One Oil Company	97
Tripp Products, Inc.	116
Tryon, George W.	149
United States Rubber Company	49
Universal Pictures	44
Vacuum Oil Company	31
Van Camp Packing Co.	82
Walgreen Company, The	151
Walker Manufacturing Co.	140
Washburn Crosby Company	IV Cover
Western Co., The	II Cover
Western Electric Co.	111
Wheeling Corrugating Company	93
White Dental Mfg. Co., The S. S.	52
Willard Storage Battery Company	60
Williams Company, The J. B.	154
Winchester Repeating Arms Co.	101

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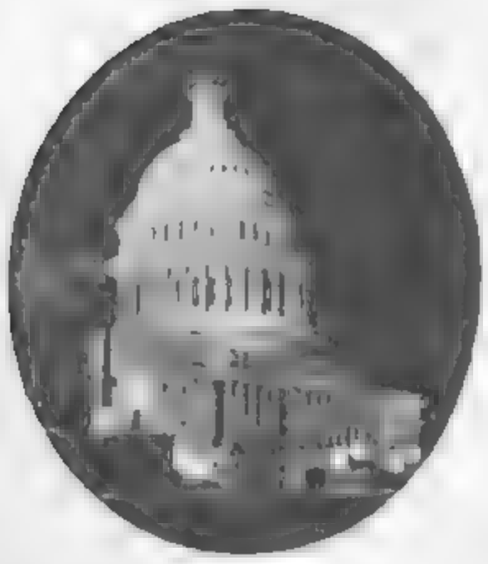
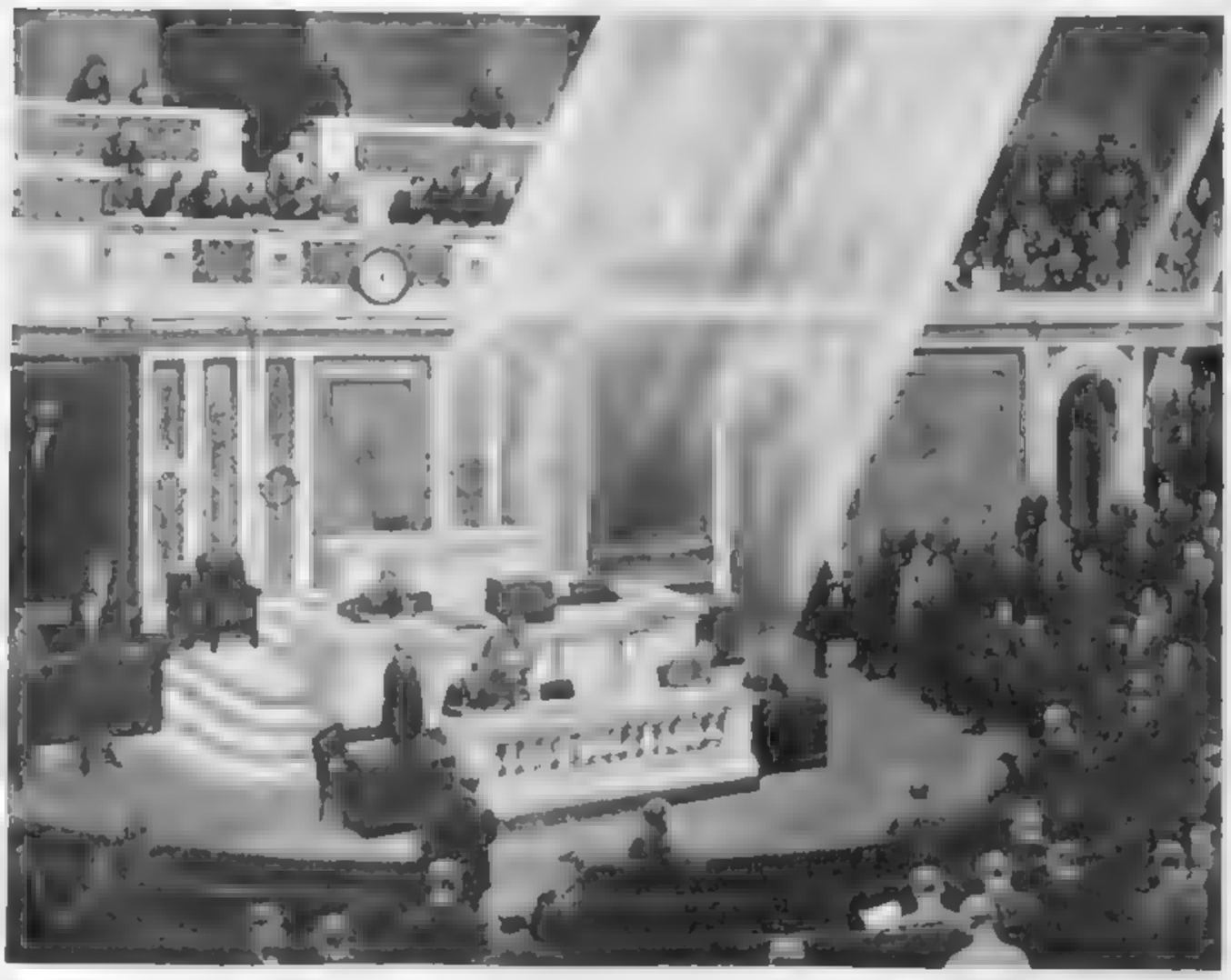
While Washington swelters... the *windowless* Hall of Congress is cool and comfortable





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(Continued from Page 150)

an inclination to divide these wonders and hold them privately. Such a course would have meant eventual fortune to everyone. Nor was the expedition an official one; it owed no loyalty to the Government. The Government had supplied it with an escort of four enlisted men and Lieutenant Doane—that was all. Finally Cornelius Hedges, later appointed governor of Montana Territory, arose and said that in his opinion this thing was too great for any selfish division, for any private exploitation, and that he would like to see the Government petitioned to set aside the immense tract—a state in itself, 978 square miles bigger than Delaware, 2100 square miles bigger than Rhode Island—as a recreation ground for the people, and forever. The majority of the expedition must have been thinking the same thoughts, for there was little argument. Nathaniel P. Langford, solicitor general of Montana Territory, another member of the expedition—Henry D. Washburn, its original leader, having in the meantime died—went back to Washington, where for two years he attempted to persuade the Government to his way of thinking. When finally he succeeded he became the first superintendent of Yellowstone and served for five years without pay. Republics are notoriously grateful, aren't they?

On the first of March, 1872, President Grant signed the act creating Yellowstone, and so the national-park idea was born, for you cannot count Hot Springs, in Arkansas, which, although created in 1832, was created under a totally different theory. In the original act the words, "a park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people forever," were used. If you recall the grim attitude of General Grant's period toward recreation of any sort, the drift from the country to the city, the ruthless exploitation of natural resources, the belief that only objects of manifest use were worthy of respect, you can realize what the signing of this act meant and what it portended.

To me that camp fire at the junction of the Firehole and Gibbon rivers is one of the most touching and stirring episodes in American history, and I never pass its site—which I do often—without thinking of that little group of men which, fifty-nine years ago, on that frosty night dreamed a splendid dream, achieved a great act of renunciation and left us as proud a tradition and as proud an actuality as we possess. About the national parks I feel as the French did about Verdun—they shall not pass; the exploiter, the cheapener, the stupid and the despoiler—and it is a relief to know that in this I am merely echoing the determination of every park ranger and every man who commands him. And still more, I am relieved to know, to be able to observe, that this determination is being put into effect not by force, not by discourtesy, not by *Verboten* signs, but by slowly but surely teaching the people themselves to protect what they have.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Burt. The second will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

July 13, 1929

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES

		PAGE
Majesty—*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	*Illustrated by John La Gatta*	6
A Blonde Can Think Maybe—*Brooke Hanlon*	*Illustrated by Lu Kimmel*	8
Small Fry—*Almet Jenks*	*Illustrated by R. F. James*	12
The Braggarts' Conference—*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	*Illustrated by H. J. Mowat*	16
The Leased of These—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	*Illustrated by J. J. Gould*	18
Petticoats—*Clarence Budington Kelland*	*Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr*	36

ARTICLES

How Big is Too Big?—*Samuel Crowther*	*Photographs*	3
The University of the Sea—*Joan Lowell*	*Photographs*	5
War Letters of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice	*Decorations by Wyncie King*	10
Hoboken Nights—*Christopher Morley*	*Photographs*	14
Where's the Canyon?—*Struthers Burt*	*Photographs*	25

SERIALS

Back From Utopia (Third part)—*Gilbert Seldes*	*Illustrated by Henrietta McCarg Starrett*	20
Lone Tree (Second part)—*Harry Leon Wilson*	*Illustrated by Henry Raleigh*	22
Villa Laurier (Fourth part)—*Henry C. Rowland*	*Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers*	28

MISCELLANY

Editorials	24
Short Turns and Encores	33
The Poets' Corner	62
The Slowest Town on Earth (A Poem)—*Wallace Irwin*	131

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Just think of the *luxury* of a lingering breakfast. No hustle and bustle; no tubs to prepare; no laundress to supervise; no washday worry.

"Oh, I can't come!" How often have you had to forsake pleasant *parties* because you must stay at home and "keep an eye" on the laundress?

Now you can take time to play —*leisure* for outdoor recreation that will keep you young, attractive, and always feeling fit.

Mother's bright smiles of welcome make indelible impressions that linger through the years to come —made possible by the 52-day-a-year vacation from home washing.

No longer burdened by washtub worry you can find time for your *amusements*; for those little relaxations that mean much to woman.

And evening brings a happy family circle. New-found freedom for Mother. Wearying washday has been lifted out of her life.

How different from that tedious wearying washday!

Go with Alice into Launderland

ASK any modern laundry in your town for this delightful journey booklet of "Alice in Launderland". A telephone call will bring your copy.

HAVE YOU ever sighed for more minutes—added hours—an extra day in the week for those things you've always *wanted* to do, but never found time for?

Subtract wearying washday from your schedule, and add a whole new world of pleasant possibilities.

Do away with all the hustle and bustle; the bother of preparing the tubs; the time-taking inspection trips to the basement; the humiliation of serving the laundress; the trouble of cleaning up after her; and that eternal smell of steaming clothes and acrid, dirty suds.

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Modern laundries lift washday right out of your life, and in return give you a newfound freedom. What's more, the modern laundry can be relied upon to wash clothes *clean* and make them *last long*. With scientific care modern laundries safeguard your family's health. And this service really *costs less* than home laundering!

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PINEAPPLE DELIGHT . . .

1 cup pineapple juice
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons cornstarch
Pinch salt
1 cup pineapple, finely shredded
2 egg whites
1 cup Pet Milk

Heat pineapple juice, sugar and salt to boiling point. Mix cornstarch with enough water to form smooth, thin paste and pour into hot mixture. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add shredded pineapple. Chill thoroughly. Whip the egg whites and milk together until stiff. Fold in the fruit sauce. Freeze in electric refrigerator tray or in mold packed in ice and salt.

ORANGE CREAM SAUCE . . .

1 cup orange juice
Juice from ½ lemon
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon grated orange rind
Pinch of salt
½ cup Pet Milk

Heat orange juice, lemon juice and sugar to boiling point. Mix cornstarch with enough cold water to form a smooth, thin paste and add to hot mixture. Cook until thick and clear, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, add orange rind and salt. Chill. Add to milk that has been properly chilled and whipped until stiff.

NOTE: *Serve this sauce as sole, blanc mange, rice or tapioca pudding.*

Delicious ice box pudding, Charlotte Russe, tartlets and other variations can be made with this as a base. (See coupon for booklets.)

These new and marvelous sauces and desserts . . . and many others, require whipped Pet Milk. It *will* whip. To make the process simple and easy, we have made experiments to determine the best sized bowl to use, proper temperature, and other important directions. We have arranged also to provide the Whippit here illustrated at a special bargain price. Mail us the coupon.

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GIVEN YOU WITHOUT CHARGE

Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Recipe for Orange Rolls

To Amazingly Simplify Home Baking of Unusual Cakes, Cookies, Pastries, Hot Breads

AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT IT DOES:

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